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THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.
WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTY-THIRD.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY M. BROWN;

FOR J. BUCKLAND, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. PAYNE AND
SONS, L. DAVIS, B. WHITE AND SON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW,
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T. WILKIE, W. NICOLL, OGILVY AND SPEARE, SCATCHERD
AND WHITAKER, W. FOX, C. STALKER, E. NEWBERY. 1790.



THE
FIFTY-THIRD VOLUME
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS;
CONTAINING
PITT'S VIRGIL;
ÆNEID, BOOK IV.—XII.



V I R G I L' s
Æ N E I D.

B O O K IV.

Vol. LIII.

B

A R G U M E N T.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting match for his entertainment. Juno with the consent of Venus, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be completed. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage. Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage. Dido finds out his design, and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing could prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK IV.

BUT love inflam'd the queen ; the raging pain
 Preys on her heart, and glows in every vein.
 Much she revolves the hero's deeds divine,
 And much the glories of his godlike line ;
 Each look, each accent breaks her golden rest, 5
 Lodg'd in her soul, and imag'd in her breast.

The morn had chas'd the dewy shades away,
 And o'er the world advanc'd the lamp of day ;
 When to her sister thus the royal dame
 Disclos'd the secret of her growing flame. 10

Anna, what dreams are these that haunt my rest ?
 Who is this hero, this our godlike guest ?
 Mark but his graceful port, his manly charms ;
 How great a prince ! and how renown'd in arms !
 Sure he descends from some celestial kind ; 15
 For fear attends the low degenerate mind.
 But oh ! what wars, what battles he relates !
 How long he struggled with his adverse fates !
 Did not my soul her purpose still retain,
 Fix'd and determin'd ne'er to wed again, 20
 Since from my widow'd arms the murdering sword
 Untimely snatch'd my first unhappy lord ;

Did not my thoughts the name of marriage dread,
And the bare mention of the bridal bed—

Forgive my frailty---but I seem inclin'd
To yield to this one weakness of my mind.

25

For oh! my sister, unreserv'd and free

I trust the secret of my soul to thee;

Since poor Sichæus, by my brother slain,

Dash'd with his blood the consecrated fane,

30

And stain'd the gods; my firm resolves, I own,

This graceful prince has shook, and this alone.

I feel a warmth o'er all my trembling frame,

Too like the tokens of my former flame.

But oh! may earth her dreadful gulf display,

35

And gaping snatch me from the golden day;

May I be hurl'd, by heav'n's almighty fire,

Transfix'd with thunder and involv'd in fire,

Down to the shades of hell from realms of light,

The deep, deep shades of everlasting night;

40

Ere, sacred honour! I betray thy cause

In word, or thought, or violate thy laws.

No!--my first lord, my first ill-fated spouse,

Still, as in life, is lord of all my vows.

My love he had, and ever let him have,

45

Interr'd with him, and buried in the grave.

Then, by her rising grief o'erwhelm'd, she ceas'd:

The tears ran trickling down her heaving breast.

Sister, the fair replies, whom far above

The light of heav'n, or life itself I love;

50

Still on your bloom shall endless sorrow prey,

And waste your youth in solitude away?

And

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. BOOK IV. 5

And shall no pleasing theme your thoughts employ?
 The prattling infant, or the bridal joy?
 Think you such cares disturb your husband's shade, 55
 Or stir the sacred ashes of the dead?

What though before, no lover won your grace,
 Among the Tyrian, or the Libyan race?
 With just disdain you pass'd Iarbas o'er,
 And many a king whom warlike Afric bore. 60
 But will you fly the hero you approve?

And steel your heart against a prince you love?
 Nor will you once reflect what regions bound
 Your infant empire, and your walls surround?
 Here proud Gætulian cities tow'r in air, 65
 Whose swarthy sons are terrible in war;

There the dread Syrtes stretch along the main,
 And there the wild Barcæans range the plain;
 Here parch'd with thirst a smoking region lies,
 There fierce in arms the brave Numidians rise. 70
 Why should I urge our vengeful brother's ire?

The war just bursting from the gates of Tyre?
 Sure, every god, with mighty Juno, bore
 The fleets of Ilion to the Libyan shore.
 From such a marriage, soon your joyful eyes 75
 Shall see a potent town and empire rise.

What scenes of glory Carthage must enjoy,
 When our confederate arms unite with Troy?
 Go then, propitiate heav'n; due off'rings pay;
 Carefs, invite your godlike guest to stay, 80 }
 And study still new causes of delay.

Tell him, that, charg'd with deluges of rain,
 Orion rages on the wintry main;
 That still unrigg'd his shatter'd vessels lie,
 Nor can his fleet endure so rough a sky. 85

These words soon scatter'd the remains of shame;
 Confirm'd her hopes, and fann'd the rising flame.
 With speed they seek the temples, and implore
 With rich oblations each celestial pow'r:
 Selected sheep with holy rites they slay 90
 To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day.
 But chief, to Juno's name the victims bled,
 To Juno, guardian of the bridal bed.
 The queen before the snowy heifer stands,
 Amid the shrines, a goblet in her hands; 95
 Between the horns she sheds the sacred wine,
 And pays due honours to the pow'rs divine;
 Moves round the fane in solemn pomp, and loads,
 Day after day, the altars of the gods.
 Then hovering o'er, the fair consults in vain 100
 The panting entrails of the victims slain:
 But ah! no sacred rites her pain remove;
 Priests, pray'rs, and temples! what are you to love?
 With passion fir'd, her reason quite o'erthrown,
 The hapless queen runs raving through the town. 105
 Soft flames consume her vitals, and the dart,
 Deep, deep within, lies festering in her heart.
 So sends the heedless hunter's twanging bow
 The shaft that quivers in the bleeding doe;
 Stung with the stroke, and madding with the pain, 110
 She wildly flies from wood to wood in vain;

Shoots

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. BOOK IV. 7

Shoots o'er the Cretan lawns with many a bound,
The cleaving dart still rankling in the wound !

Now the fond princess leads her hero on,
Shows him her Tyrian wealth, and growing town ; 115
Displays her pompous tow'rs that proudly rise,
And hopes to tempt him with the glorious prize ;

Now as she tries to tell her raging flame,
Stops short,---and falters, check'd by conscious shame ;
Now, at the close of evening, calls her guest, 120
To share the banquet, and renew the feast :

She fondly begs him to repeat once more
The Trojan story that she heard before ;
Then to distraction charm'd, in rapture hung
On every word, and dy'd upon his tongue. 125

But when the setting stars to rest invite,
And fading Cynthia veils her beamy light ;
When all the guests retire to soft repose ;
Left in the hall, she sighs, and vents her woes,

Lies on his couch, bedews it with her tears, 130 }
In fancy sees her absent prince, and hears
His charming voice still sounding in her ears.

Fir'd with the glorious hero's graceful look,
The young Ascanius on her lap she took,
With trifling play her furious pains beguil'd ; 135

In vain !---the father charms her in the child,
No more the tow'rs, unfinish'd, rise in air ;
The youth, undisciplin'd no more prepare
Ports for the fleet, or bulwarks for the war ; }

The works and battlements neglected lie, 140
And the proud structures cease to brave the sky.

The fair thus rages with the mighty pain,
 That fir'd her soul; and honour pleads in vain.
 This Juno saw, and thus the bride of Jove,
 In guileful terms address'd the queen of love : 145
 A high exploit indeed ! a glorious name,
 Unfading trophies and eternal fame,
 You, and your son have worthily pursu'd !
 Two gods a single woman have subdu'd !
 To me your groundless jealousies are known, 150
 And dark suspicions of this Tyrian town.
 But why, why goddess, to what aim or end
 In lasting quarrels should we still contend ?
 Hence then from strife resolve we both to cease,
 And by the nuptial band confirm the peace. 155
 To crown your wish, the queen with fond desire
 Dies for your son, and melts with amorous fire.
 Let us with equal sway protect the place,
 The common guardians of the mingled race.
 Be Tyre the dow'r to seal the glad accord, 160
 And royal Dido serve this Phrygian lord.
 To whom the queen ; (who mark'd with piercing eyes
 The goddess labouring, in the dark disguise,
 To Libyan shores from Latium to convey
 The destin'd feat of universal sway ;) 165
 Who this alliance madly would deny ?
 Or war with thee, dread empress of the sky ?
 And oh ! that fortune in the work would join,
 With full success to favour the design !
 But much I doubt, O goddess, if the Fates, 170
 Or Jove permit us to unite the states.

You,

You, as his consort, your request may move,
 And search the will, or bend the mind of Jove.
 Go then---your scheme before the father lay;
 Go;---and I follow, where you lead the way. 175

Be mine the care, th' imperial dame replies,
 To gain the god, the sovereign of the skies,
 Then heed my counsel---when the dawning light
 Drives from the opening world the shades of night;
 The prince and queen, transfix'd with amorous flame,
 Bend to the woods to hunt the savage game; 181
 There, while the crowds the forest-walks beset,
 Swarm round the woods, and spread the waving net;
 The skies shall burst upon the sportive train
 In storms of hail, and deluges of rain: 185
 The gather'd tempest o'er their heads shall roll,
 And the long thunders roar from pole to pole.

On ev'ry side shall fly the scattering crowds,
 Involv'd and cover'd in a night of clouds.
 To the same cave for shelter shall repair 190
 The Trojan hero and the royal fair.
 The lovers, if your will concurs with mine,
 Ourselves in Hymen's nuptial bands will join.
 The goddess gave consent, the compact bound,
 But smil'd in secret at the fraud she found. 195

Scarce had Aurora left her orient bed,
 And rear'd above the waves her radiant head,
 When, pouring through the gates, the train appear,
 Massylian hunters with the steely spear, 199
 Sagacious hounds, and toils, and all the sylvan war. }

The

The queen engag'd in dress,—with reverence wait
 The Tyrian peers before the regal gate.
 Her steed, with gold and purple cover'd round,
 Neighs, champs the bit, and foaming paws the ground.
 At length she comes, magnificently drest 205
 (Her guards attending) in a Tyrian vest:
 Back in a golden caul her locks are ty'd;
 A golden quiver rattles at her side;
 A golden clasp her purple garments binds,
 And robes, that flew redundant in the winds. 210
 Next with the youthful Trojans to the sport
 The fair Ascanius issues from the court.
 But far the fairest, and supremely tall,
 Tow'rs great Æneas, and outshines them all.
 As when from Lycia bound in wintry frost, 215
 Where Xanthus' streams enrich the smiling coast,
 The beauteous Phœbus in high pomp retires,
 And hears in Delos the triumphant quires;
 The Cretan crowds and Dryopes advance,
 And painted Scythians round his altars dance; 220
 Fair wreaths of vivid bays his head infold,
 His locks bound backward and adorn'd with gold;
 The god majestic moves o'er Cynthus' brows,
 His golden quiver rattling as he goes:
 So mov'd Æneas; such his charming grace; 225
 So glow'd the purple bloom, that flush'd his godlike face.
 Soon as the train amid the mountains came,
 And storm'd the covert of the savage game;
 The goats flew bounding o'er the craggy brow
 From rock to rock, and sought the fields below. 230

Here

Here the fleet stags chas'd down the tow'ring steep,
 In clouds of dust through the long valley sweep :
 While there, exulting, to his utmost speed
 The young Ascanius spurs his fiery steed,
 Outstrips by turns the flying social train, 235
 And scorns the meaner triumphs of the plain :
 The hopes of glory all his soul inflame ;
 Eager he longs to run at nobler game,
 And drench his youthful javelin in the gore
 Of the fierce lion, or the mountain bear. 240

Meantime loud thunders rattle round the sky,
 And hail and rain, in mingled tempest, fly ;
 While floods on floods, in swelling turbid tides,
 Roll roaring down the mountain's channel'd fides.
 The young Ascanius, and the hunting train, 245
 To close retreats fled diverse o'er the plain.
 To the same gloomy cave with speed repair
 The Trojan hero and the royal fair.

Earth shakes, and Juno gives the nuptial signs ;
 With quivering flames the glimmering grotto shines : 250
 With light'nings all the conscious skies are spread ;
 The nymphs run shrieking round the mountain's head.
 From that sad day, unhappy Dido ! rose
 Shame, death, and ruin, and a length of woes.
 Nor fame nor censure now the queen can move, 255
 No more she labours to conceal her love.
 Her passion stands avow'd ; and wedlock's name
 Adorns the crime, and sanctifies the shame.

Now Fame, tremendous fiend ! without delay
 Through Libyan cities took her rapid way. 260
 Fame

Fame, the swift plague, that every moment grows,
 And gains new strength and vigour as she goes.
 First small with fear, she swells to wond'rous size,
 And stalks on earth, and tow'rs above the skies;
 Whom, in her wrath to heav'n, the teeming earth 265
 Produc'd the last of her gigantic birth;
 A monster huge, and dreadful to the eye,
 With rapid feet to run, or wings to fly.
 Beneath her plumes the various fury bears
 A thousand piercing eyes and list'ning ears; 270
 And with a thousand mouths and babbling tongues
 appears.

Thund'ring by night, through heaven and earth she flies;
 No golden slumbers seal her watchful eyes;
 On tow'rs of battlement she sits by day,
 And shakes whole towns with terror and dismay; 275
 Alarms the world around, and, perch'd on high,
 Reports a truth, or publishes a lye.
 Now both she mingled with malignant joy,
 And told the nations, that a prince from Troy
 Inflam'd with love the Tyrian queen, who led 280
 The godlike stranger to her bridal bed;
 That both, indulging to their soft desires,
 And deaf to censure, melt in amorous fires;
 From every thought the cares of state remove,
 And the long winter pass'd away in love. 285

This tale the Fury glories to display,
 Then to the king Iarbas bent her way;
 With jealous rage the furious prince inspires,
 And all his soul with indignation fires.

This

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. BOOK IV. 13

This monarch sprung from Ammon's warm embrace
With a fair nymph of Garamantic race. 291

The mighty king a hundred temples rais'd;
An hundred altars that with victims blaz'd,
Through all his realms, in honour of his fire;
And watch'd the hallow'd everlasting fire; 295

With various wreaths adorn'd the holy door,
And drench'd the soil with consecrated gore.
Amid the statues of the gods he stands,
And, spreading forth to Jove his lifted hands,
Fir'd with the tale, and raving with despair, 300
Prefers in bitterness of soul his pray'r.

Almighty Jove! to whom our Moorish line
In large libations pour the generous wine,
And feast on painted beds; say, father, say,
If yet thy eyes these flagrant crimes survey. 305

Or do we vainly tremble and adore,
When through the skies the pealing thunders roar?
Thine are the bolts? or idly do they fall,
And rattle through the dark ærial hall?

A wand'ring woman, who on Libya thrown, 310
Rais'd on a purchas'd spot a slender town;
On terms ourself prescrib'd, was glad to gain

A barren tract that runs along the main;
The proffer'd nuptials of thy son abhorr'd;
But to her throne receives a Dardan lord. 315

And lo! this second Paris come again,
With his unmanly, soft, luxurious train,
In scented tresses and a mitre gay,
To bear my bride, his ravish'd prize, away;

While

While still in vain we bid thy altars flame, 320
And pay our vows to nothing but a name.

Him, as he grasp'd his altars, and prefer'd
His wrathful pray'r, th' almighty father heard;
Then to the palace turn'd his awful eye,
Where, careless of their fame, the lovers lie. 325
The god, that scene offended to survey,
Charg'd with his high command the son of May :

Fly, fly, my son, our orders to perform;
Mount the fleet wind, and ride the rapid storm;
Fly—to yon Dardan chief in Carthage bear 330
Our awful mandate through the fields of air,
Who idly ling'ring in the Tyrian state,
Neglects the promis'd walls decreed by fate.
Not such a prince, the beauteous queen of love
(When twice she sav'd him) promis'd him to Jove;
A prince she promis'd who by deeds divine 336
Should prove he sprung from Teucer's martial line;
Whose sword imperial Italy should awe,
A warlike realm ! and give the world the law.
If no such glories can his mind inflame, 340
If he neglects his own immortal fame;
What has his heir the young Ascanius done ?
Why should he grudge an empire to his son ?
What scheme, what prospect can the chief propose,
So long to loiter with a race of foes ? 345
The promis'd kingdom to regard no more,
And quite neglect the destin'd Latian shore ?
Haste—bid him sail—be this our will; and bear
With speed this mandate through the fields of air.

Swift

Swift at the word, the duteous son of May 350
 Prepares th' almighty's orders to obey;
 First round his feet the golden wings he bound,
 That speed his progress o'er the seas profound,
 Or earth's unmeasur'd regions, as he flies,
 25 Wrap'd in a rapid whirlwind, down the skies. 355
 Then grasp'd the wand; the wand that calls the ghosts
 From hell, or drives 'em to the Stygian coasts,
 Invites or chafes sleep with wond'rous pow'r,
 And opes those eyes that death had seal'd before.
 30 Thus arm'd, on wings of winds sublimely rode 360
 Through heaps of opening clouds the flying god.
 From far huge Atlas' rocky sides he spies,
 Atlas, whose head supports the starry skies:
 Beat by the winds and driving rains, he shrouds
 His shady forehead in surrounding clouds; 365
 336 With ice his horrid beard is crusted o'er;
 From his bleak brows the gushing torrents pour;
 Out-spread, his mighty shoulders heave below
 The hoary piles of everlasting snow.
 340 Here on pois'd pinions stoop'd the panting god; 370
 Then, from the steep, shot headlong to the flood.
 As the swift sea-mew, for the fishy prey,
 In low excursions skims along the sea, }
 By rocks and shores, and wings th' aerial way; }
 345 So, from his kindred mountain, Hermes flies 375
 Between th' extended earth and starry skies;
 Thus through the parting air his course he bore,
 And, gliding, skim'd along the Libyan shore.

Soon

Soon as the winged god to Carthage came,
 He finds the prince forgetful of his fame : 380
 The rising domes employ his idle hours,
 Th' unfinish'd palaces and Tyrian Tow'rs.
 A sword all starr'd with gems, and spangled o'er
 With yellow jaspers, at his side he wore ;
 A robe refulgent from his shoulders flow'd 385
 That, flaming, deep with Tyrian crimson glow'd ;
 The work of Dido ; whose unrivall'd art
 With flow'rs of gold embroider'd every part.

To whom the god :—These hours canst thou employ
 To raise proud Carthage, heedless prince of Troy ? 390
 Thus for a foreign bride to build a town
 And form a state, forgetful of thy own ?
 The lord of heav'n and earth, almighty Jove ;
 With this command dispatch'd me from above ;
 What are thy hopes from this thy long delay ? 395
 Why thus in Libya pass thy hours away ?
 If future empire cease thy thoughts to raise,
 Or the fair prospect of immortal praise ;
 Regard Ascanius, prince, the royal boy ;
 The last, the best surviving hope of Troy ; 400
 To whom the Fates decree, in time to come,
 The long, long glories of imperial Rome.
 He spoke, and speaking left him gazing there ;
 And all the fluid form dissolv'd in air.

The prince astonish'd stood, with horror stung ; 405
 Fear rais'd his hair, and wonder chain'd his tongue :
 Struck and alarm'd with such a dread command,
 He longs to leave the dear enchanting land.

But

But ah! with what address shall he begin,
 How speak his purpose to the raving queen? 410
 A thousand thoughts his wavering soul divide,
 That turns each way, and strains on every side:
 A thousand projects labouring in his breast,
 On this at last he fixes as the best:
 Mnestheus and brave Cloanthus he commands 415
 To rig the fleet, to summon all the bands
 In secret silence to the shore, and hide
 The sudden cause, that bids them tempt the tide.
 Then while fair Dido, sick with fond desire,
 Thinks such a boundless love can ne'er expire, 420
 Himself the proper measures will prepare
 To move the queen, and seize with watchful care
 The softest moments to address the fair. }
 With speed impatient fly the chiefs away,
 And, fir'd with eager joy, the prince obey. 425
 But soon the fraud unhappy Dido spies;
 (For what can 'scape a lover's piercing eyes,
 Who e'en in safety fears with wild affright?)
 She first discern'd the meditated flight;
 And Fame, infernal fiend, the news conveys, 430
 The fleet was rigg'd and launching on the seas.
 Mad with despair, and all her soul on flame,
 Around the city raves the royal dame:
 So the fierce Bacchanal with frantic cries,
 Stung by the god, to proud Cithaeron flies, 435
 And shakes her ivy spear and raves around,
 While the huge mountain echoes to the sound.

At length, by potent love and grief oppress'd,
The queen, her recreant lover, first address'd:

And could'st thou hope, dissembler, from my sight,
Ah! wretch perfidious! to conceal thy flight? 441
In such base silence from my realms to fail?
Nor can our vows and plighted hands prevail,
Nor Dido's cruel death thy flight detain?
For death, death only can relieve my pain: 445
And are thy vessels launch'd, while winter sweeps
With the rough northern blast the roaring deeps?
Barbarian! say, if Troy herself had stood,
Nor foreign realms had call'd thee o'er the flood,
Would'st thou thy sails in stormy seas employ, 450
And brave the surge to gain thy native Troy?
Me will you fly, to tempt the dangerous wave?
Ah! by the tears I shed, the hand you gave;
(For these still mine, and only these remain;
The tears I shed, the hand you gave in vain!) 455
By those late solemn nuptial bands I plead,
By those first pleasures of the bridal bed;
If e'er, when folded in your circling arms,
You sigh'd, and prais'd these now-neglected charms:
If pray'r can move thee, with this pray'r comply, 460
Regard, Æneas, with a pitying eye
A falling race, and lay thy purpose by.
For thee Numidian kings in arms conspire;
For thee have I incens'd the sons of Tyre;
For thee I lost my honour and my fame, 465
That to the stars advanc'd my glorious name.

Must I in death thy cruel scorn deplore,
 My barbarous guest!—but ah!—my spouse no more!
 What—shall I wait, till fierce Pygmalion pours
 From Tyre on Carthage, and destroys my tow'rs? 470
 Shall I in proud Iarbas' chains be led
 A slave, a captive to the tyrant's bed?
 Ah!—had I brought, before thy fatal flight,
 Some little offspring of our loves to light;
 If in my regal hall I could survey 475
 Some princely boy, some young Æneas play;
 Thy dear resemblance but in looks alone!
 I should not seem quite widow'd and undone.

She said; the prince stood still in grief profound,
 And fix'd his eyes relentless on the ground; 480
 By Jove's high will admonish'd from the skies;
 At length the hero thus in brief replies.

Your bounties, queen, I never can forget;
 And never, never pay the mighty debt;
 But, long as life informs this fleeting frame, 485
 My soul shall honour fair Eliza's name.

Then hear my plea:—By stealth I ne'er design'd
 To leave your hospitable realm behind;
 To bear the thought;—much less in Libyan lands,
 A casual guest, to own the bridal bands. 490

Had fate allow'd me to consult my ease,
 To live and settle on what terms I please;
 Still had I stay'd in Asia, to enjoy

The dear, dear relicks of my native Troy:
 Irais'd royal Priam's ruin'd tow'rs again, 495
 A second Ilion for my vanquish'd train.

But now, fair queen, Apollo's high command
 Has call'd me to the fam'd Italian land;
 Thither, inspir'd by oracles, I move,
 There lies my country, and there lies my love. 500
 If you your rising Carthage thus admire
 In these strange realms, a foreigner from Tyre,
 Why should not Teucer's race be free to gain
 The Latian kingdom, as the gods ordain?
 Oft as the stars display their fiery light, 505
 And earth lies cover'd in the shades of night,
 My father's angry spirit blames my stay,
 Stalks round my bed, and summons me away.
 Long has Ascanius call'd me hence in vain,
 By me defrauded of his destin'd reign. 510
 And now, ev'n now, the messenger of Jove
 (Both gods can witness) shot from heav'n above:
 Charg'd with the thunderer's high commands he flew,
 The glorious form appear'd in open view:
 I saw him pass these lofty walls, and hear 515
 His awful voice still murmuring in my ear.
 Then cease, my beauteous princess, to complain;
 Nor let us both be discompos'd in vain:
 From these dear arms to Latium forc'd away;
 'Tis fate that calls, and fate I must obey. 520

Thus while he spoke, with high disdain and pride
 She roll'd her wrathful eyes on every side,
 That glance in silence o'er the guilty man,
 And, all inflam'd with fury, she began:
 Perfidious monster! boast thy birth no more; 525
 No hero got thee, and no goddess bore.

No!—thou wert brought by Scythian rocks to day,
 By tigers nurs'd, and savages of prey;
 But far more rugged, wild, and fierce than they.
 For why, ah! why the traitor should I spare? 530
 What baser wrongs can I be doom'd to bear?
 Did he once deign to turn his scornful eyes?
 Did he once groan at all my piercing sighs?
 Drop'd he one tear in pity to my cries?
 Calm he look'd on, and saw my passion burst. 535
 Which, which of all his insults was the worst?
 And yet great Jove and Juno from the sky
 Behold his treason with a careless eye;
 Guilt, guilt prevails; and justice is no more.
 The needy wretch just cast upon my shore, 540
 Fool as I was! with open arms I led
 At once a partner to my throne and bed;
 From instant death I sav'd his famish'd train,
 His shatter'd fleet I stor'd and rigg'd again.
 But ah I rave;—my soul the Furies fire; 545
 Now great Apollo warns him to retire;
 With all his oracles forbids to stay;
 And now through air with haste the son of May
 Conveys Jove's orders from the blest abodes;
 A care well worthy to disturb the gods! 550
 Go then; I plead not, nor thy flight delay;
 Go, seek new kingdoms through the wat'ry way;
 But there may every god, thy crime provokes,
 Reward thy guilt, and dash thee on the rocks;
 Then shalt thou call, amid the howling main, 555
 On injur'd Dido's name, nor call in vain;

For, wrapt in fires, I'll follow through the sky,
 Flash in thy face, or glare tremendous by.
 When death's cold hand my struggling soul shall free,
 My ghost in every place shall wait on thee : 560
 My vengeful spirit shall thy torments know,
 And smile with transport in the realms below.

With that, abrupt she took her sudden flight ;
 Sick of the day, she loaths the golden light ;
 And turns, while fault'ring he attempts to say 565
 Ten thousand things, disdainfully away ;
 Sunk in their arms the trembling handmaids led
 The fainting princess to the regal bed.

But though the pious hero tries with care,
 And melting words, to sooth her fierce despair, 570
 Stung with the pains and agonies of love,
 Still he regards the high commands of Jove ;
 Repairs the fleet ; and soon the busy train
 Roll down the lofty vessels to the main.
 New-rigg'd, the navy glides along the flood ; 575
 Whole trees they bring, unfashion'd from the wood,
 And leafy saplings to supply their oars,
 Pour from the town, and darken all the shores.
 So when the pismires, an industrious train,
 Embod'y'd, rob some golden heap of grain, 580
 Studious, ere stormy winter frowns, to lay
 Safe in their darksome cells the treasur'd prey ;
 In one long track the dusky legions lead
 Their prize in triumph through the verdant mead :
 Here, bending with the load, a panting throng 585
 With force conjoin'd heave some huge grain along :

Some

Some lash the stragglers to the task' assign'd,
 Some, to their ranks, the bands that lag behind :
 They crowd the peopled path in thick array,
 Glow at the work, and darken all the way. 590

At that sad prospect, that tormenting scene,
 What thoughts, what woes were thine, unhappy queen !
 How loud thy groans, when from thy lofty tow'r
 Thy eyes survey'd the tumult on the shore ;
 When on the floods thou heard'st the shouting train 595
 Plough with resounding oars the wat'ry plain ?
 To what submissions, of what low degree,
 Are mortals urg'd, imperious love, by thee ?
 Once more she flies to pray'rs and tears, to move
 Th' obdurate prince ; and anger melts to love ; 600
 Tries all her suppliant female arts again
 Before her death ;---but tries 'em all in vain :

Sister, behold, from every side they pour
 With eager speed, and gather to the shore. 604
 Hark---how with shouts they catch the springing gales,
 And crown their ships, and spread their flying sails.
 Ah ! had I once foreseen the fatal blow,
 Sure, I had borne this mighty weight of woe.
 Yet, yet, my Anna, this one trial make
 For thy despairing, dying sister's sake. 610
 For ah ! the dear perfidious wretch, I see,
 Lays open all his secret soul to thee.

In all his thoughts you ever bore a part,
 You know the nearest passage to his heart.
 Go then, dear sister, as a suppliant go, 615
 Tell, in the humblest terms, my haughty foe,

I ne'er conspir'd at Aulis to destroy,
 With vengeful Greece, the hapless race of Troy ;
 Nor sent one vessel to the Phrygian coast,
 Nor rak'd abroad his father's sacred dust. 620
 From all the pray'rs a dying queen prefers,
 Why will he turn his unrelenting ears ?
 Whither, ah whither, will the tyrant fly ?
 I beg but this one grace before I die,
 To wait for calmer seas and softer gales 625
 To smooth the floods, and fill his opening sails.
 Tell my perfidious lover, I implore
 The name of wedlock he disclaims no more :
 No more his purpos'd voyage I detain
 From beauteous Latium, and his destin'd reign. 630
 For some small interval of time I move,
 Some short, short season to subdue my love ;
 Till reconcil'd to this unhappy state,
 I grow at last familiar with my fate :
 This favour if he grant, my death shall please 635
 His cruel soul, and set us both at ease.

Thus pray'd the queen ; the sister bears in vain
 The moving message, and returns again.
 He stand inflexible to pray'rs and tears,
 For Jove and Fate had stop'd the hero's ears. 640

As o'er th' ærial Alps sublimely spread,
 Some aged oak uprears his reverend head ;
 This way and that the furious tempests blow,
 To lay the monarch of the mountains low ;
 Th' imperial plant, though nodding at the sound, 645
 Though all his scatter'd honours strow the ground,

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. BOOK IV. 49

Safe in his strength, and seated on the rock,
In naked majesty defies the shock :
High as the head shoots tow'ring to the skies,
So deep the root in hell's foundation lies. 650

Thus is the prince besieg'd by constant pray'rs :
But though his heart relents at Dido's cares,
Still firm the dictates of his soul remain,
And tears are shed, and vows prefer'd in vain.

Now tir'd with life abandon'd Dido grows ; 655
Now bent on fate, and harass'd with her woes,
She loaths the day, she sickens at the sky,
And longs, in bitterness of soul, to die.

To urge the scheme of death already laid,
Full many a direful omen she survey'd : 660
While to the gods she pour'd the wine, she view'd
The pure libation turn'd to fable blood.

This horrid omen to herself reveal'd,
Ev'n from her sister's ears she kept conceal'd ;
Yet more---a temple, where she paid her vows, 665
Rose in the palace to her former spouse ;

A marble structure ; this she dress'd around
With snowy wool ; with sacred chaplets crown'd.
From hence, when gloomy night succeeds the day,
Her husband seems to summon her away. 670

Perch'd in the roof the bird of night complains,
In one sad length of melancholy strains ;

Now dire predictions rack her mind, foretold

By prescient sages, and the seers of old ;

Now stern Æneas, her eternal theme,

Haunts her distracted soul in ev'ry dream ;

In

In slumber now she seems to travel on,
 Through dreary wilds, abandon'd and alone ;
 And treads a dark uncomfortable plain,
 And seeks her Tyrians o'er the waste in vain. 688
 So Pentheus rav'd, when, flaming to his eyes,
 He saw the Furies from the deeps arise ;
 And view'd a double Thebes with wild amaze,
 And two bright suns with rival glories blaze.
 So bounds the mad Orestes o'er the stage, 689
 With looks distracted, from his mother's rage ;
 Arm'd with her scourge of snakes she drives him on,
 And, wrapt in flames, pursues her murdering son ;
 He flies, but flies in vain ;---the Furies wait,
 And fiends in forms tremendous guard the gate. 690

At length distracted, and by love o'ercome,
 Resolv'd on death, she meditates her doom ;
 Appoints the time to end her mighty woe,
 And takes due measures for the purpos'd blow.
 Then her sad sister she with smiles address'd, 695
 Hope in her looks, but anguish at her breast :

Anna, partake my joy, for lo ! I find
 The sole expedient that can cure my mind,
 Relieve my soul for ever from her pain,
 Or bring my lover to my arms again. 700
 Near Ocean's utmost bound, a region lies,
 Where mighty Atlas props the starry skies ;
 There lives a priestess of Massylian strain,
 The guardian of the rich Hesperian fane ;
 Who wont the wakeful dragon once to feed 705
 With honey'd cakes, and poppy's drowsy feed,

That

That round the tree his shining volumes roll'd
To guard the fac ed balls of blooming gold.
By magic charms the matron can remove,
Or fiercely kindle all the fires of love; 710

Roll back the stars; stop rivers as they flow;
And call grim spectres from the realms of woe.
Trees leave their mountains at her potent call;
Beneath her footsteps groans the trembling ball:
But witness thou, and all ye gods on high, 715
With what regret to magic rites I fly.

Go then, erect with speed and secret care,
Within the court, a pile in open air.
Bring all the traitor's arms and robes, and spread
Above the heap our fatal bridal bed. 720

The sacred dame commands me to destroy
All, all memorials of that wretch from Troy.

Thus with dissembling arts the princess spoke:
A deadly paleness spreads o'er all her look.
Nor could her wretched sister once divine 725
These rites could cover such a dire design,

Nor deem'd a lover treacherous to his vows
Should more afflict her than her murder'd spouse;
But rears a pile of oaks and firs on high,
Within the court, beneath the naked sky. 730

With wreaths the queen adorn'd the structure round;
And with funereal greens and garlands crown'd:
Next big with death, the sword and robe she spread,
And plac'd the dear, dear image on the bed.

Amidst her altars, with dishevel'd hairs, 735
Her horrid rites the priestess now prepares.

Thun-

Thund'ring she calls, in many a dreadful sound,
 On Chaos hoar, and Erebus profound;
 On hideous Hecate, from hell's abodes,
 (The threefold Dian!) and a hundred gods. 740
 The place she sprinkled, where her altars stood,
 With streams dissembled from Avernus' flood,
 And black envenom'd herbs she brings, reap'd down
 With brazen sickles, by the glimmering moon.
 Then crops the potent knots of love with care, 745
 That from the young estrange the parent mare.
 Now with a sacred cake and lifted hands,
 All bent on death, before her altar stands
 The royal victim, the devoted fair;
 Her robes were gather'd, and one foot was bare. 750
 She calls on every star in solemn state,
 Whose guilty beams shine conscious of her fate:
 She calls to witness every god above,
 To pay due vengeance for her injur'd love.
 'Twas night; and, weary with the toils of day, 755
 In soft repose the whole creation lay.
 The murmurs of the groves and furies die,
 The stars roll solemn through the glowing sky;
 Wide o'er the fields a brooding silence reigns,
 The flocks lie stretch'd along the flow'ry plains; 760
 The furious savages that haunt the woods,
 The painted birds, the fishes of the floods;
 All, all, beneath the general darkness, share
 In sleep, a soft forgetfulness of care;
 All but the hapless queen;—for love denies 765
 Rest to her thoughts, and slumber to her eyes.

Her

Her passions grow still fiercer, and by turns
 With love she maddens, and with wrath she burns.
 The struggling tides in different motions roll,
 And thus she vents the tempest of her soul: 770

What shall I do?—shall I in vain implore
 The royal lovers I disdain'd before?
 Or, slighted in my turn with haughty pride,
 Court the fierce tyrant whom I once deny'd?
 Shall I the Trojans base commands obey, 775

Their slave, their suppliant, through the watry way?
 Yes—for my bounties, and my former aid
 By Troy already stand so well repaid!
 And yet suppose I were inclin'd to go;
 The haughty sailors would but mock my woe. 780

Hast thou not yet, not yet, Eliza, known
 The perjur'd sons of proud Laomedon?
 What!—shall I follow through the roaring main,
 Sole and abandon'd, their triumphant train,
 Or drive 'em through the deeps with sword and fire, 785

With all my armies, all the sons of Tyre?
 But can I draw to sea those Tyrian bands
 I drew reluctant from their native lands?
 Die then as thou deserv'st; in death repose;
 The sword, the friendly sword, shall end thy woes. 790

You first, dear sister, by my sorrows mov'd,
 Expos'd me rashly to the wretch I lov'd;
 Your prompt obedience, and officious care
 Fann'd the young flame, and plung'd me in despair.
 Oh! had I learn'd like savages to rove, 795

And never known the woes of bridal love!
 I prov'd

I prov'd unfaithful to my former spouse,
And now I reap the fruits of broken vows!

Thus vents the mournful queen, by love oppress'd,
The grief that rag'd tumultuous in her breast. 800
Meantime with all things ready for his flight,
In thoughtless sleep the hero past the night.
To whom again the feather'd Hermes came,
His youthful figure, looks and voice the same,
And thus alarms the slumbering prince once more; 805
What—can'st thou sleep in this important hour?
Nor all thy dangers canst thou yet survey?
Nor hear the zephyrs call thee to the sea?
Mad as thou art!—determin'd on her doom,
She forms designs of mischiefs yet to come. 810
Then fly her fury while thou yet canst fly,
Before Aurora gilds the purple sky;
Fly,—or the floods shall soon be cover'd o'er
With numerous fleets, and armies crowd the shore,
And direful brands with long-projected rays, 815
Shall set the land and ocean in a blaze.
Ev'n now her dread revenge is on the wing;
Rise, prince; a woman is a changeful thing.
This said, at once he took his rapid flight,
Dissolv'd in air, and mingled with the night. 820

The hero starts from sleep in wild surprise,
Struck with the glorious vision from the skies,
And rouses all the train: awake, unbind,
And stretch, my friends, the canvas to the wind;
Seize, seize your oars; the god descends again, 825
To bid me fly, and launch into the main.

Who.

Whoe'er thou art, thou blest celestial guide,
Thy course we follow through the foamy tide;
With joy thy sacred orders we obey;
And may thy friendly stars direct the way. 830

Sudden, he drew his sword as thus he said,
And cut the haulfers with the flaming blade;
With the same ardor fir'd, the shouting train
Fly, seize their oars, and rush into the main.

At once the floods with ships were cover'd o'er, 835
And not one Trojan left upon the shore;
All stretching to the stroke, with vigour sweep
The whitening furge, and plough the smoking deep.

Now o'er the glittering lawns Aurora spread
Her orient beam, and left her golden bed. 840

Soon as the queen at early dawn beheld
The navy move along the wat'ry field,
In pomp and order, from her lofty tow'r;
And saw th' abandon'd port, and empty shore;
Thrice her fierce hands in madness of despair 845
Beat her white breast, and tore her golden hair.

Then shall the traitor fly, ye gods! (she said)
And leave my kingdom, and insulted bed?
And shall not Carthage pour in arms away?
Run there, and launch my navies on the sea. 850

Fly, fly with all your sails, ye sons of Tyre;
Hurl flames on flames; involve his fleet in fire.
What have I said?—ah! impotent and vain!
I rave, I rave—what madness turns my brain?

Now can you, Dido, at so late a time, 855
Reflect with horror on your former crime?

Well

Well had this rage been shown, when first you led
 The wretch, a partner to your throne and bed.
 This is the prince, the pious prince, who bore
 His gods and relicks from the Phrygian shore! 860
 And safe convey'd his venerable fire!
 On his own shoulders through the Trojan fire!
 Could I not tear, and throw him for a prey,
 Base wretch! to every monster of the sea?
 Stab all his friends, his darling son destroy, 865
 And to his table serve the murder'd boy?
 For bent on death, and valiant from despair,
 Say—could I dread the doubtful chance of war?
 No—but my flames had reddend'd all the seas;
 Wrapt all the flying navy in the blaze; 870
 Destroy'd the race, the father and the son,
 And crown'd the general ruin with my own.
 Thou glorious sun! whose piercing eyes survey
 These worlds terrestrial in thy fiery way,
 And thou, O Juno! bend thy awful head, 875
 Great queen, and guardian of the bridal bed;
 Hear thou, dire Hecate! from hell profound,
 Whose rites nocturnal through the streets resound,
 Hear all ye furies, fiends, and gods, who wait
 To pay due vengeance for Eliza's fate! 880
 If to the destin'd port the wretch must come,
 If such be Jove's unalterable doom:
 Still let him wander, tofs'd from place to place,
 Far from his country, and his son's embrace,
 By barbarous nations harass'd with alarms; 885
 And take the field with unsuccessful arms;

For foreign aid to distant regions fly,
 See all his friends a common carnage lie;
 And when he gains, his ruin to compleat,
 A peace more shameful than his past defeat; 890
 Nor life nor empire let him long maintain,
 But fall, by murderous hands untimely slain,
 And lie unburied on the naked plain! }

This vow, ye gods, Eliza pours in death,
 With her last blood, and her last gasping breath! 895
 Oh!--in the silent grave when Dido lies,

Rise in thy rage, thou, great avenger, rise!
 Against curs'd Troy, go mighty son of Tyre,
 Go, in the pomp of famine, sword, and fire!
 And you, my Tyrians, with immortal hate, 900
 In future times, pursue the Dardan state.

No peace, no commerce with the race be made:
 Pay this last duty to your princess' shade;
 Fight, when your pow'rs supplies so just a rage;
 Fight now, fight still, in every distant age; 905
 By land, by sea, in arms the nation dare,
 And wage, from son to son, eternal war!

This said, she bends her various thoughts to close
 Her hated life, and finish all her woes.

Then to her husband's nurse she gave command, 910
 (Her own lay bury'd in her native land)
 Go, Barce, go, and bid my sister bring
 The sable victims for the Stygian king,
 But first be sprinkled from the limpid spring. }

Thus let her come; and, while I pay my vows, 915
 Thou too in fillets bind thy aged brows.

Fain would I kindle now the sacred pyre,
 And see the Trojan image sink in fire,
 Thus I complete the rites to Stygian Jove,
 And then farewell---a long farewell to love ! 920
 She said ; the matron, studious to obey,
 With duteous speed runs trembling all the way.

Now to the fatal court fierce Dido flies,
 And rolls around her fiery glaring eyes ;
 Though pale and shivering at her purpos'd doom, 925
 And every dreadful thought of death to come :
 Yet many a crimson flush, with various grace,
 Glows on her cheek, and kindles in her face.
 Furious she mounts the pyre, and draws the sword,
 The fatal present of the Dardan lord ; 930
 For no such end bestow'd ;---the conscious bed,
 And robes she view'd ; and tears in silence shed ;
 Stood still, and paus'd a moment,---then she cast
 Her body on the couch, and spoke her last :

Ye dear, dear relicks of the man I lov'd ! 935
 While fate consented, and the gods approv'd,
 Relieve my woes, this rage of love control,
 Take my last breath, and catch my parting soul.
 My fatal course is finish'd, and I go
 A ghost majestic to the realms below. 940
 Well have I liv'd to see a glorious town
 Rais'd by these hands, and bulwarks of my own ;
 Of all its trophies robb'd my brother's sword,
 And on the wretch reveng'd my murder'd lord.
 Happy ! thrice happy ! if the Dardan band 945
 Had never touch'd upon the Libyan land.

Then

Then pressing with her lips the Trojan bed,
 Shall I then die, and unreveng'd? (she said)
 Yet die I will,---and thus, and thus, I go---
 Thus---fly with pleasure to the shades below. 950
 This blaze may yon' proud Trojan from the sea,
 This death, an omen of his own, survey.

Meantime, the sad attendants, as she spoke,
 Beheld her strike, and sink beneath the stroke.
 At once her snowy hands were purpled o'er, 955
 And the bright faulchion smok'd with streaming gore.
 Her sudden fate is blaz'd the city round;
 The length'ning cries from street to street resound;
 To female shrieks the regal dome replies,
 And the shrill echoes ring amidst the skies; 960
 As all fair Carthage, or her mother Tyre,
 Storm'd by the foe, had sunk in floods of fire;
 And the fierce flame devour'd the proud abodes,
 With all the glorious temples of the gods.

Her breathless sister runs with eager pace, 965
 And beats her throbbing breast, and beauteous face.
 Fierce through the parting crowds the virgin flies,
 And on her dying dear Eliza's cries,
 Was this, my Dido, ah! was this the way
 You took, your easy sister to betray? 970
 Was it for this my hands prepar'd the pyre,
 The fatal altar, and the funeral fire?
 Where shall my complaints begin?---ah! wretch undone
 Now left abandon'd to my woes alone!
 Was I unworthy then, to yield my breath, 975
 And share thy sweet society in death?

D 2

Me,

Me, me you should have call'd, your fate to share
 From the same weapon, and the same despair.
 And did these hands the lofty pile compose?
 Did I invoke our gods with solemn vows? 983
 Only--ah cruel! to be sent away
 From the sad scene of death I now survey?
 You by this fatal stroke, and I, and all,
 Your senate, people, and your Carthage fall.
 Bring, bring me water; let me bathe in death 985
 Her bleeding wounds, and catch her parting breath.
 Then up the steep ascent she flew, and prest
 Her dying sister to her heaving breast;
 With cries succeeding cries her robes unbound,
 To stanch the blood that issu'd from the wound. 990
 Her bosom groaning with convulsive pain,
 She strives to raise her heavy lids in vain,
 And in a moment sinks, and swoons again. }
 Prop'd on her elbow, thrice she rear'd her head,
 And thrice fell back, and fainted on the bed; 995
 Sought with her swimming eyes the golden light,
 And saw the sun, but sicken'd at the sight.
 Then mighty Juno, with a melting eye,
 Beheld her dreadful anguish from the sky;
 And bade fair Iris, from the starry pole, 1000
 Fly, and enlarge her agonizing soul:
 For as she dy'd by love before the time,
 Nor fell by fate, nor perish'd for a crime,
 Not yet had Proserpine, with early care,
 Clip'd from her head the fatal golden hair; 1005

The

The solemn offering to the pow'rs below,
 To free the spirit, and relieve her woe.
 Swift from the glancing sun the goddess drew
 A thousand mingling colours, as she flew:
 Then radiant hover'd o'er the dying fair; 1010
 And lo! this consecrated lock I bear
 To Stygian Jove: and now, as heav'n ordains,
 Release thy soul from these corporeal chains.
 The goddess stretch'd her hand, as thus she said,
 And clip'd the sacred honours of her head; 1015
 The vital spirit flies, no more confin'd,
 Dissolves in air, and mingles with the wind.

End of the Fourth Book.

A

V I R G I L's
Æ N E I D.

B O O K V.

A R G U M E N T.

Æneas setting sail from Africk, is driven by a storm on the coasts of Sicily, where he is hospitably received by his friend Acestes, king of part of the island, and born of Trojan parentage. He celebrates the memory of his father with divine honours, institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the ceremonies were performing, Juno sends Iris to persuade the Trojan women to burn the ships, who, upon her instigation, set fire to them; which burnt four, and would have consumed the rest, had not Jupiter by a sudden shower extinguished it. Upon this, Æneas, by the advice of one of his generals, and a vision of his father, builds a city, for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage; and sails for Italy. Venus procures of Neptune a safe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately lost.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK V.

NOW with a prosp'rous breeze, Æneas held
 His destin'd course, and plough'd the wat'ry field;
 Unhappy Dido's funeral flames surveys,
 That gild the spires, and round the bulwarks blaze;
 But soon the hidden cause the prince divin'd 5
 From the known transports of a female mind;
 With such a whirl their fiery passions move,
 In the mad rage of disappointed love!

Now o'er the deep the rapid gallies fly,
 And the vast round was only wave and sky. 10
 A cloud all charg'd with livid darkness spreads,
 Black'ning the floods, and gathering o'er their heads.
 Aloud the careful Palinurus cries;
 Lo! what a dreadful storm involves the skies!
 Oh! Neptune, mighty father of the main! 15
 What tempests threaten from thy wat'ry reign?
 Then he commands to furl the sails, and sweep
 With every bending oar the foamy deep.
 Himself, to break the blast, his sails inclin'd,
 And fled obliquely with the driving wind. 20
 Oh! mighty prince, the trembling master cry'd,
 Scarce could I hope, in such a tossing tide,

T.

To reach Hesperia and surmount the flood,
 Though Jove had past the promise of a God.
 See! from the west what thwarting winds arise! 25
 How in one cloud are gathered half the skies!
 In vain our course we labour to maintain,
 And, struggling, work against the storm in vain.
 Let us, since fortune mocks our toil, obey,
 And speed our voyage, where she points the way. 30
 For not far distant lies the realm, that bore
 Your brother Eryx, the Sicilian shore,
 If right I judge, whose eyes with constant care
 Have watch'd the heav'ns, retracing every star.

I see, reply'd the prince, thy fruitless pain, 35
 That long has struggled with the winds in vain.
 Then change thy course, the whirling gusts obey,
 And steer with open sails a different way.
 Oh! to what dearer land can I retreat?
 There I may rig again my shatter'd fleet: 40
 That land my father's sacred dust contains,
 And there my Trojan friend, Aestes reigns.
 This said, they steer their course; the western gales
 With friendly breezes stretch their bellying sails;
 Smooth o'er the tides the flying navy past, 45
 And reach'd with joy the well-known shore at last.

The king with wonder from a mountain's brow
 Beheld the fleet approach the coast below;
 Then, with a javelin in his hand, descends,
 Clad in a lion's spoils, to meet his friends, 50
 This monarch sprung from great Crinifus' flood;
 His Trojan mother mingling with the god.

With due regard he hails the kindred train,
 Arriv'd from Carthage at his realms again;
 With feasts their fainting spirits he restor'd;
 And rural viands crown'd the generous board.

Now the diminish'd stars had fled away
 Before the glories of the dawning day.
 His friends Æneas summon'd from the coast;
 Then from a rising point bespoke the host:

Ye far-fam'd sons of Troy, a race divine,
 Whose fathers sprung from Jove's immortal line,
 Now the full circle of the year runs round,
 Since we dispos'd my fire in foreign ground,
 Rais'd verdant altars to the mighty shade,
 And paid all funeral honours to the dead:

And now the fatal day is just return'd,
 By me (so Heav'n ordains) with rites adorn'd,
 For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd;

Though banish'd to the burning Libyan sand,
 Though led a captive to the Argive land,

Though lost and shipwreck'd on the Grecian sea,
 Still would I solemnize this sacred day.

Sure all the friendly pow'rs our course inspire,
 To the dear relicks of my reverend fire.

Haste then, the new-adopted god adore,
 And from his grace a prosp'rous gale implore;
 Implore a city, where we still may pay,
 In his own fane, the honours of the day.

On every ship two oxen are bestow'd
 By great Acestes of our Dardan blood;

Call

Call to the feast your native Phrygian pow'rs,
 With those the hospitable king adores.
 Soon as the ninth fair morning's opening light
 Shall glad the world, and chase the shades of night, 85
 Then to my Trojans I propose, to grace
 These sacred rites, the rapid naval race;
 Then all, who glory in their matchless force,
 Or vaunt their fiery swiftness in the course,
 Or dart the spear, or bend the twanging bow, 90
 Or to the dreadful gauntlet dare the foe,
 Attend; and each by merit bear away
 The noble palms, and glories of the day.
 Now grace your heads with verdant wreaths, he said;
 Then with his mother's myrtle binds his head. 95
 Like him, Aestes, and the royal boy
 Adorn their brows, with all the youth of Troy.

Now to the tomb surrounded with a throng,
 A mighty train, the hero past along.
 Two bowls of milk, and sacred blood he pours; 100
 Two of pure wine; and scatters purple flow'rs.
 Then thus—Hail sacred fire, all hail again,
 Once more restor'd, but ah! restor'd in vain!
 'Twas more than envious fate would give, to see
 The destin'd realms of Italy with thee; 105
 Or mighty Tyber's rolling streams explore,
 The sacred flood, that bathes th' Ausonian shore.
 Scarce had he said, when, beauteous to behold!
 From the deep tomb, with many a shining fold,
 An azure serpent rose, in scales that flam'd with
 gold: 110

Like

Like heaven's bright bow his varying beauties shone,
 That draws a thousand colours from the sun:
 Pleas'd round the altars and the tomb to wind,
 His glittering length of volumes trails behind.
 The chief in deep amaze suspended hung, 115

While through the bowls the serpent glides along;
 Tastes all the food, then softly slides away,
 Seeks the dark tomb, and quits the sacred prey;

Astonish'd at the sight, the hero paid
 New rites, new honours to his father's shade, 120
 Doubts if the dæmon of his fire rever'd,
 Or the kind genius of the place appear'd.

Five sable steers he slew with rites divine,
 As many snowy sheep, and bristly swine;
 And pouring wine, invok'd his father's shade 125
 Sent from the darksome regions of the dead.

Then all the train, who gather'd round the grave,
 Each for his rank, proportion'd treasures gave.

The altars blaze; the victims round expire;
 Some hang the massy cauldrons o'er the fire: 130
 Some o'er the grass the glowing embers spread;
 Some broil the entrails on the burning bed.

Now bright the ninth expected morning shone;
 Now rose the fiery couriers of the sun.

When endless crowds the vast assembly crown'd 135
 From all the wide dispeopled country round.

Some rous'd by great Acestes' mighty name,
 Some to behold the Trojan strangers came,
 Some to contend, and try the noble game. }

In view, amid the spacious circle, lay
 The costly gifts, the prizes of the day.
 Arms on the ground, and sacred tripods glow,
 With wreaths and palms to bind the victor's brow.
 Silver and purple vests in heaps are roll'd,
 Rich robes, and talents of the purest gold;
 And from a mount the sprightly trump proclaims
 To all the gather'd crowd the glorious games.

Four well-match'd gallies first, by oars impell'd
 Drawn from the navy, took the wat'ry field.
 In the swift Dolphin mighty Mnestheus came,
 Mnestheus, the founder of the Memmian name.
 Next Gyas in the vast Chimæra sweeps
 (Huge as a town) the hoarse resounding deeps:
 Three rows of oars employ the panting train,
 To push th' enormous burthen o'er the main.
 Sergestus in the Centaur took his place,
 The glorious father of the Sergian race.
 In the blue Scylla great Cloanthus rode,
 The noble source of our Cluentian blood;
 Far in the main a rock advances o'er
 The level tides, and fronts the foamy shore,
 That hid beneath the rolling ocean lies,
 When the black storms involve the starry skies,
 But in a calm its lofty head displays
 To rest the birds who wing the spacious seas.
 Here the great hero fixt an oaken bough,
 A mark, that nodded o'er the craggy brow;
 To teach the train to steer the backward way,
 And fetch a shorter circle round the sea:

Then,

Then, rank'd by lot, conspicuous o'er the flood, 170
 The chiefs array'd in gold and purple glow'd.
 The youths green poplars round their temples twine,
 And bright with oil their naked bodies shine,
 Eager, they grasp their oars, and list'ning wait the sign. }
 Thick in their hearts alternate motions play, 175 }
 Now prest with beating fears they sink away, }
 Now throb with rising hopes to win the glorious day. }
 Soon as the trump the first shrill signal blew,
 All, in a moment, from the barrier flew:
 Turn'd by their labouring oars the surges rise, 180
 And with their shouts the sailors rend the skies,
 The foamy tides with equal furrows sweep;
 And, opening to the keel, divides the hoary deep.
 Not half so swift the fiery courfers pour,
 And, as they start, the distant plain devour; 185
 Nor half so fierce the drivers, pois'd in air,
 Urge the fleet steeds to whirl the flying car,
 Throw up the reins, and, bending o'er the yoke,
 Shout, lash, and fend their souls at every stroke.
 The crowds in parties join; and, to the cries 190
 And eager shouts, the hollow wood replies;
 While hills to hills repeat the mingled roar,
 And the long echo rolls around the winding shore.
 With peals of loud applause from every side
 First Gyas flew, and shot along the tide. 195
 Cloanthus follows, but his pond'rous ship,
 Though better mann'd, moves heavier on the deep.
 Behind, the Dolphin and the Centaur lay,
 At equal distance, on the wat'ry way:

Then,

Now

Now darts the rapid dolphin o'er the main, 200
 Now the vast Centaur wins the day again:
 Then, side by side, and front by front, they join,
 And plough in frothy tracks the ruffled brine.
 And now proud Gyas reach'd th' appointed place,
 Awhile the victor of the wat'ry race; 205
 Then to Menætes call'd, and gave command,
 To leave the right, and steer against the land;
 Let others plough the deep;—in vain he spoke;
 The cautious pilot dreads the lurking rock,
 And turns his prow, and steers a different road, 210
 And leaves the shallows for the open flood.
 Once more in vain the raging Gyas cry'd,
 And lo! that moment, brave Cloanthus spy'd
 Close at his back, who plough'd the nearer tide. }
 The dangerous way the daring hero took 215
 Between bold Gyas and the sounding rock.
 Sudden beyond the chief he shoots away,
 Clear of the goal, and gains the roamy sea.
 Then Gyas wept; and grief and rage enflame
 The youth, forgetful of his friends and fame. 220
 From the high stern, with anger and disdain,
 He hurl'd the hoary master in the main;
 Then madly took himself the sole command,
 And fir'd his train, and bore upon the land.
 Hoary with age, and struggling long in vain, 225
 With cumb'rous vests, Menætes mounts again;
 Trembling he climb'd a lofty rock; and dry'd
 His limbs, all drench'd and reeking with the tide.

Loud

Loud laugh'd the crowds to see him shoot away,
 Drink and disgorge by turns the briny sea. 230

At distance Mnestheus and Sergestus lie;
 Both hope to pass the fiery Gyas by.
 The 'vantage first the bold Sergestus took,
 With rapid speed, advancing to the rock;
 But not a length before: the dolphin rides 235
 With rival speed, and bears upon her sides.
 Brave Mnestheus now inflames his naval crew,
 As o'er the deck from man to man he flew,

My brave associates, in whose aid I trust,
 You, whom I chose, when Ilion sunk in dust, 240
 Now shew the strength and spirit once you shew'd,
 When raging storms, and Syrtes you withstood,
 Plough'd Malca's tide, and stem'd th' Ionian flood:

Now, now, my friends, your utmost pow'r display,
 Rise to your oars, and sweep the wat'ry way: 245
 Nor strive we now the victory to gain,
 Though yet! — but ah! let those the palm obtain,
 Those, whom thy favours crown, great monarch of

the main!

But to return the lags of all the day!
 Oh! wipe, my friends, that shameful stain away! 250

Fir'd at the word, each other they provoke;
 Springs the swift ship at every vigorous stroke.
 With painful sweat their heaving bodies stream;
 Thick pant their hearts, and trembles every limb.
 All bending to their oars the labour ply; 255
 The sea rolls backward, and the surges fly.

Now, with the wish'd success they toil to gain,
 Indulgent fortune crowns the lab'ring train;
 For while the fierce Sergestus nearer drew,
 And in a scanty space too rashly flew, 260
 (His road still narrower) with a mighty shock
 He rush'd against the sharp projected rock.
 Then flew the shatter'd oars, and flying rung,
 And on the rugged sides the vessel hung.
 To gain their floating oars, with mingled cries, 265
 All arm'd with iron poles, the sailors rise.
 Fir'd with success, along the open seas
 Proud Mnestheus shoots, invoking every breeze.
 As in her nest, within some cavern hung,
 The dove sits trembling o'er her callow young, 270
 Till rous'd at last by some impetuous shock,
 She starts surpris'd, and beats around the rock;
 Then to the open field for refuge flies,
 And the free bird expatiates in the skies;
 Her pinions pois'd, through liquid air she springs, 275
 And smoothly glides, nor moves her levell'd wings:
 So joyful Mnestheus darts without control
 O'er the wide ocean, and approach'd the goal;
 So the swift dolphin flies in open view,
 And gain'd new strength, new swiftnefs as she flew. 280
 First by Sergestus' ship he shoots along,
 That in the shelves and dang'rous shallows hung;
 With cries the chief his rival's aid implores,
 And strives in vain to row with shatter'd oars.
 Next fiery Gyas he with shouts pursu'd, 285
 Who, in the huge Chimæra stem'd the flood;

She yields, depriv'd of her experienc'd guide;
And sees her rival fly triumphant o'er the tide.
Now, near the port, with all his pow'r he strains
To pass Cloanthus, who the last remains. 290

The doubling shouts inspire him as he flies
And the long peal runs rattling round the skies:
These, flush'd with pride, would cast their lives away,
Ere they resign the glories of the day:

Those, by success, in strength and spirit rise, 295
And their fierce hopes already win the prize.

Thus haply both with level beaks had ply'd
The surge, and rode the victors of the tide;
But brave Cloanthus o'er the rolling floods
Stretch'd wide his hands, and thus invok'd the gods: 300

Ye pow'rs! on whose wild empire I display
My flying sails, and plough the wat'ry way;
Oh! hear your suppliant, and my vow succeed;
Then on these shores a milk-white bull shall bleed;

And purple wine your silver waves shall stain, 305
And sacred victims glut the greedy main.

Thus he—and every Nereid heard the vow,
With mighty Phorcus from the deeps below.

And great Portunus, with his ample hand,
Push'd on the rapid galley to the land. 310

Swift as the hissing javelin cuts the skies,
Swift as a whirlwind, to the port she flies.

And now the herald's voice proclaims aloud
Cloanthus victor, to the shouting crowd.
The mighty prince himself, with verdant boughs 315
Of vivid laurel, binds the hero's brows.

Three steers, and one large talent are bestow'd
 On every rival crew, that plough'd the flood.
 But to the glorious leaders, bold and brave,
 The generous chief distinguish'd honours gave. 320
 A robe the victor shar'd, where purple plays,
 Mixt with rich gold, in every shining maze.
 There royal Ganymede, inwrought with art,
 O'er hills and forests hunts the bounding hart;
 The beauteous youth, all wondrous to behold! 325
 Pants in the moving threads, and lives in gold:
 From tow'ring Ida shoots the bird of Jove,
 And bears him struggling through the clouds above;
 With out-stretch'd hands his hoary guardians cry
 And the loud hounds spring furious at the sky. 330
 On Menestheus next, the chief who bore away
 The second glorious honours of the day,
 A shining mail the generous prince bestows,
 That, rich with clasp of gold, refulgent glows,
 Who stript Demoleus of the costly load 335
 In Trojan fields, by Simeis' mighty flood:
 Two labouring servants, with united toil [spoil:
 And strength conjoin'd, scarce heav'd th' enormous
 Yet in these arms of old, with matchless might,
 The swift Demoleus chac'd his foes in fight. 340
 This mail, Æneas gave the chief to bear,
 A sure defence and ornament in war.
 The next rich presents mighty Gyas grace,
 Two ponderous cauldrons of refulgent brass;
 Two silver goblets, wrought with art divine, 345
 That rough, and bright with sculptur'd figures shine.

Proud

Proud of their gifts the lofty leaders tread,
 And purple fillets glitter on their head.
 When, from the rock scarce disengaged with pain,
 Sergestus brings his shatter'd ship again. 350
 One side all maim'd, she slowly moves along,
 Spoil'd of her oars amid the hooting throng;
 As when a ling'ring fate the serpent feels,
 Obliquely crush'd beneath the brazen wheels,
 Or, bruis'd and mangled by the cruel swain 355 }
 With some huge stone, writhes with the shooting pain,
 And rolls and twists her scaly folds in vain. }
 Above, all fierce her glittering volumes rise,
 Flames in her crest, and lightning in her eyes;
 But maim'd below, and tardy with the wound, 360
 Her train unfolded drags along the ground.
 So maim'd and slow the shatter'd gally past,
 But aided by her sails she reach'd the port at last.
 Pleas'd with the vessel and the crew restor'd,
 The generous prince rewards their hapless lord. 365
 The promis'd present to the chief he gave;
 Pholoe, the beauteous female Cretan slave,
 In works of art superior to the rest,
 And proud of two fair infants at the breast.
 This contest o'er; with thousands in his train, 370
 Mov'd the great hero to a spacious plain.
 High hills the verdant theatre surround;
 And waving woods the mighty circuit crown'd.
 Hither, with all the crowds the prince withdrew,
 And took his sylvan throne in open view. 375

Here costly gifts the chief propos'd, to grace
 The sprightly youths that urge the rapid race.
 Now throng the Trojan and Sicilian band ;
 And first Euryalus and Nisus stand ;
 That, for his youthful charms admir'd by Troy ; 380
 This, for chaste friendship to the beauteous boy.
 Next to the contest, warm with hopes of fame,
 Of Priam's royal race, Dioreas came,
 Salius and Patron then in order past ;
 Epirus one, and one Arcadia grac'd. 385
 Brave Helymus and Panopes succeed ;
 Two valiant youths in fair Trinacria bred ;
 Who with Acestes drove the savage race
 From wood to wood, long practis'd to the chace.
 And mighty numbers more, unknown to fame, 390
 Advance in crowds to share the glorious game.
 High in the midst Æneas rear'd his head,
 And oh ! attend, ye generous youths, (he said ;)
 Of all who try the fortune of the day,
 Not one shall go without a gift away. 395
 With two bright Cretan lances, each shall share
 An ax with silver grav'd, to shine in war.
 Distinguish'd gifts and olive wreaths shall grace
 The three triumphant victors of the race.
 On the first youth a courser I bestow, 400
 Whose trappings rich with gold and purple glow :
 The next a quiver charg'd with shafts shall claim,
 Such as adorns an Amazonian dame ;
 Clasp'd by a gem, refulgent to behold,
 Shines the bright trophy with a belt of gold. 405
 On

On the proud youth this gift shall be conferr'd:
And this fair Argive helm shall grace the third.

This said, they took their place; the trumpet blew;
And all impetuous from the barrier flew:

Fierce as a tempest, o'er the plain they past 410
From the first space, and gain upon the last.

First Nisus sprung, and left the crowd behind,
Swift as the lightning, or the wings of wind.

Next, but the next with many a length between,
Young Salius skim'd along the level green. 415

Euryalus, the third, scarce touch'd the plain;
Behind, bold Helymus his rival ran;

But, hovering o'er him, runs Diores nigh;
Now side by side, and foot by foot they fly.

The youth had conquer'd in a longer way, 420
Or undecided left the honours of the day.

And now they just approach'd with rapid pace,
Tir'd with the toil, the limit of the race,

When Nisus fell amid the slippery plain,
Drench with the copious blood of victims slain. 425

His feet no more the shouting victor held;
Aloft they fly, and quiver on the field.

Headlong he fell, with mud all cover'd o'er,
And every limb was stain'd with sacred gore.

Yet, as he weltered on the ground, he strove 430
To shew Euryalus his ardent love.

For now, ev'n now, the youth his body threw
Before his rival Salius, as he flew:

He fell, and on the ground extended lay;

Thus favour'd by his friend, sprung swift away 435 }

The young Euryalus, and won the day.

At once beyond the goal the victor flies;
 Shouts of applause tumultuous rend the skies.
 Next Helymus, and next Diore came
 With eager ardor, now the third in fame. 440
 Now Salius fills the ring with clam'rous cries,
 By turns to every hoary judge applies,
 Storms at the fraud, and claims the rightful prize. }
 But favour, winning tears, and youthful grace,
 Plead for the boy, the victor of the race. 445
 Diore too, before the partial crowd,
 Defends the young Euryalus aloud;
 Who now must urge his claim, should Salius gain
 The first proud honours, to the third in vain.
 Thus then the prince—In order shall we pay 450
 To each brave youth the prizes of the day:
 Since these are shar'd, permit me to extend
 One proof of pity to a hapless friend:
 This said, on Salius generous be bestow'd
 A lion's yellow spoils, (a costly load!) 455
 With martial pride his shoulders to infold;
 Rough was the dreadful mane, the paws were sheath'd
 in gold.
 When Nifus thus,—If such high presents grace
 Salius who fell, first vanquish'd in the race,
 What gift shall I receive, who bore away, 460
 And still had held the honours of the day,
 Had not that fortune, which my foe o'erthrew,
 Befall'n unhappy Nifus, as he flew?
 Then show'd his robes and face with blood defil'd:
 Th' indu'gent father of the people smil'd, 465
 And

And caus'd a mighty buckler to be brought,
 With art divine by Didymaon wrought;
 Great Neptune's gates the prize adorn'd in Troy,
 Now the bright present loads the favour'd boy.

These gifts bestow'd; the hero cries aloud, 470
 Stand forth, ye valiant champions, from the crowd;

Who vaunt your courage and unrivall'd might,
 And with the gauntlet dare provoke the fight.

Then he propos'd, in gold and garments gay,
 A bull, to grace the victor of the day. 475

Next, to relieve the loser's shame and pain,
 Cast a rich sword and helmet on the plain.

Strait with a shout, supremely tall and strong,
 Bold Dares rear'd his bulk above the throng;

The youth, the only youth, who dar'd withstand 480
 The fierce tempestuous sway of Paris' hand,

Who on huge Butes prov'd his matchless might
 At Hector's tomb, victorious in the fight;

(Butes, of Amycus' Bebrycian strain,) 485
 And stretch'd th' enormous giant on the plain.

Thus, glorying in his strength, in open view

His arms around, the tow'ring Dares threw,
 Stalk'd high, and laid his brawny shoulders bare,

And dealt his whistling blows in empty air.

His match was fought; through all a terror ran; 490
 All gaz'd and trembled at the mighty man.

Despair, he thought, had seiz'd the circling bands;

And now before the prince the champion stands;

Fierce by the horns the beauteous bull he took,

And in proud triumph to the hero spoke: 495
 Since

Since none, oh! chief, accepts the proffer'd fray,
 Why for his coward foe must Dares stay? }
 Permit me, prince, to lead my rightful prize away. }
 The Trojans clamour with applauding cries,
 And for the youth demand the promis'd prize. 500
 'Then to Entellus old Acestes said,
 Who fate beside him on the flow'ry bed;
 Entellus!—once the bravest on the plain,
 But ah! the bravest, and the best in vain!
 With such tame patience can my friend survey 505
 This prize, without a contest, borne away?
 Where, where is now great Eryx' vaunted name;
 The god, who taught our thund'ring arms the game, }
 The spoils that grace thy roof, and all thy former fame? }
 I am not dead, replies the chief, to praise, 510
 Nor yield to fear, but sink by length of days.
 My nerves unstrung, my strength no more remains,
 And age creeps shiv'ring through my icy veins.
 Had I that vigour still, my youth could boast,
 Or you' vain champion vaunts to all the host, 515
 Soon should this arm that insolence chastize,
 For fame alone, without the proffer'd prize.
 Ev'n now I scorn the combat to decline;
 The prize I heed not; let the fame be mine!
 This said; amid the ring, in open view, 520
 Two mighty gauntlets on the ground he threw:
 These grac'd great Eryx in the sight of old,
 And brac'd his arms with many a dreadful fold:
 Seven thick bull-hides, their volumes huge dispread,
 Pond'rous with iron and a weight of lead. 525

The

The host stood all astonish'd at the fight,
 But Dares most, who now refus'd the fight :
 The hero turns the folds, in wonder stands,
 And pois'd th' enormous gauntlets in his hands.
 How had you wonder'd, the bold champion said, 530
 Had you the huge Herculean arms survey'd ?
 Had you those pond'rous gloves of death beheld,
 And the stern combat, on this fatal field ?
 These, prince, of old your brother Eryx wore,
 Lo! you behold 'em still distain'd with gore. 535
 With these Alcides' force he long sustain'd,
 And these I brandish'd, while my strength remain'd,
 Ere the cold hand of envious age had shed
 These marks of winter on my hoary head.
 Yet, if your champion trembles at the fight, 540
 Nor dares to meet these gauntlets in the fight;
 If so Æneas and the king incline;
 Lo! to his fears these weapons I resign :
 With equal arms the combat we will try ;
 And thou, lay thou, thy Trojan gauntlets by. 545
 This said, the hero strait his robe unbound,
 And cast the double garment on the ground ;
 Bares his huge brawny limbs, and on the sands,
 Dreadful to view, the hoary champion stands.
 Then the great prince with equal gauntlets bound 550
 Their vigorous hands, and brac'd their arms around :
 Their arms, that moment, each impetuous foe
 Rear'd high in air, and rose to every blow ;
 And, while their raging hands the fight provoke,
 Withdraw their heads from each tempestuous stroke. 555
 This

This on his youth and active speed relies,
 That on his bulk and tall gigantic size :
 But each vast limb moves stiff and slow with age ;
 And thick short pantings shake the lab'ring sage.
 Each, but in vain, a thousand strokes bestows ; 560
 Their sides and breasts re-echo to the blows.
 With swift repeated wounds their hands fly round
 Their heads and cheeks ; their crackling jaws resound :
 Unmov'd Entellus, with a steadfast look
 And watchful eye, avoids the furious stroke. 565
 The youth invests his foe with all his pow'r,
 As some brave leader a beleaguer'd tow'r,
 When on the bulwarks in his rage he falls,
 And plants his engines round th' embattled walls ;
 On every side with fruitless skill and pain, 570 }
 Eager he tries a pass or post to gain,
 And storms the rocky battlements in vain. }
 And now his aim the bold Entellus took,
 With his huge hand, high brandish'd for the stroke ;
 The youth observ'd the long-descending blow, 575
 And leaps aside, and disappoints the foe :
 The stroke was spent in air ; with dreadful sound
 Prone fell the champion thund'ring to the ground.
 A pine thus tumbles to the vales below,
 From Ida's top, or Erymanthus' brow, 580
 At once the Trojans and Sicilians rise,
 And with divided clamours rend the skies,
 And first Acestes, touch'd with pity, ran
 To raise his friend and old compeer again.

Swift

Swift from the fall, and with redoubled might . 585

Sprung the fierce hero, and renew'd the fight ;

Improv'd in spirit, to the combat came,

While conscious valour sets his soul on flame,
Stung with disgrace, and more enrag'd with shame. }

Now headlong o'er the field he drove the foe, 590

And rose in strength and wrath at every blow.

Now a thick storm of strokes around him flies,

Thick as the hail comes rattling from the skies ;

With both his thund'ring hands the blows he ply'd,

And turn'd his giddy foe on every side. 595

Then slew the good Æneas, to assuage

The hero's wrath, and check the mighty rage :

From death he snatch'd the champion, and began

To soothe the sorrows of the vanquish'd man :

What madness, hapless Dares, has possess'd 600

Thy thoughtless mind, and fir'd thy daring breast ?

Thy rival see, sustain'd by pow'r divine,

By other strength, and mightier force than thine !

Cease then, and give the vain contention o'er ;

Cease, and oppose the hand of heaven no more ! 605

The youth now drags his trembling legs along ;

His loose head tott'ring o'er his shoulders hung,

Giddy with pain ; he now ejects the blood,

His loosen'd teeth come mingled in the flood :

While in their arms his sad associates bore 610

The batter'd champion groaning to the shore,

The dear-bought sword and helmet brought away,

And left the palm and bull the victor's prey.

Now

Now great Entellus, glorying in the prize,
 And flush'd with conquest, thus, exulting cries; 613
 Behold, ye Trojans, and thou, chief divine,
 What vigour, in the bloom of youth, was mine;
 From what a thund'ring arm and fatal blow,
 Your timely mercy has preserv'd my foe.
 With that the chief, collected in his might, 620
 Confronts the victim, the reward of fight;
 'Then rais'd his hand aloft, and from above,
 With dreadful sway, the pond'rous gauntlet drove
 Through the broad forehead of the stately bull,
 And dash'd within the brain the batter'd skull. 625
 The bull, convulsive with the deadly wound,
 Groans, tumbles, rolls, and quivers on the ground.
 Then, thus the hoary chief performs his vow,
 Eryx, on thee this victim I bestow;
 A nobler victim than my Trojan foe! 630
 To younger champions now the game I yield; [field.
 Here hang my conquering arms; and here renounce the
 Next the great prince propos'd the prize to those,
 Who wing'd the shafts, and bent the twanging bows.
 Amid the spacious plain the hero plac'd 635
 Sublime in air Sergestus' lofty mast;
 Around the tapering top a dove they tie,
 The trembling mark at which their arrows fly;
 Hither to try their skill the warriors haste;
 And in a brazen helm the lots are cast. 640
 First, with applause, Hippocoon's lot was thrown,
 The mighty Hyrtacus' illustrious son.

Mnest.

Mnestheus the next, whom verdant olives grace,
 The second victor in the naval race.
 Then the third chance to great Eurytion came, 645
 Thy brother, Pandarus, renown'd by fame,
 Whose hand by Pallas prompted, drew the bow,
 To break the truce against the Grecian foe.
 Last in the helm remain'd Acestes' name;
 Old as he was, he try'd the youthful game. 650
 Then every chief, with all his strength and art,
 Bent the tough bow, and chose the feather'd dart.
 Through yielding air first vanish'd with a spring
 Hippocoon's arrow from the sounding string:
 Full in the mast, impell'd with vigour stood 655
 The forceful shaft, and quiver'd in the wood.
 The dove affrighted, stretch'd her flutt'ring wing;
 And with applause the vales and mountains ring.
 Then Mnestheus drew the bow, and aim'd on high
 The pointed dart, and levell'd with his eye; 660
 Nor through the mark the luckless arrow drove,
 But cut the string that ty'd the trembling dove.
 Swift through the clouds the bird unshackled flies,
 And spreads her wings at freedom in the skies.
 Already had Eurytion bent his bow, 665
 And to his brother god address'd his vow:
 The tow'ring bird amid the clouds he slew,
 And the swift shaft transfix'd her as she flew.
 High in the skies she feels the deadly wound, 670
 And, with the dart, comes dying to the ground.
 And now, all hopes expir'd, the conquest gain'd,
 The venerable prince alone remain'd.

Yet

Yet he discharg'd the flying shaft, to show
 His skill, his vigour, and resounding bow.
 When sudden they beheld, with wond'ring eyes, 675
 A dire portentous omen in the skies.
 Too late the seers the frightful sign explain,
 Too late they clear the dread event in vain!
 For, flying through the clouds in open view,
 The glowing arrow kindled as it flew; 680
 Then drew a golden trail of flames behind,
 That mark'd its course, and vanish'd in the wind:
 So shine the falling stars with dreadful hair,
 And glance, and shoot along the fields of air.
 Amaz'd the Trojans and Sicilians stood; 685
 And breath'd their ardent prayers to every god.
 The Dardan prince the doubtful sign mistook,
 Embrac'd the monarch, and with transport spoke:
 Father! accept the prize; the will divine
 Of mighty Jove, by this auspicious sign, 690 }
 Declares the first distinguish'd honours thine.
 Accept this goblet, which my fire of old
 Receiv'd from Cisseus, rough with sculptur'd gold;
 Take it, my royal friend, and let it prove
 A long-priz'd gift of dear respect and love. 695
 Then he bestow'd the laurel, and aloud
 Proclaim'd him victor to the shouting crowd.
 Nor did the generous chief the prize deny,
 Whose arrow pierc'd the bird amid the sky;
 Next, he who cut the cord, with gifts was grac'd; 700
 And he, whose arrow struck the tree, the last.

Now

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. BOOK V. 65

Now call'd the prince, before the games were done,
 The hoary guardian of his royal son,
 And gently whispers in his faithful ear,
 To bid Ascanius in his arms appear, 705
 And with his youthful band and courser come,
 To pay due honours at his grandfire's tomb.
 Next he commands the huge assembled train
 To quit the ground, and leave an open plain.
 Strait on their bridled steeds, with grace divine, 710
 The beauteous youths before their fathers shine.
 The blooming Trojans and Sicilians throng,
 And gaze with wonder as they march along.
 Around their brows a vivid wreath they wore;
 Two glitt'ring lances tipt with steel they bore: 715
 These a light quiver stor'd with shafts sustain,
 And from their neck depends a golden chain.
 On bounding steeds advance three graceful bands,
 And each a little blooming chief commands.
 Beneath each chief twelve sprightly striplings came, 720
 In shining arms, in looks and age the same.
 Grac'd with his grandfire's name, Polites' son,
 Young Priam, leads the first gay squadron on;
 A youth, whose progeny must Latium grace:
 He pres'd a dappled steed of Thracian race: 725
 Before, white spots on either foot appear,
 And on his forehead blaz'd a silver star.
 Atys the next advanc'd, with looks divine,
 Atys the source of the great Attian line:
 Iulus' frie dship grac'd the lovely boy: 730
 And last Iulus came, the pride of Troy,

In charms, superior to the blooming train ;
 And spurr'd his Tyrian courser to the plain ;
 Which Dido gave the princely youth, to prove
 A lasting pledge, memorial of her love. 735
 Th' inferior boys on beauteous courfers ride,
 From great Acestes' royal stalls supply'd.
 Now flush'd with hopes, now pale with anxious fear,
 Before the shouting crowds, the youths appear ;
 The shouting crowds admire their charms, and trace 740
 Their parents lines in every lovely face.
 Now round the ring, before their fathers, ride
 The boys, in all their military pride.
 Till Periphantes' sounding lash from far
 Gave the loud signal of the mimic war ; 745
 Strait, in three bands distinct, they break away,
 Divide in order, and their ranks display :
 Swift at the summons they return, and throw
 At once their hostile lances at the foe :
 Then take a new excursion on the plain ; 750
 Round within round, an endless course maintain ;
 And now advance, and now retreat again ;
 With well-dissembled rage their rivals dare,
 And please the crowd with images of war.
 Alternate now they turn their backs in flight, 755
 Now dart their lances, and renew the fight :
 Then in a moment from the combat cease,
 Rejoin their scatter'd bands, and move in peace.
 So winds delusive, in a thousand ways
 Perplext and intricate, the Cretan maze ; 760

Round

Round within round, the blind mæanders run,
 Untrac'd and dark, and end where they begun.
 The skilful youths, in sport, alternate ply
 Their shifting course; by turns they fight and fly:
 As dolphins gambol on the wat'ry way, 765
 And, bounding o'er the tides, in wanton circles play.
 This sport Ascanius, when in mighty length
 He rais'd proud Alba glorying in her strength,
 Taught the first fathers of the Latian name,
 As now he solemniz'd the noble game. 770

From their successive Alban offspring come
 These ancient plays, to grace imperial Rome;
 Who owns her Trojan band, and game of Troy
 Deriv'd through ages from the princely boy.
 Thus were the solemn funeral honours paid 775
 To great Anchises' venerable shade.

But soon the prince his changing fortune found,
 And in her turn the fickle goddess frown'd.
 For, while the gather'd crowds the games repeat,
 Heav'n's mighty empress, to the Trojan fleet, 780
 (Her ancient rage still glowing in her soul)
 Dispatch'd fair Iris from the starry pole.

Big with revengeful schemes, herself supplies
 The rapid storm that bears her down the skies.
 Unseen, the maid a thousand colours drew, 785
 As down her bow, with winged speed, she flew:
 And saw around the tomb th' assembly meet,
 The vacant harbour, and neglected fleet.

Mean time, retir'd within the lonely shore,
 Anchises' fate the Trojan dames deplore; 790

Cast a long look o'er all the flood, and weep
 To see the wide-extended wat'ry deep :
 Yet, must we yet, alas ! new labours try,
 More seas, more oceans ? was the general cry.
 Oh ! grant a town at last, ye gracious gods ! 795
 To wretches harrafs'd with the winds and floods.
 'Twas then, their raging sorrow to improve,
 Amid the train shot Iris from above.
 Aside her heav'nly charms the goddesses threw,
 And like old Beroë stood in open view ; 800
 (Doryclus' hoary spouse, a noble dame,
 Fam'd for her offspring, and illustrious name ;)
 And thus the goddesses fans the rising flame :
 Ah ! wretched race, whom heav'n forbade to fall
 By Grecian swords, beneath our native wall ! 805
 Tost round the seas, o'er every region cast,
 Oh ! to what fate are we reserv'd at last !
 Now, since imperial Troy in ashes lay,
 Have sev'n successive summers roll'd away.
 Still to new lands o'er floods and rocks we fly, 810
 And sail, by every star, in every sky.
 So long we chace, o'er all the boundless main,
 The flying coasts of Italy in vain.
 Here o'er our kindred Eryx' fruitful plains,
 The hospitable king, Acestes reigns : 815
 What, what forbids our wand'ring Trojan bands,
 To raise a city in these friendly lands ?
 Ye gods preserv'd from hostile flames in vain !
 Shall our dear Ilion never rise again ?

A second

A second Simois shall we view no more, 820

Or a new Xanthus, on a foreign shore ?

Rise then, rise all ; assist, ye mournful dames,

To set this execrable fleet in flames.

For late, Cassandra seem'd to load my hands,

In visions of the night, with blazing brands : 825

Seek Troy no more, she said : this destin'd place

Is the fixt mansion of the Dardan race.

Fly, fly we then, the omen to complete ;

The glad occasion calls to fire the fleet ;

Lo ! where to Neptune four proud altars rise ! 830

Lo ! his own fires the ready god supplies !

She said ;—then seiz'd a blazing brand, and threw ;

Th' increasing flames amid the navy flew.

At the bold deed, with deep surprise amaz'd,

The dames all wond'ring, on the goddesses gaz'd. 835

At last, the nurse of Priam's offspring broke

The general silence, and the train bespoke :

This was no Beroë, whom he saw appear,

But some bright goddesses from th' æthereal sphere.

Mark her majestic port ! her voice divine ! 840

O'er all her form what starry splendors shine !

She darts a glance immortal from her eyes,

Breathes, looks and moves, a sister of the skies !

Beroë I left in anguish, who repin'd,

Shut from the rites, and to her couch confin'd. 845

The matrons, now by doubts and fears impell'd,

First with malignant eyes the fleet beheld ;

In choice suspended for a space they stand,

Between the promis'd and the present land :

When, smooth on levell'd wings, the goddess flies, 850
 And cuts a mighty bow along the skies.
 Struck at the wond'rous sight, the shrieking dames,
 From the bright altars snatch the sacred flames ;
 Bring leaves and wither'd branches in their hands
 To feed the fires ; and hurl the blazing brands. 855
 Fierce through the ships, the decks, the crackling oars,
 In all his rage devouring Vulcan roars.
 And now Eumelus to the host conveys
 The dreadful tidings of the rising blaze :
 The crowds grow pale ; they look behind and spy 860
 A cloud of cinders dark'ning all the sky.
 And first Ascanius, as he led the band,
 Pour'd o'er the plain, impetuous, to the strand ;
 Nor can his panting guardians check the speed
 Of the young hero, and his fiery steed :
 Oh ! what curst rage is this, ye wretched dames ? 865
 To what dire purpose fly these fatal flames ?
 Behold, your own Ascanius—you destroy
 No Argive navy, but the hopes of Troy.

With that he threw his helmet on the shore, 870
 In which he led his youthful bands before.
 Next came Æneas, and the Trojan host.
 Th' affrighted dames dispersing o'er the coast,
 To woods and hollow caverns take their flight,
 Repent their crime, and hate the golden light : 875
 With alter'd minds their kindred they confest,
 And the fierce goddess fled from every breast.

Not so the furious flames ; they spread the more ;
 And, high in air, with rage redoubled roar.

Close

Close in the cordage works the fullen fire, 880
 And through the ribs the heavy smokes expire.
 Within the keel the subtle vapours lye;
 Thence the contagious flames through all the vessel fly.
 The lab'ring heroes toil with fruitless pain,
 And gushing floods on floods are pour'd in vain, 885
 The prince then tore his robes in deep despair,
 Rais'd high his hands; and thus addrest his pray'r;
 Great Jove! if one of all the Trojan state
 Lives yet exempt from thy immortal hate;
 Oh! if thy sacred eyes with wonted grace 890
 Behold the miserable mortal race;
 Suppress these fires; forbid them to destroy;
 And snatch from death the poor remains of Troy!
 Or if my crimes, almighty fire! demand
 The last, last vengeance of thy dreadful hand, 895
 On me, on me alone that vengeance shed,
 And with thy levell'd thunders strike me dead!
 Scarce had he said, when o'er the navy pours
 A sudden gloomy cloud in rattling show'rs;
 Black with the southern winds the tempest flies, 900
 And in a moment bursts from all the skies
 In sluicy sheets and deluges of rain;
 And the loud thunders shook the mountain and the plain.
 Fierce o'er the ships the waters took their way;
 And, quench'd in floods, the hissing timbers lay. 905
 Four gallies lost; at length the flames retire,
 And all the remnant fleet escap'd the raging fire.

Mean time the hero by the loss oppress'd,
 With various cares, that rack'd his lab'ring breast,

If still to seek the Latian realm debates, 910
 Or here to fix, forgetful of the fates.
 Then Nautes, fam'd for wisdom and for age,
 (For Pallas taught the venerable sage,
 What great events the fates and gods ordain;) 915
 Bespoke the chief, and thus reliev'd his pain.
 'Tis best, illustrious hero, to obey,
 And still pursue where fortune leads the way;
 By patience to retrieve our hapless state,
 And rise superior to the strokes of fate.
 Let great Acestes in your council's join, 920
 Your royal friend, of Troy's immortal line.
 Your vessels lost; those numbers who remain,
 A timorous, weak, unnecessary train,
 The hoary fires and dames, unfit to bear
 The perils of the sea, or toils of war, 925 }
 Select; and trust to his paternal care.
 The weary wretches here their walls may frame,
 And call their city by the monarch's name.
 The prince approv'd th' advice his friend address'd,
 But still a thousand cares distract his lab'ring breast. 930
 Now o'er the solemn skies devoid of light,
 High in her sable chariot rode the night;
 When to the godlike hero, from the pole
 Descends, and speaks his mighty father's soul:
 My son! in all the fates of Troy approv'd, 935
 Whom, while I liv'd, beyond my life I lov'd;
 Lo! I am sent by heav'n's almighty fire,
 Who from thy navy bade the flames retire.

The

The prudent counsel of thy friend obey,
 Take, with the bravest youths, the dangerous way: 940
 With these fair Latium shalt thou reach, and there
 Wage with a rugged race a dreadful war.
 Yet first, my son, to Pluto's regions go,
 And meet thy father in the realms below;
 For know, my spirit was not doom'd to dwell 945
 In the dark horrors and the depths of hell,
 But, with the pious blest assembly reigns,
 In all the pleasures of th' Elysian plains.
 But thou the blood of fable victims shed;
 Then shall the Sibyl guide thee to the dead. 950
 There shalt thou know what town the fates assign,
 With the long glories of thy future line.
 And now, farewell;—the night slides swift away
 I feel from far the morning's painful ray;
 And think and sicken at the beams of day. 955
 He said, and lo! that moment from his eyes,
 Like a thin smoke, dissolv'd into the skies.
 Vanish'd so soon! where, whither art thou gone?
 Why, why retires my father from his son?
 What! not one last embrace? the prince exclaims: 960
 Then to new life he wakes the slumb'ring flames;
 And hoary Vesta, and the Trojan powers,
 With sacred gifts and suppliant vows adores.
 Strait the whole scene before his friends he lays, 965
 But chief the vision to the king displays;
 Unfolds the message sent from Heav'n above,
 His father's counsel, and the will of Jove.

His

His friends approve the hero's new designs,
 And in the task the good Acestes joins.
 To the new town the matrons they assign'd, 970
 And leave the willing vulgar crowds behind;
 Souls, that no hopes of future praise inflame,
 Cold and insensible to glorious fame.
 With speed the half-burn'd vessels they repair,
 Provide new cordage, decks, and oars with care; }
 A slender band, but eager all for war. 976 }
 The prince then drew a city on the plain;
 Next he assign'd the dwellings to the train.
 Now a new Ilion in Trinacria rose,
 And a new Simois and Scamander flows: 980
 Well-pleas'd Acestes took the sov'reign sway;
 Th' adopted subjects their new prince obey.
 The king conven'd the peers around, and sate
 To frame new laws, and regulate the state.
 To Venus' name they bid a temple rise 985
 From Eryx' top, high tow'ring to the skies:
 And next a priest and ample grove were made,
 For ever sacred to Anchises' shade.
 Now nine whole days in solemn feasts had past;
 When gentle breezes smooth'd the floods at last: 990
 The southern winds invite their sails and oars;
 Then cries and shrieks resound along the shores.
 In long, long tenderness they spend the day,
 In close embraces waste the night away.
 Now all the wretches, e'en the female train 995
 Who fear'd so late the dangers of the main,

And

And shrunk, the rolling ocean to survey,
 All wish to take the long laborious way.
 The melting hero soothes the wild despair, 999
 And weeps, and gives them to the monarch's care.

Three heifers next to Eryx' name he pays,
 A lamb to every storm the hero slays, }
 Unmoors his fleet, and every sail displays. }
 Crown'd with a graceful olive wreath he stands
 High on the prow; a charger in his hands; 1005
 Hurls the fat entrails o'er the foamy brine,
 And stains the silver waves with fable wine.

Fresh rise the prosp'rous gales; the sailors sweep,
 And dash with equal strokes the roaring deep. 1009

Mean time the queen of love with cares oppress'd,
 The mighty father of the floods address:
 Imperious Juno's unrelenting hate
 To the poor relicks of the Trojan state,
 (Which no decrees of Jove or fate restrain,
 Nor length of years, nor vows preferr'd in vain) 1015
 Compels a sister goddess to repair,

To thee, great Neptune, with a suppliant's prayer.
 For rage like her's, 'twas little to destroy,
 Fair Asia's pride, th' imperial town of Troy!
 'Twas not enough her wand'ring natives know 1020
 All forms and all varieties of woe!

But oh! her groundless vengeance would efface,
 Ev'n the last relicks of the perish'd race!

Thou, thou canst witness, ocean's mighty god!
 With what dire storms she lash'd the Libyan flood; 1025

When,

When, arm'd with all th' Æolian winds in vain,
 Earth, air, and heav'n, she mingled with the main,
 And rais'd such tumults in thy wat'ry reign. }
 Yet, still more shameful!—now her arts inspire
 The Trojan dames to wrap the ships in fire; 1030
 And urge my son, to leave his social band
 (His fleet half-ruin'd) in a foreign land.
 But oh! I beg for those, who yet remain,
 A peaceful voyage to the Latian plain;
 A suppliant goddess begs for nothing more 1035
 Than those same realms the fates assign'd before!
 'Tis yours, reply'd the monarch of the main,
 Yours to command in this our wat'ry reign;
 Since from the sacred ocean first you came,
 Since your deserts your confidence may claim; 1040
 Oft for your son I bade the whirlwinds cease;
 I hush'd the roarings of the floods to peace;
 And Simois can attest and Xanthus' stream,
 By land my guardian care was still the same.
 When first Achilles, furious to destroy, 1045
 Drove to their walls the trembling sons of Troy;
 Beneath his vengeful spear when thousands bled,
 When the cheak'd rivers groan'd with loads of dead;
 When Xanthus' flood incumber'd with the slain,
 Scarce roll'd his struggling billows to the main; 1050
 Your son oppos'd him, with unequal might
 And far inferior gods, in single fight:
 Instant I snatch'd him from the dreadful fray,
 And in a cloud convey'd the chief away.

Ev'n then I sav'd the warrior, when with joy 1055

I wish'd and wrought the fall of perjur'd Troy:

And still will save him—he shall plough the sea,

And to Avernus' port direct his way.

On the wild floods shall only one be lost,

One single wretch atone for all the host! 1060

Thus when the god had sooth'd her anxious mind,

His sinny courfers to the car he join'd;

Next to their fiery mouths the bits apply'd,

And, while the wheels along the level glide, 1064 }

He throws up all the reins, and skims the floating tide. }

The flood subsides and spreads a glassy plain,

And the loud chariot thunders o'er the main;

The clouds before the mighty monarch fly

In heaps, and scatter through the boundless sky:

A thousand forms attend the glorious god, 1070

Enormous whales, and monsters of the flood:

Here the long train of hoary Glaucus rides;

Here the swift tritons shoot along the tides;

There rode Palæmon o'er the wat'ry plain,

With aged Phorcus, and his azure train; 1075 }

And beauteous Thetis led the daughters of the main. }

Æneas view'd the scene; and hence arose

A beam of joy to dissipate his woes.

Instant he gives command to stretch the sails,

To rear the mast and catch the springing gales. 1080

Strait the glad train the spacious sheet unbind,

And stretch the canvas to the driving wind.

Old Palinurus first the navy guides;

The rest obedient follow through the tides.

Now

Now half the night thro' heav'n had roll'd away, 108;
 The failors stretch'd along their benches lay,
 When through the parting vapour swiftly flies
 The god of slumbers from th' ethereal skies.
 To thee, poor Palinure, he came, and shed
 A fatal sleep on thy devoted head ! 109
 High on the stern his silent stand he took
 In Phorbas' shape ; and thus the phantom spoke :
 Behold, the fleet, my friend, securely fails,
 Steer'd by the floods and wafted by the gales !
 Now steal a moment's rest ; myself will guide 109;
 Awhile the vessel o'er the floating tide.
 To whom the careful Palinure replies,
 While scarce he rais'd his heavy closing eyes :
 Me would'st thou urge in sleep to sink away,
 And fondly credit such a flatt'ring sea ? 110
 Too well, my friend, I know the treach'rous main !
 Too well to tempt the monster's smiles again !
 Too oft deceiv'd by such a calm before,
 I trust my master to the winds no more.
 This said, he grasp'd the helm, and fixt his eyes 110;
 On every guiding star that gilds the skies.
 Then o'er his temples shook the wrathful god
 A branch, deep-drench'd in Lethe's silent flood.
 The potent charm in dews of slumber steep,
 And soon weigh down his swimming eyes to sleep. 111
 Scarce yet his languid limbs had sunk away,
 When o'er the wretch the god incumbent lay,
 And, with a shatter'd fragment of the ship,
 Bore down the helm and pilot to the deep ;

Head-

c8; Headlong he tumbles in the flashing main, 1115
 And calls for succour to his friends in vain.
 Swift from the stern the airy phantom flies,
 And with spread pinions mounts the golden skies;
 Yet smooth along the flood the navy rode,
 c9; Safe in the promise of the wat'ry god. 1120
 Now they approach'd the firen's dangerous coast,
 Once rough, and infamous for vessels lost:
 Huge heaps of bones still whiten all the shore;
 And, dash'd from rock to rock, the billows roar.
 c9; The watchful prince th' endanger'd galley found, 1125
 Without a pilot strike on shoaly ground;
 Himself then took the task, by night to guide
 The wand'ring vessel o'er the rolling tide:
 O dear lamented friend! (the hero cries,)
 100 For faith repos'd on flattering seas and skies, 1130 }
 1! Cast on a foreign shore thy naked body lies!

105
110
End of the Fifth Book.

ead-
VIRGIL's

A

V I R G I L's
Æ N E I D.

B O O K VI.

VOL. LIII.

G

ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretells Æneas the adventures he should meet with in Italy. She attends him to hell, describing to him the various scenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchises, who instructs him in those sublime mysteries of the soul of the world, and the transmigration; and shews him that glorious race of heroes, which was to descend from him and his posterity.

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Then hung to Phœbus in the strange abode,
 The wings that steer'd him through the liquid road,
 And rais'd the pompous pile in honour of the god. 25
 The matchless artist, on the lofty gate,
 Engrav'd Androgeos' memorable fate:
 And here by lot sad Athens early paid
 Sev'n hapless youths, to soothe his angry shade.
 Here stood the fatal urn; and there with pride 30
 Fair Crete rose tow'ring on the silver tide.
 There too the father of the herds was seen,
 Who quench'd the passion of the lustful queen;
 Their birth, a man below, a beast above,
 The mingled offspring of prepost'rous love! 35
 There stood the winding pile, whose mazes run
 Round within round, and end where they begun.
 But when the pitying Dædalus survey'd
 The hopeless passion of the * royal maid,
 He led her Theseus through the puzzling ways, 40
 Safe with a clue, and open'd every maze.
 Thou too, poor Icarus! hadst borne a part,
 Had grief not check'd thy parent in his art!
 He thrice essay'd the mournful task in vain;
 Thrice shook his hand, and drop'd the task again. 45
 Thus had they gaz'd o'er all the costly frame,
 When lo! Achates from the temple came;
 With him Deiphobe of Phœbus' fane
 The sacred priestess—who at once began:—
 Hence—gaze no more; sev'n chosen sheep with speed, 50
 Sev'n steers, unconscious of the yoke, must bleed.

* Ariadne.

She

She spoke; the crowds obey; and to the fane
 Sublime, she calls the wand'ring Trojan train.
 Scoop'd through the rock, in mighty depth display'd,
 Lies the dark cavern of the Sibyl maid; 55
 Through all the hundred portals rush abroad
 Her sacred voice, and answers of the god.
 Scarce at the cell arriv'd—invoke the skies,
 I feel the god, the rushing god! she cries.
 While yet she spoke, enlarg'd her features grew, 60
 Her colour chang'd, her locks dishevel'd flew,
 The heav'nly tumult reigns in every part,
 Pants in her breast, and swells her rising heart:
 Still spreading to the sight, the priestess glow'd, 65
 And heav'd impatient of th' incumbent god,
 Then to her inmost soul by Phœbus fir'd,
 In more than human sounds she spoke inspir'd:
 Still, dost thou still delay? thy voice employ
 In ardent vows, illustrious prince of Troy!
 Thy pray'rs, thy urgent pray'rs must wide display 70
 These awful portals to the light of day.
 She said; the Trojans shook with holy fear,
 And thus the suppliant prince preferr'd his pray'r:
 Hear, Phœbus, gracious God! whose aid divine
 So oft has sav'd the wretched Trojan line, 75
 And wing'd the shaft from Paris' Phrygian bow,
 The shaft that laid the great Achilles low.
 Led by thy guardian care, secure I pass
 Through many a realm, and rang'd the wat'ry waste;
 Trod the wild regions where the Syrtes lie, 80
 And lands that stretch beneath a different sky.

At length the coast of Italy we gain,
 The flying coast, so long pursu'd in vain.
 Till now, to every realm our course we bent,
 And Ilion's fate pursu'd us where we went. 85
 Now all ye pow'rs, confederate to destroy
 The glorious empire and the tow'rs of Troy,
 'Tis time to bid your wrathful vengeance cease,
 To bid her poor remains repose in peace.
 And thou, great Sybil! to whose piercing eye 90
 Disclos'd the scenes of future ages lie;
 Since all my cares and labours but explore
 An empire promis'd by the Fates before,
 Give me to fix in Latium's fair abodes
 The sons of Troy, and rest her wand'ring gods: 95
 Then shall my hands a glorious temple frame
 To mighty Dian, and her brother's name;
 And solemn days to Phœbus I'll decree,
 And in my realms shall temples rise to thee;
 There all thy mystic numbers will I place, 100
 With all the fortunes of the Trojan race.
 By chosen sages guarded, there shall lie
 The records, sacred from the vulgar eye.
 Nor be my fates to flitting leaves consign'd,
 To fly the common sport of every wind! 105
 But thou, even thou, great prophetess! relate
 In vocal accents all my future fate.

Now raves the Sibyl in her cave, oppress'd
 By Phœbus raging in her heaving breast;
 She struggles to discharge the mighty load, 110
 Maddens and bounds, impatient of the god:

Her

Her foamy mouth attentive to control,
 He forms her organs and commands her soul.
 Then (all the hundred doors display'd to view)
 Through every vent the sacred accents flew : 115
 By sea, O prince ! are all thy perils o'er,
 But far, far greater wait thee on the shore.
 Dismiss thy doubts ; to Latium's destin'd plain
 Troy's sons shall come, but wish to fly again.
 Wars, horrid wars I see on Tyber's shore ; 120
 And all his waves run thick with human gore !
 Scamander shalt thou find, and Simois there,
 And Greece shall arm a second host for war.
 A new Achilles rises to the fight ;
 Him too a pregnant goddess brings to light : 125
 And heav'n's great queen, with unrelenting hate,
 Still, as of old, pursues the Dardan state.
 Once more the woes of Troy derive their cause
 From a new breach of hospitable laws ;
 And she must bleed again as late she bled, 130
 For a rap'd princess and a foreign bed.
 How shalt thou rove, new succours to implore,
 From every court along the Latian shore !
 But thou, more bold, the more thy fates oppose,
 Advance, great prince, superior to thy woes : 135
 Thy first fair hopes of safety and success,
 Beyond thy fondest wish, shall rise from Greece.
 Thus spoke the Sibyl from her dark abode
 The dread mysterious answers of the god ;
 The wond'rous truths involv'd in riddles, gave, 140
 And, furious, bellow'd round the gloomy cave.

Apollo shook his rod ; possess her whole,
 Pour'd in his fires, and rein'd her raging soul.
 At length the fierce ethereal transport cease,
 And all the heavenly fury sunk in peace.

145

When thus the chief—O sacred dame ! I know
 Too well already my predestin'd woe ;
 But grant my pray'r !—Since here, as Fame relates,
 Lies the dread road to Pluto's gloomy gates ;
 Where baleful Acheron spreads, far and wide, 150
 His livid, melancholy, murmuring tide ;
 Unfold these portals, and thy suppliant lead
 Down to the dark dominions of the dead :
 Give me to view my father's reverend face,
 And rush with transport to his dear embrace ! 155
 Him through embattled armies I convey'd,
 While javelins hiss'd, and flames around me play'd.
 He shar'd my toils, determin'd to defy
 The storms of every sea and every sky ;
 In hardships, cares and dangers to engage ; 160
 Nor spar'd his stooping venerable age.
 Yet more--he bade me to thy cell repair,
 And seek thy potent aid with suppliant pray'r :
 Oh ! hear our joint request, our just desire ;
 And guide the son, in pity to the fire. 165
 Your's is the pow'r, for Hecaté bestow'd
 On you the rule of this infernal wood.
 If Orpheus by his lyre's enchanting strain
 Could call his consort from the shades again ;
 If Pollux dy'd alternate, to convey
 His ransom'd brother to the realms of day,
 And trod so oft the same infernal way ?

170 }

Why

Why should I Theseus, why Alcides name,
 Each hero sprung but from a mortal dame?
 To hell those chiefs descended from above : 175 }
 I claim a juster right ; for I can prove }
 My birth from Venus ; my descent from Jove.

Then to the Trojan hero, as he pray'd
 And grasp'd the altars, spoke the sacred maid :
 O glorious prince ! of brave Anchises' line, 180
 Great, godlike hero, sprung from seed divine !
 Smooth lies the road to Pluto's gloomy shade ;
 And hell's black gates for ever stand display'd :
 But 'tis a long unconquerable pain,
 To climb to these ethereal realms again. 185

The choice selected few, whom fav'ring Jove,
 Or their own virtue rais'd to heaven above,
 From these dark realms emerg'd again to day ;
 The mighty sons of gods ! and only they !
 The frightful entrance lies perplex'd with woods, 190
 Inclos'd with sad Cocytus' fullen floods.

But since you long to pass the realms beneath,
 The dreadful realms of darkness and of death,
 Twice the dire Stygian stream to measure o'er,
 And twice the black Tartarean gulf explore : 195

First, take my counsel, then securely go,
 A mighty tree, that bears a golden bough,
 Grows in a vale, surrounded with a grove,
 And sacred to the queen of Stygian Jove.
 Her nether world no mortals can behold, 200
 Till from the bole they strip the blooming gold.

The

The mighty queen requires this gift alone,
 And claims the shining wonder for her own.
 One pluck'd away, a second branch you see
 Shoot forth in gold, and glitter through the tree. 20;
 Go then; with care erect thy searching eyes,
 And in proud triumph seize the glorious prize.
 Thy purpos'd journey if the Fates allow,
 Free to thy touch shall bend the costly bough:
 If not; the tree will mortal strength disdain; 210
 And steel shall hew the glitt'ring branch in vain.
 Besides, while here my counsel you implore,
 Your breathless friend, unburied on the shore,
 (Ah! hapless warrior! in thy absence lost)
 The camp unhallows, and pollutes the host. 215
 First let his cold remains in earth be laid,
 And decent in the grave dispose the dead.
 The due lustration next perform, and bring
 The fable victims for the Stygian king.
 Then to the realms of hell shalt thou repair, 220
 Untrod by those who breathe the vital air,
 She ceas'd; the mournful prince returns with sighs:
 On earth the drooping hero fix'd his eyes.
 Deep in his melancholy thoughts he weigh'd
 The dire event, and all the Sibyl said; 225
 While at his side the good Achates shares
 The warrior's anguish, and divides his cares.
 Oft they divin'd in vain, what hapless friend
 Dead and expos'd, her dubious words intend,
 But when arriv'd, amid the crowded strand 230
 They saw Misenus stretch'd along the sand;

The great Misenus, of celestial kind
 Sprung from the mighty monarch of the wind;
 Whose trump, with noble clangors, fir'd from far
 Th' embattled hosts, and blew the flames of war. 235
 By Hector's side with unresisted might
 His javelin rag'd; his trumpet rous'd the fight,
 But when that hero on the Phrygian plain
 By stern Pelides' thund'ring arm was slain,
 He follow'd next Æneas' conqu'ring sword, 240
 As brave a warrior as his former lord.
 But while the daring mortal o'er the flood
 Rais'd his high notes, and challeng'd every god,
 With envy Triton hear'd the noble strain,
 And whelm'd the bold musician in the main. 245
 Around the body stood the mournful host,
 By his great master wept, and suffer'd most.
 The sorrowing troops the Sibyl's words obey,
 And to the lofty forest bend their way,
 To bid the proud funereal pyre arise, 250
 And build the solemn structure to the skies.
 Then fled the savage from his dark abode;
 The well-ply'd axes echo through the wood.
 The piercing wedges cleave the crackling oak;
 Loud groan the trees and sink at every stroke. 255
 The tall ash tumbles from the mountain's crown;
 Th' aerial elms come crashing headlong down.
 First of the train, the prince, with thund'ring sound,
 Whirl'd his huge axe, and spread the ruin round.
 Then as the mighty forest he survey'd, 260
 O'erwhelm'd with care the thoughtful hero pray'd:
 Oh!

Oh ! in this ample grove could I behold
 The tree that blooms with vegetable gold !
 Since truth inspir'd each word the Sibyl said ;
 Too truly she pronounc'd Misenus dead ! 26;
 While yet he spoke, two doves before him flew :
 His mother's birds the chief with transport knew ;
 Then, as they sett'ed on the verdant plain,
 The joyful hero pray'd, nor pray'd in vain :
 Be you my guides through airy tracks above, 27;
 And lead my footsteps to the fatal grove ;
 Point out the road (if any can be found,)
 Where the rich bough o'erspreads the sacred ground,
 With chequer'd darkness pierc'd by golden rays,
 And darts at once a shadow and a blaze : 27;
 Thou too, O goddess mother ! lead me on,
 Unfold these wonders, and relieve my son.
 This said, he stop'd ; but still his eager sight
 Watch'd every motion, and observ'd their flight.
 By turns they feed, by turns they gently fly ; 28;
 Th' advancing chief still follows with his eye.
 Arriv'd at length, where, breathing to the skies,
 Blue clouds of poison from Avernus rise,
 Swift from the deathful blast at once they spring,
 Cut the light air, and shoot upon the wing ; 28;
 Then on the wond'rous tree the doves alight,
 Where shines the fatal bough divinely bright,
 That, gliding all the leaves with glancing beams,
 Strikes through the fullen shade with golden gleams :
 As when bleak winter binds the frozen skies, 29;
 Push'd from the oak her foreign honours rise ;

The lofty trunk th' adopted branches crown,
 Grac'd with a yellow offspring not her own:
 So with bright beams, all beauteous to behold,
 Glow'd on the dusky tree the blooming gold; 295
 The blooming gold, by every breath inclin'd,
 Flam'd as it wav'd, and twinkled in the wind.
 The chief with transport stripp'd the branching ore,
 And the rich trophy to the Sibyl bore.

Next on the strand, with tears the Trojans paid 300
 The last sad honours to Misenus' shade:

With cloven oaks and unctuous pines, they rear
 A stately solemn pile aloft in air.

With fable wreaths they deck the sides around,
 The spreading front with baleful cypress bound, 305 }
 And with his arms the tow'ring structure crown'd.

Some the huge cauldron fill; the foaming stream
 From the deep womb mounts bubbling o'er the brim.

With groans the train anoint and bathe the dead,
 O'er the cold limbs his purple garment spread, 310 }
 And place him decent on the funeral bed;

While these support the bier, and in their hands,
 With looks averted, hold the flaming brands:

The rite of old!—rich incense loads the pyre,
 And oils and slaughter'd victims feed the fire. 315

Soon as the pile, subsiding, flames no more,
 With wine the smoking heap they sprinkled o'er;

Then Chorinæus took the charge, to place

The bones selected in a brazen vase:

A verdant branch of olive in his hands, 320

He mov'd around, and purify'd the bands;

Slow

Slow as he past, the lustral waters shed,
Then clos'd the rites, and thrice invoc'd the dead.

This done; to solemnize the warrior's doom,
The pious hero rais'd a lofty tomb; 325

The tow'ring top his well-known ensigns bore,
His arms, his once loud trump, and tapering oar:
Beneath the mountain rose the mighty frame,
That bears from age to age Misenus' name.

These rites discharg'd: the Sibyl to obey,
Swift from the tomb the hero bends his way. 330

Deep, deep, a cavern lies, devoid of light,
All rough with rocks, and horrible to sight;
Its dreadful mouth is fenc'd with sable floods,
And the brown horrors of surrounding woods. 335

From its black jaws such baleful vapours rise,
Blot the bright day, and blast the golden skies,
That not a bird can stretch her pinions there
Through the thick poisons and incumber'd air,
But struck by death her flagging pinions cease; 340
And hence Aörnus was it call'd by Greece.

Hither the priestess's four black heifers led,
Between their horns the hallow'd wine she shed;
From their high front the topmost hairs she drew,
And in the flames the first oblations threw. 345

Then calls on potent Hecate, renown'd
In heav'n above, and Erebus profound.

The victims next th' attendants kill'd, and stood
With ample chargers, to receive the blood.

To earth and night a lamb of sable hue,
With solemn rites, the pious hero slew. 350

Next

Next by the knife a barren heifer fell
 To great Persephone the queen of hell.
 Then to her lord, infernal Jove, he paid
 A large oblation in the gloomy shade; 355
 And oils amid the burning entrails pour'd,
 While slaughter'd bulls the sacred flames devour'd.
 When lo! by dawning day, with dreadful sound,
 Beneath their footsteps groans the heaving ground; }
 The groves all wave; the forests tremble round. 360 }
 Pale Hecate forsook the nether sky,
 And howling dogs proclaim'd the goddess nigh.
 Fly, ye prophane! far, far away, remove
 (Exclaims the Sybil) from the sacred grove:
 And thou, Æneas, draw thy shining steel, 365
 And boldly take the dreadful road to hell.
 To the great task thy strength and courage call,
 With all thy pow'rs; this instant claim them all.
 This said; she plunges down the deep descent;
 The prince as boldly follow'd where she went. 370
 Ye subterraneous gods! whose awful sway
 The gliding ghosts and silent shades obey;
 O Chaos hoar! and Phlegethon profound!
 Whose solemn empire stretches wide around;
 Give me, ye great tremendous pow'rs, to tell 375
 Of scenes, and wonders in the depths of hell;
 Give me your mighty secrets to display
 From those black realms of darkness to the day.

Now through the dismal gloom they pass, and tread
 Grim Pluto's courts, the regions of the dead; 380

As

As puzzled travellers bewilder'd move,
 ('The moon scarce glimmering thro' the dusky grove)
 When Jove from mortal eyes has snatch'd the light,
 And wrapt the world in undistinguish'd night.

At hell's dread mouth a thousand monsters wait; 38;
 Grief sweeps, and Vengeance bellows in the gate:
 Base Want, low Fear, and Famine's lawless rage,
 And pale Disease, and slow repining Age,
 Fierce formidable fiends! the portal keep;
 With Pain, Toil, Death, and Death's half-brother Sleep.
 There, Joys, embitter'd with remorse appear; 391
 Daughters of Guilt! here storms destructive War.
 Mad Discord there her snaky tresses tore:
 Here, stretch'd on iron beds, the Furies roar.
 Full in the midst a spreading elm display'd 395
 His aged arms, and cast a mighty shade,
 Each trembling leaf with some light vision teems,
 And heaves impregnated with airy dreams.
 With double forms each Scylla took her place
 In hell's dark entrance, with the Centaur's race; 400
 And, close by Lerna's hissing monster, stands
 Briareus dreadful with an hundred hands.
 There stern Geryon rag'd; and, all around,
 Fierce Harpies scream'd, and direful Gorgons frown'd:
 Here from Chimæra's jaws long flames expire; 405
 And the huge fiend was wrap'd in smoke and fire.
 Scar'd at the sight, his sword the hero drew
 At the grim monsters, as they rose to view.
 His guide then warn'd him, not to wage the war
 With thin light forms, and images of air; 410

Else had he rush'd amid th' impassive train,
And madly struck at empty shades in vain.

From hence a dark uncomfortable road
Leads to dread Acheron's Tartarean flood,
Whose furious whirlpools boil on every side, 415

And in Cocytus pour the roaring tide
All stain'd with ooze, and black with rising sands,
Lord of the flood; imperious Charon stands;

But rough, begrim'd, and dreadful he appear'd;
Rude and neglected hung his length of beard; 420

All patch'd and knotted flutters his attire;
His wrathful eyeballs glare with sanguine fire.
Though old, still unimpair'd by years he stood,
And hoary vigour blest the surly god.

Himself still ply'd the oars, the canvas spread, 425
And in his sable bark convey'd the dead.

Hither, a mighty crowd, a mingled host,
Confus'd, came pouring round the Stygian coast.

Men, matrons, boys and virgins, in the throng,
With mighty kings, and heroes march'd along; 430

And blooming youths before their mournful fires
Stretch'd out untimely on their funeral pyres;

Thick as the leaves come fluttering from above,
When cooler autumn strips the blasted grove:

Thick, as the feather'd flocks, in close array, 435
O'er the wide fields of ocean wing their way,

When from the rage of winter they repair
To warmer suns, and more indulgent air.

All stretch'd their suppliant hands, and all implore

The first kind passage to the farther shore. 440

Now these, now those, he singles from the host,
 And some he drives all trembling from the coast.
 The prince astonish'd at the tumult, cry'd,
 Why crowd such mighty numbers to the tide?
 Why are those favour'd ghosts transported o'er? 445
 And these sad shades chas'd backward from the shore?
 The full of days, the Sybil thus replies;
 Great prince, the true descendant of the skies!
 You see Cocytus' stream; the Stygian floods,
 Whose awful sanction binds th' attesting gods. 450
 Those, who neglected on the strand remain,
 Are all a wretched, poor, unbury'd train,
 Charon is he, who o'er the flood presides;
 And those interr'd, who cross the Stygian tides.
 No mortals pass the hoarse-resounding wave, 455
 But those who slumber in the peaceful grave.
 Thus, till a hundred years have roll'd away,
 Around these shores the plaintive spectres stray.
 That mighty term expir'd, their wanderings past,
 They reach the long expected shore at last. 460
 Struck with their fate, his steps the hero stay'd,
 And with soft pity all the crowd survey'd.
 When lo! Leucaspis in the throng he spy'd;
 And great Orontes, once the Lycian guide;
 Sullen and sad; for fate's relentless doom 465
 Deny'd the chiefs the honour of a tomb;
 Whose galley, whirl'd by tempests round and round,
 Sunk, by a mighty surge devour'd and drown'd.
 Now drew his pilot Palinurus nigh,
 Who watching every star that gilds the sky, 470
 While

While from the Libyan shores his course he keeps,
 From the tall stern plung'd headlong down the deeps.
 Pensive his slow approach the spectre made,
 When, as the prince had scarce his form survey'd
 Thro' the thick gloom, he first address'd the shade: 475
 What godhead whelm'd my friend, our faithful guide,
 Beneath the roarings of the dreadful tide?
 Tell me—for oh! I never could complain,
 Till now, of Phœbus, nor believ'd in vain.
 Once he foretold—(but ah! those hopes are lost) 480
 That Palinure should reach th' Ausonian coast,
 Safe from the giddy storm and rolling flood;
 Is this, is this the promise of a god?

Nor Phœbus, he replies, foretold in vain,
 Nor has a god o'erwhelm'd me in the main. 485
 No—as I steer'd along the foamy sea,
 Headlong I fell, and tore the helm away.
 But by those fierce tumultuous floods I swear,
 For my own life I never felt a fear,
 For your's alone I trembled, lest the ship, 490
 Left all at large and bounding o'er the deep,
 Rob'd of her helm and long-experienc'd guide,
 Should sink, o'erwhelm'd in such a furious tide.
 For three long stormy nights sublime I rode,
 Heav'd by the southern tempests o'er the flood; 495
 At early dawn my eyes could just explore,
 From a tall tow'ring surge, th' Italian shore.
 Thus tir'd, the land I gain by slow degrees,
 And, 'scap'd at length the dangers of the seas;

But hopes of prey the savage natives led, 500
 And, while I grasp'd the shaggy mountain's head,
 (My cumb'rous vests yet heavy from the main,)
 By barbarous hands thy helpless friend was slain.
 And now by floating surges am I tost,
 With every wind, and dash'd upon the coast. 505
 But by the light of yon ethereal air,
 By thy dead father, and surviving heir,
 O prince! thy pity to a wretch extend;
 And from these dismal realms enlarge thy friend.
 Or to the Veline port direct thy way, 510
 And in the ground my breathless body lay:
 Or, if thy goddess-mother can disclose
 Some means to fix a period to my woes,
 (For sure uncall'd, unguided by the gods,
 You durst not pass these dreadful Stygian floods) 515
 Lend to a pining wretch thy friendly hand,
 And waft him with thee to the farther strand!
 • Thus, in this dismal state of death at least
 My wand'ring soul may lie compos'd in rest.

And how, reply'd the dame, could rise in man 520
 A wish so impious; or a thought so vain!
 Uncall'd, unbury'd, wouldst thou venture o'er,
 And view th' infernal fiends who guard the shore?
 Hope not to turn the course of fate by pray'r,
 Or bend the gods inflexibly severe: 525
 But bear thy doom content; while I disclose
 A beam of comfort to relieve thy woes;
 For know, the nations bord'ring on the floods,
 Alarm'd by direful omens of the gods,

In full atonement of thy death shall rear 530

A mighty tomb, and annual offerings bear.

The place, from age to age renown'd by fame,

Still shall be known by Palinurus' name.

These words reliev'd his sorrows, and display'd

A dawn of joy to please the pensive shade. 535

Now they proceed; but soon the pilot spy'd

The strangers from the wood approach the tide.

Then to the godlike chief, in wrath he said,

Mortal! whoe'er thou art, in arms array'd,

Stand off; approach not; but at distance say, 540

Why to these waters dar'st thou bend thy way?

These are the realms of Sleep, the dreadful coasts

Of fable Night, and airy gliding ghosts.

No living mortals o'er the stream I lead;

Our bark is only sacred to the dead. 545

Know, I repent I led Pirithoüs o'er,

With mighty Theseus, to the farther shore;

The great Alcides past the Stygian floods;

Though these were heroes, and the sons of gods.

From Pluto's throne, this drag'd in chains away 550

Hell's triple porter, trembling, to the day,

Those from his lofty dome aspir'd to lead

The beauteous partner of his royal bed.

To whom the sacred dame—how vain thy fear!

These arms intend no violence of war. 555

May the huge dog through all the Stygian coasts,

Roar from his den, and scare the flying ghosts;

Untouch'd and chaste, Persephoné may dwell,

And with grim Pluto share the throne of hell:

The Trojan prince, Æneas, far around 560
 For valour, arms, and piety renown'd,
 Through these infernal realms decrees to go,
 And meet his father in the shades below.
 To bend thy mind, if such high virtue fail,
 At least this glorious present must prevail; 565
 (Then show'd the bough, that lay beneath her vest.)
 At once his rising wrath was hush'd to rest;
 At once flood reconcil'd the ruthless god,
 And bow'd with reverence to the golden rod;
 Bow'd, and refus'd his office now no more, 570
 But turns the sable vessel to the shore;
 Drives from the deck the sitting airy train;
 Then in the bark receiv'd the mighty man,
 The feeble vessel groans beneath the load,
 And drinks at many a leak th' infernal flood. 575
 The dame and prince at last are wafted o'er
 Safe to the slimy strand and oozy shore.

Arriv'd, they first grim Cerberus survey;
 Stretch'd in his den th' enormous monster lay,
 His three wide mouths, with many a dreadful yell, 580
 And long, loud bellowings, shook the realms of hell:
 Now o'er his neck the starting serpents rose,
 When to the fiend the dame a morsel throws,
 Honey, and drugs, and poppy juices steep
 The temper'd mass with all the pow'rs of sleep. 585
 With three huge gaping mouths, impatient flies
 The growling savage, and devours the prize;
 Then, by the charm subdu'd, he sunk away; [lay.
 And stretch'd all o'er the cave, the slumb'ring monster

The

The fiend thus lull'd, the hero took the road, 590
And left behind th' irremeable flood.

Now, as they enter'd, doleful screams they hear;
And tender cries of infants pierce the ear.

Just new to life, by too severe a doom,
Snatch'd from the cradle to the silent tomb! 595

Next, mighty numbers crowd the verge of hell,
Who, by a partial charge and sentence fell.

Here, by a juster lot, their seats they took;
The fatal urn imperious Minos shook,

Convenes a council, bids the spectres plead, 600
Rehears the wretches, and absolves the dead.

Then crowds succeed, who, prodigal of breath,
Themselves anticipate the doom of death;

Though free from guilt, they cast their lives away,
And sad and fullen hate the golden day. 605

Oh! with what joy the wretches now would bear
Pain, toil and woe, to breathe the vital air!

In vain!—by fate for ever are they bound
With dire Avernus, and the lake profound!

And Styx with nine wide channels roars around. 610

Next open wide the melancholy plains,
Where lovers pine in everlasting pains;

Those soft consuming flames they felt alive,
Pursue the wretches, and in death survive.

Here, where the myrtle groves their shades display, 615

In cover'd walks they pass their hours away,

Evadne, Phædra, Procris he survey'd,

Pasiphaë next, and Laodamia's shade.

Stabb'd by her son, false Eriphylé there
 Points to her wound, and lays her bosom bare : 620
 Cœneus, who try'd both sexes, trod the plain,
 Now to a woman chang'd by fate again.

With these, fair Dido rang'd the silent wood,
 New from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood;
 The chief, advancing through the shady scene, 625
 Scarce through the gloom discern'd the sullen queen:
 So the pale moon scarce glimmers to the eye,
 When first she rises in a clouded sky.

He wept, and thus address'd her in the grove,
 With all the melting tenderness of love : 630

Then was it true, that by revengeful steel,
 Stung with despair, unhappy Dido fell?

And I, was I the cause of that despair?

Yet oh! I vow by every golden star;

By all the pow'rs th' ethereal regions know, 635

By all the pow'rs that rule the world below,

I left your realm reluctant; o'er the floods

Call'd by the Fates, and summon'd by the gods;

Th' immortal gods; - by whose commands I come

From yon bright realms to this eternal gloom : 640

Condemn'd the wasteful deep of night to tread,

And pass these doleful regions of the dead.

Ah! could I think, when urg'd by heav'n to go,

My flight would plunge you in the depth of woe!

Stay, Dido, stay, and see from whom you fly? 645

'Tis from your fond repentant lover's eye.

Turn then one moment, and my vows believe,

The last, last moment fate will ever give!

Nought

Nought to these tender words the fair replies,
 But fixt on earth her unrelenting eyes, 650
 The chief still weeping : with a sullen mien,
 In stedfast silence, frown'd th' obdurate queen.
 Fixt as a rock amidst the roaring main,
 She hears him sigh, implore, and plead in vain.
 Then, where the woods their thickest shades display, 655
 From his detested sight she shoots away ;
 There from her dear Sichæus in the grove,
 Found all her cares repaid, and love return'd for love.
 Touch'd with her woes, the prince with streaming eyes
 And floods of tears, pursues her as she flies. 660

Hence he proceeds ; and last the fields appear,
 Where stalk'd the proud heroic sons of war.
 Tydeus and pale Adrastus rose to fight,
 With * Atalanta's son renown'd in fight.
 Here, a long crowd of chiefs the prince beheld, 665
 Who fell lamented in the glorious field,
 His Trojan friends ;—with sighs he view'd the train ;
 Three valiant sons of sage Antenor slain :
 Here brave Therfilocus and Glaucus stood,
 Medon and Polyœtes bath'd in blood. 670
 Idæus there still glories in alarms,
 Vaults on his car, and wields his shining arms.
 Eager to view the chief, on either hand,
 Rank behind rank, the eager warriors stand :
 All in their turn retard the prince, to know 675
 What urg'd his journey to the shades below.

* Parthenopæus.

Not

Not so the kings of Greece—appall'd, dismay'd,
 The hostile chiefs the godlike man survey'd
 In arms that glitter'd through the dusky shade.
 Some turn'd and fled, astonish'd at the view,
 As when before him to their fleets they flew,
 Some rais'd a cry ; the flutt'ring accents hung,
 And dy'd imperfect on the trembling tongue.
 Here Priam's son, Deïphobus, he found ;
 The mangled youth was one continu'd wound.
 For now his face, his beauteous face appears
 Gash'd, and dishonour'd with a thousand scars.
 His hands, ears, nostrils, hideous to survey !
 The stern insulting foes had lopp'd away ;
 Trembling he stood, industrious to conceal
 The bloody traces of the ruthless steel.
 Soon as the prince discern'd him, he began,
 And thus deplor'd the miserable man :
 O brave Deïphobus ! O chief divine !
 Sprung from majestic Teucer's martial line :
 What fierce barbarian hands could thus disgrace
 Thy manly figure, and thy beauteous face ?
 In that last night, when Ilion sunk in flame,
 I heard, brave warrior ! from the voice of fame,
 You fell on heaps of foes, with slaughter tir'd,
 And on the glorious purple pile expir'd.
 With care I rais'd on our Rhoëtean coast
 A vacant tomb, and hail'd thy mighty ghost :
 Thy name and arms adorn the place around ;
 And, had thy mangled bleeding corse been found,
 Thy relicks had repos'd in Trojan ground.

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My

My friend (replies the chief) has duly paid;
 All funeral honours to my pensive shade;
 But these dire woes from fatal Helen came;
 These are the triumphs of the Spartan dame! 710
 For well, too well you know, in what delight
 We fondly spent our last destructive night:
 When the vast monster big with Ilion's doom,
 Tower'd through the town, an army in its womb;
 In solemn show she bade the dames advance, 715
 And in dissembled orgies led the dance;
 A flaming torch she brandish'd in her hand;
 Then from the tow'r invites the Grecian band,
 While, worn with labours I repos'd my head
 (Ah wretch ill-fated!) on our bridal bed. 720
 My heavy lids the dews of slumber steep,
 Lull'd in a soft, profound, and death-like sleep.
 Then from beneath my head, as tir'd I lay,
 My loyal bride conveys my sword away,
 Removes my arms, unfolds the door, and calls 725
 Her Spartan lord within my palace walls;
 Betrays her last, to please her former spouse,
 And cancel all the guilt of broken vows!
 Fierce they broke in, by dire Ulysses led,
 And basely slew me in the bridal bed. 730
 Hear my just pray'rs, ye gods!—to Greece repay
 A fate like mine; give all your vengeance way!
 But thee, O prince, what wond'rous fortune led
 Alive, to these dominions of the dead?
 Say, did the will and counsel of the gods, 735
 Or the rude tempests and tumultuous floods,
 Com-

Compel thy course from yon ethereal light,
To these dark realms of everlasting night?

Mean time the swift-wing'd courfers of the sun
Through heav'n full half their fiery race had run; 742
And all th' appointed hours in talk had past,
But thus the priests warn'd the chief at last:
Lo! night advances, prince!—we waste away
In idle sorrows the remains of day.

See—in two ample roads, the way divides; 745
The right, direct, our destin'd journey guides,
By Pluto's palace, to th' Elysian plains;
The left to Tartarus, where, bound in chains, }
Loud howl the damn'd in everlasting pains. }
Dismiss thy wrath, replies the pensive shade, 750
But one word more—I then rejoin the dead:
Go—mighty prince, the promis'd throne ascend;
Go—but with better fortune than thy friend!
With these last accents, to the warrior host
Retires the trembling, melancholy ghost. 755

Now to the left, Æneas darts his eyes,
Where lofty walls with triple ramparts rise.
There rolls swift Phlegethon, with thund'ring sound,
His broken rocks, and whirls his surges round.
On mighty columns rais'd sublime are hung 760
The massy gates, impenetrably strong.
In vain would men, in vain would gods essay,
To hew the beams of adamant away.
Here rose an iron tow'r: before the gate,
By night and day, a wakeful fury sate, 765

The

The pale Tisiphone; a robe she wore,
 With all the pomp of horror, dy'd in gore.
 Here the loud scourge and louder voice of pain,
 The crashing fetter, and the rattling chain,
 Strike the great hero with the frightful sound, 770
 The hoarse, rough, mingled din, that thunders round:
 Oh! whence that peal of groans? what pains are those?
 What crimes could merit such stupendous woes?

Thus she—Brave guardian of the Trojan state,
 None that are pure must pass that dreadful gate. 775
 When plac'd by Hecat o'er Avernus' woods,
 I learnt the secrets of those dire abodes, }
 With all the tortures of the vengeful gods. }
 Here Rhadamanthus holds his awful reign,
 Hears and condemns the trembling impious train. 780
 Those hidden crimes the wretch till death suppress,
 With mingled joy and horror in his breast,
 The stern dread judge commands him to display;
 And lays the guilty secrets bare to day.
 Her lash Tisiphone that moment shakes; 785
 The ghost she scourges with a thousand snakes;
 Then to her aid, with many a thund'ring yell,
 Calls her dire sisters from the gulfs of hell.
 Now the loud portals from their hinges flew,
 And all the dreadful scene appears in view. 790
 Behold without what direful monster waits
 (Tremendous form!) to guard the gloomy gates!
 Within, her bulk more dreadful hydra spreads,
 And hissing rears her fifty tow'ring heads.

Full

Full twice as deep the dungeon of the fiends, 795
 The huge, Tartarean, gloomy gulf descends
 Below these regions, as these regions lie
 From the bright realms of yon' ethereal sky.
 Here roar the Titan race, th' enormous birth;
 The ancient offspring of the teeming earth. 800
 Pierc'd by the burning bolts, of old they fell,
 And still roll bellowing in the depths of hell.
 Here lie th' Aleian twins, in length display'd;
 Stretch'd as they lie, the giants I survey'd,
 Who warr'd to drive the thunderer from above; 805
 And storm'd the skies, and shook the throne of Jove.
 The proud Salmonæus, wrapt in chains below,
 Raves in eternal agonies of woe;
 Who mock'd with empty sounds and mimic rays,
 Heav'n's awful thunder and the lightning's blaze; 810
 Th' audacious wretch through Elis tower'd in air,
 Whirl'd by four coursers in his rattling car;
 A blazing torch he shook; o'er crowds he rode;
 And madly claim'd the glories of a god.
 O'er hollow vaults he lash'd the steeds along, 815
 And, as they flew, the brazen arches rung.
 Vain fool! to mock the bolts of heav'n above,
 And those inimitable flames of Jove!
 But from the clouds, th' avenging father aims
 Far other bolts and undissembled flames: 820
 Dash'd from his car, the mimic thunderer fell,
 And in a fiery whirlwind plung'd to hell.

There too th' enormous Tityus I beheld,
 Earth's mighty giant son, stretch'd o'er th' infernal field;

He

He cover'd nine large acres as he lay,
 While with fierce screams a vulture tore away 825 }
 His liver for her food, and scoop'd the smoking prey;
 Plung'd deep her bloody beak, nor plung'd in vain, }
 For still the fruitful fibres spring again, }
 Swell, and renew th' enormous monster's pain, 830 }
 She dwells for ever in his roomy breast, }
 Nor gives the roaring fiend a moment's rest;
 But still th' immortal prey supplies th' immortal feast. }
 Need I the Lapiths' horrid pains relate,
 Ixion's torments, or Pirithoüs fate? 835
 On high a tottering rocky fragment spreads,
 Projects in air, and trembles o'er their heads.
 Stretch'd on the couch, they see with longing eyes
 In regal pomp successive banquets rise,
 While lucid columns, glorious to behold, 840
 Support th' imperial canopies of gold.
 The queen of Furies, a tremendous guest,
 Sits by their side, and guards the tempting feast,
 Which if they touch, her dreadful torch she rears,
 Flames in their eyes, and thunders in their ears. 845
 They that on earth had base pursuits in view,
 Their brethren hated, or their parents slew,
 And, still more numerous, they who swell'd their store,
 But ne'er reliev'd their kindred or the poor:
 Or in a cause unrighteous fought and bled; 850
 Or perith'd in the foul adulterous bed;
 Or broke the ties of faith with dark deceit;
 Imprison'd deep, their destin'd torments wait.

But

But what their torments, seek not thou to know,
Or the dire sentence of their endless woe.

85;

Some roll a stone, rebounding down the hill,
Some hang suspended on the whirling wheel;
There Theseus groans in pains that ne'er expire,
Chain'd down for ever in a chair of fire.

There Phlegyas feels unutterable woe,
And roars incessant through the shades below;
Be just, ye mortals! by these torments aw'd,
These dreadful torments, not to scorn a god.

86o

This wretch his country to a tyrant sold,
And barter'd glorious liberty for gold,
Laws for a bribe he past, but past in vain,
For the same laws a bribe repeal'd again.

86;

This wretch by hot preposterous lust was led,
To climb and violate his daughter's bed.

To some enormous crimes they all aspir'd;
All feel the torments that those crimes requir'd!

87o

Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
A voice of brags, and adamantine lungs,
Not half the mighty scene could I disclose,

Repeat their crimes, or count their dreadful woes!--87;

Thus spoke the priestess of the god of day;
And, haste, she cry'd; to hell's great empress pay
The destin'd present, and pursue thy way.

}

For lo! the high Cyclopean walls are near,
And in full view the massy gates appear.

88o

On these the gods enjoin thee to bestow
The sacred offering of the golden bough.

This

This said, they journey'd through the solemn gloom,
 And reach'd at length the proud imperial dome:
 With eager speed his course the hero bore, 885 }
 With living streams his body sprinkled o'er,
 And fixt the glittering present on the door. }

These rites compleat, they reach the flowery plains,
 The verdant groves where endless pleasure reigns.

Here glowing Æther shoots a purple ray, 890
 And o'er the region pours a double day.

From sky to sky th' unwearied splendor runs,
 And nobler planets roll round brighter suns.
 Some wrestle on the sands; and some, in play
 And games heroic, pass the hours away. 895

Those raise the song divine, and these advance
 In measur'd steps to form the solemn dance.
 There Orpheus, graceful in his long attire,
 In seven divisions strikes the sounding lyre;
 Across the chords the quivering quill he flings, 900
 Or with his flying fingers sweeps the strings.

Here Teucer's ancient race the prince surveys,
 The race of heroes born in happier days:
 Ilus, Assaracus in arms rever'd,
 And Troy's great founder Dardanus appear'd: 905
 Before him stalk'd the tall majestic train,
 And pitch'd their idle lances on the plain.

Their arms and airy chariots he beheld;
 The steeds unharnessed graz'd the flowery field.
 Those pleasing cares the heroes felt, alive, 910
 For chariots, steeds, and arms, in death survive.

Some on the verdant plains were stretch'd along;
 Sweet to the ear their tuneful Pæans rung:
 Others beneath a laurel grove were laid,
 And joyful feasted in the fragrant shade. 915
 Here, glittering through the trees, his eyes survey
 The streams of Po descending from the day.
 Here a blest train advance along the meads,
 And snowy wreaths adorn their graceful heads:
 Patriots who perish'd for their country's right, 920
 Or nobly triumph'd in the field of fight:
 There, holy priests, and sacred poets stood,
 Who sung with all the raptures of a god:
 Worthies, who life by useful arts refin'd,
 With those, who leave a deathless name behind, 925
 Friends of the world, and fathers of mankind! }

This shining band the priestess thus address,
 But chief Musæus, tow'ring o'er the rest;
 So high the poet's lofty stature spreads
 Above the train, and overtops their heads! 930
 Say, happy souls! and thou, blest poet, say,
 Where dwells Anchises, and direct our way?
 For him we took the dire infernal road,
 And stem'd huge Acheron's tremendous flood.
 To whom the bard — Unsettled we remove, 935
 As pleasure calls from verdant grove to grove;
 Stretch'd on the flowery meads, at ease we lie,
 And hear the silver rills run bubbling by.
 Come then, ascend this point, and hence survey
 By yon descent an open easy way. 940

He

He spoke, then stalk'd before; and from the brow
Points out the fair enameil'd fields below.

They leave the proud ærial height again,
And pleas'd bend downward to the blissful plain.

Anchises there, the hero's fire divine, 945

Deep in the vale had rang'd his glorious line;

Rank behind rank, his joyful eyes survey

The chiefs in bright succession rise to day.

He counts th' illustrious race with studious cares,

Their deeds, their fates, their victories and wars. 950

Soon as his lov'd Æneas he beheld,

His dear, dear son, advancing o'er the field;

Eager he stretch'd his longing arms, and shed

A stream of tears, and thus with transport said:

Then has thy long-try'd pious love surpass 955

The dreadful road, to meet thy fire at last?

Oh! is it given to see, nor see alone,

But hear, and answer to my godlike son?

This I presag'd, indeed, as late I ran

O'er times and seasons; nor presag'd in vain. 960

From what strange lands, what stormy seas and skies

Returns my son, to bless my longing eyes?

How did my anxious mind your danger move,

Then, when in Carthage you indulg'd your love!

Your shade, the prince replies, your angry shade, 965

In many a frightful vision I survey'd.

By your behest I came to these abodes;

My fleet lies anchor'd in the Tuscan floods:

Give me, O father! give thy hand, nor shun

The dear embraces of a duteous son. 970

While yet he spoke, the tender sorrows rise,
 And the big drops run trickling from his eyes.
 Thrice round his neck his eager arms he threw;
 Thrice from his empty arms the phantom flew,
 Swift as the wind, with momentary flight, 975
 Swift as a fleeting vision of the night.
 Meantime the hero saw, with wondering eyes,
 Deep in a vale a waving forest rise:
 Through those sequester'd scenes flow Lethe glides,
 And in low murmurs lulls her slumbering tides; 980
 Unnumber'd ghosts around the waters throng,
 And o'er the brink the airy nations hung.
 So to the meads in glowing summer pour
 The clustering bees, and rattle every flow'r:
 O'er the sweet lilies hang the busy swarms; 985
 The fields remurmur to the deep alarms.
 Struck with the sight, the prince astonish'd stood;
 Oh! say, why throng such numbers to the flood?
 Or what the nature of the wond'rous tide,
 And who the crowds?—To whom the fire reply'd: 990
 To all those souls who round the river wait,
 New mortal bodies are decreed by fate.
 To yon dark streams the gliding ghosts repair,
 And quaff deep draughts of long oblivion there.
 How have I wish'd before thee to display 995
 These my descendants, ere they rise to day!
 Thus shalt thou Latium find with double joy,
 Since fate has fixt th' eternal throne of Troy.—
 O father! say, can heavenly souls repair
 Once more to earth, and breathe the vital air? 1000

What!

What!—can they covet their corporeal chain?
 Gods!—can the wretches long for life again!—
 Attend, he cry'd, while I unfold the whole,
 And clear these wonders that amaze thy soul.
 Then the great fire the scheme before him lays, 1005
 And thus each awful secret he displays:

Know first, a spirit, with an active flame,
 Fills, feeds and animates this mighty frame;
 Runs through the wat'ry worlds, the fields of air,
 The pond'rous earth, the depths of heav'n; and }
 there 1010
 Glows in the sun and moon, and burns in every star.
 Thus, mingling with the mass, the general soul
 Lives in the parts, and agitates the whole.

From that celestial energy began
 The low-brow'd brute; th' imperial race of man; 1015
 The painted birds who wing th' ærial plain,
 And all the mighty monsters of the main.
 Their souls at first from high Olympus came;
 And, if not blunted by the mortal frame, }
 Th' ethereal fires would ever burn the same! 1020
 But while on earth; by earth-born passions tost,
 The heavenly spirits lie extinct and lost;
 Nor steal one glance, before their bodies die,
 From those dark dungeons to their native sky.
 Ev'n when those bodies are to death resign'd, 1025
 Some old inherent spots are left behind;
 A sullying tincture of corporeal stains
 Deep in the substance of the soul remains.

Thus are her splendors dimm'd, and crufted o'er
 With thofe dark vices, that ſhe knew before. 1036
 For this the fouls a various penance pay,
 To purge the taint of former crimes away :
 Some in the ſweeping breezes are refin'd,
 And hung on high to whiten in the wind ;
 Some cleanſe their ſtains beneath the guſhing ſtreams,
 And ſome riſe glorious from the ſearching flames. 1036
 Thus all muſt ſuffer ; and, thoſe ſufferings paſt,
 The clouded minds are purify'd at laſt.
 But when the circling ſeaſons as they roll,
 Have cleanſ'd the dross long-gather'd round the ſoul ;
 When the celeftial fire divinely bright, 1041
 Breaks forth victorious in her native light ;
 Then we, the choſen few, Elyſium gain,
 And here expatiate on the bliſſful plain.
 Both theſe thin airy throngs thy eyes behold, 1045
 When o'er their heads a thouſand years have roll'd,
 In mighty crowds to yon Lethean flood
 Swarm at the potent ſummons of the god ;
 There deep the draught of dark oblivion drain ;
 Then they deſire new bodies to obtain, 1050 }
 And viſit heav'n's ethereal realms again.
 This ſaid, the fire conducts their ſteps along
 Through the loud tumult of th' ærial throng ;
 Then climb'd a point, and every face deſcry'd,
 As the huge train preſt forward to the tide : 1055
 Now hear, while I diſplay our race divine,
 And the long glories of our Dardan line,

The noble Roman heroes, who shall rise
 From Trojan blood, successive, to the skies.
 This mighty scene of wonders I relate, 1060
 And open all thy glorious future fate.
 First then behold yon blooming youth appear,
 That hero leaning on his shining spear!
 This thy last son, thy hoary age shall grace,
 Thy first brave offspring of the Latian race; 1065
 From fair Lavinia in the groves he springs,
 A king, and father of a race of kings;
 Sylvius his name; proud Alba shall he sway
 And to his sons th' imperial pow'r convey.
 See! where the youth, already wing'd to rise, 1070
 Stands on the verge of life, and claims the skies.
 Procas the next behold, a chief divine,
 Procas the glory of the Trojan line;
 Capys and Numitor there pant for fame;
 There a new *Sylvius bears thy mighty name; 1075
 Like thee, just, great and good, for valour known,
 The chief shall mount th' imperial Alban throne.
 What strength each youth displays? but who are those
 With Civic crowns around their manly brows?
 By those shall Gabii and Nomentum rise, 1080
 And proud Collatian tow'rs invade the skies.
 Then Faunus' town with turrets shall be crown'd,
 And fair Fidena stretch her ramparts round.
 Then Bola too shall rise, of mighty fame;
 Unpeopled now they lie, and lands without a name! 1085

* Sylvius Æneas.

Bright Ilia, sprung from Trojan blood, shall bear
 Yon glorious hero to the god of war :
 Behold great Romulus, her victor son ;
 Whose sword restores his grandfire to the throne.
 Lo ! from his helmet what a glory plays ! 1090
 And Jove's own splendors round his temples blaze.
 From this brave prince, majestic Rome shall rise ;
 The boundless earth, her empire shall comprize ;
 Her fame and valour tow'r above the skies ! }
 Seven ample hills th' imperial city grace, 1095
 Who nobly glories in her martial race ;
 Proud of her sons, she lifts her head on high ;
 Proud, as the mighty mother of the sky,
 When through the Phrygian towns, sublime in air,
 She rides triumphant in her golden car, 1100
 Crown'd with a nodding diadem of tow'rs ;
 And counts her offspring, the celestial pow'rs,
 A shining train, who fill the blest abode,
 A hundred sons, and ev'ry son a god !
 Turn, turn thine eyes ! see here thy race divine, 1105
 Behold thy own imperial Roman line :
 Cæsar, with all the Julian name survey ;
 See where the glorious ranks ascend to day !—
 This—this is he !—the chief so long foretold
 To bless the land where Saturn rul'd of old, 1110 }
 And give the Lernean realms a second age of gold ! }
 The promis'd prince, Augustus the divine,
 Of Cæsar's race, and Jove's immortal line !
 This mighty chief his empire shall extend
 O'er Indian realms, to earth's remotest end. 1115

The

The hero's rapid victories out-run [fun!
 The year's whole course, the stars, and journeys of the
 Where, high in air, huge Atlas' shoulders rise,
 Support th' ethereal lights, and prop the rolling skies!
 He comes!—he comes!—proclaim'd by every god!
 Nile hears the shout, and shakes in every flood. 1121
 Proud Asia flies before his dire alarms,
 And distant nations tremble at his arms.
 So many realms not great Alcides past,
 Not, when the brazen-footed hind he chas'd, 1125
 O'er Erymanthus' sleeps the boar pursu'd;
 Or drew the huge Lernean monster's blood.
 Nor Bacchus such a length of régions knew,
 When on his car the god in triumph flew,
 And shook the reins, and urg'd the fiery wheels, 1130
 Whirl'd by swift tygers down the Indian hills.—
 And doubt we yet, by virtuous deeds to rise,
 When fame, when empire is the certain prize?
 Rise, rise, my son; thy Latian foes o'ercome!
 Rise, the great founder of majestic Rome! 1135
 But who that chief, who crown'd with olive stands,
 And holds the sacred relicks in his hands?
 I know the pious Roman king from far,
 The silver beard, and venerable hair;
 Call'd from his little barren field away, 1140
 To pomp of empire and the regal sway.
 Tullus the next succeeds, whose loud alarms
 Shall rouse the slumb'ring sons of Rome to arms.
 Inspir'd by him, the soft unwarlike train
 Repeat their former triumphs o'er again. 1145

Lo Ancus there!—the giddy crowd he draws,
 And swells too much with popular applause.
 Now wou'dst thou Tarquin's haughty race behold,
 Or fierce avenging Brutus, brave and bold?
 See the stern chief stalk awful o'er the plain, 1150
 The glorious chief, who breaks the tyrant's chain:
 He to his axe shall proud rebellion doom,
 The first great consul of his rescu'd Rome!
 His sons (who arm, the Tarquins to maintain,
 And fix oppression in the throne again) 1155
 He nobly yields to justice, in the cause
 Of sacred freedom and insulted laws.
 Though harsh th' unhappy father may appear,
 The judge compels the sire to be severe;
 And the fair hopes of fame the patriot move, 1160
 To sink the private in the public love.

Like him, Torquatus, for stern justice known,
 Dooms to the axe his brave victorious son.
 Behold the Drusi prodigal of blood!
 The Decii dying for their country's good! 1165
 Behold Camillus there; that chief shall come
 With four proud triumphs to imperial Rome.
 Lo! in bright arms two spirits rise to fight!
 How strict their friendship in the realms of night! }
 How fierce their discord when they spring to light! }
 How furious in the field will both appear! 1171
 With what dire slaughter! what a waste of war!
 Impetuous to the fight the father pours
 From the steep Alps, and tall Ligurian tow'rs.

The

The son, with servile monarchs in his train, 1175
Leads the whole Eastern world, and spreads the plain.

Oh! check your wrath, my sons; the nations spare;
And save your country from the woes of war;
Nor in her sacred breast, with rage abhorr'd,
So fiercely plunge her own victorious sword! 1180

And thou, be thou the first; thy arms resign,
Thou, my great son of Jove's celestial line!—
Yon chief shall vanquish all the Grecian pow'rs,
And lay in dust the proud Corinthian tow'rs,
Drive to the capitol his gilded car, 1185

And grace the triumph with the spoils of war.
That chief shall stretch fair Argos on the plain,
And the proud seat of Agamemnon's reign,
O'ercome th' Æacian king, of race divine,
Sprung from the great Achilles' glorious line; 1190
Avenge Minerva's violated fane,

And the great spirits of thy fathers slain.
What tongue, just Cato, can thy praise forbear!
Or each brave Scipio's noble deeds declare,
Africk's dread foes; two thunderbolts of war! 1195 }

Who can the bold Fabricius' worth repeat,
In pride of poverty, divinely great;
Call'd by his bleeding country's voice to come
From the rude plough, and rule imperial Rome!
Tir'd as I am the glorious roll to trace, 1200

Where am I snatch'd by the long Fabian race!
See where the patriot shines, whose prudent care
Preserves his country by protracted war!---

The

The subject nations, with a happier grace,
 From the rude stone may call the mimic face, 1205 }
 Or with new life inform the breathing brass :
 Shine at the bar, describe the stars on high,
 The motions, laws, and regions of the sky :
 Be this your nobler praise in times to come,
 These your imperial arts, ye sons of Rome ! 1210
 O'er distant realms to stretch your awful sway,
 To bid those nations tremble and obey ;
 To crush the proud, the suppliant foe to rear,
 To give mankind a peace, or shake the world with war !--
 He said—awhile their ravish'd eyes admire 1215
 The wond'rous scenes :--when thus proceeds the fire :
 See ! where Marcellus tow'rs above the train,
 And bears the regal trophies from the plain.
 Endanger'd Rome shall bless his guardian care,
 And stand unshaken in a storm of war. 1220
 Carthage and Gaul the hero's might shall prove,
 The third who hangs th' imperial spoils to Jove.---
 With him the Trojan prince a youth beheld
 In shining arms advancing o'er the field ;
 A beauteous form ; but clouds his front surround, 1225
 And his dim eyes were fixt upon the ground.
 Say, who that youth (he cries) o'ercast with grief ;
 The youth who follows that victorious chief ?
 His son ? or one of his illustrious line ?
 What numbers shout around the form divine ? 1230
 His port how noble ! how august his fame !
 How like the former ! and how near the same !

But

But gloomy shades his pensive brows o'erspread,
 And a dark cloud involves his beauteous head.
 Seek not, my son, replies the fire, to know 1235
 (And, as he spoke, the gushing sorrows flow)
 What woes the gods to thy descendants doom,
 What endless grief to every son of Rome!
 This youth on earth the Fates but just display,
 And soon, too soon, they snatch the gift away! 1240
 Had Rome for ever held the glorious prize,
 Her bliss had rais'd the envy of the skies!
 Oh! from the martial field what cries shall come!
 What groans shall echo through the streets of Rome!
 How shall old Tyber, from his oozy bed, 1245
 In that sad moment rear his reverend head,
 The length'ning pomp and funeral to survey,
 When by the mighty tomb he takes his mournful way!
 A youth of nobler hopes shall never rise,
 Nor glad like him the Latian fathers eyes: 1250
 And Rome, proud Rome shall boast, she never bore,
 From age to age, so brave a son before!
 Honour and fame, alas! and ancient truth,
 Revive and die with that illustrious youth!
 In vain embattled troops his arms oppose: 1255
 In every field he tames his country's foes,
 Whether on foot he marches in his might,
 Or spurs his fiery courser to the fight.
 Poor pitied youth! the glory of the state!
 Oh! cou'dst thou shun the dreadful stroke of fate, 1260
 Rome should in thee behold, with ravish'd eyes,
 Her pride, her darling, her Marcellus rise!

Bring

Bring fragrant flow'rs, the whitest lilies bring,
 With all the purple beauties of the spring;
 These gifts at least, these honours I'll bestow 1265
 On the dear youth, to please his shade below---
 Thus, while the wond'rous scenes employ their sight,
 They rove with pleasure in the fields of light.

When the great fire had taught his son the whole,
 And with the Roman glories fir'd his soul; 1270
 Next to the list'ning hero he declares
 His toils in Latium, and successive wars;
 Gives him their nations and their towns to know,
 And how to shun, or suffer every woe.

Two gates the silent courts of sleep adorn, 1275
 That of pale ivory, this of lucid horn.
 Through this, true visions take their airy way,
 Thro' that, false phantoms mount the realms of day.
 Then to the ivory gate he led them on,
 And there dismiss'd the Sibyl and his son. 1280

Now the great chief, returning to the main,
 Reviews his fleet, and glads his friends again.
 Then, steering by the strand, he ploughs the sea,
 And to Caieta's port directs his way:
 There all the fleet the crooked anchors moor; 1285
 And the tall ships stood rang'd along the shore.

End of the Sixth Book.

VIRGIL'S

V I R G I L' s

Æ N E I D.

B O O K VII.

A R G U M E N T.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promises him his only daughter Lavinia, the heiress of his crown. Turnus, who is in love with her, being favoured by her mother, and stirred up by Juno and Alec̃to, breaks the treaty which was made ; and engages in his quarrel, Mezentius, Camilla, Messapus, and many others of the neighbouring princes ; whose forces and the names of their commanders are particularly recited.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK VII.

YOU too, Cajeta, whose indulgent cares
Nurst the great chief, and form'd his tender years,
Expiring here (an ever honour'd name !)

Adorn Hesperia with immortal fame :

Thy name survives to please thy pensive ghost ; 5
Thy sacred relicks grace the Latian coast.

Soon as her funeral rites the prince had paid,
And rais'd a tomb in honour of the dead ;

(The sea subsiding, and the tempests o'er)
He spreads the flying sails, and leaves the shore. 10

When, at the close of night, soft breezes rise,

The moon in milder glory mounts the skies :

Safe in her friendly light the navy glides ;

The silver splendors trembling o'er the tides.

Now by rich Circe's coast they bend their way, 15

(Circe, fair daughter of the god of day ;)

A dangerous shore : the echoing forests rung,

While at the loom the beauteous goddess sung :

Bright cedar brands supply her father's rays,

Perfume the dome, and round the palace blaze. 20

Here wolves with howlings scare the naval train,

And lions roar reluctant to the chain.

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K

Here

Here growling bears and swine their ears affright,
 And break the solemn silence of the night.
 These once were men ; but Circe's charms confine, 25
 In brutal shapes, the human forms divine.
 But Neptune, to secure the pious host
 From these dire monsters, this enchanted coast,
 A friendly breeze to every sail supplies ;
 And o'er the deeps the rapid navy flies. 30

Now on her car was gay Aurora borne,
 And ocean reddens with the rising morn ;
 The winds lie hush'd ; the swelling surge subsides ;
 And with their bending oars they labour thro' the tides.

From hence the hero view'd a range of woods ; 35
 Through the dark scene roll Tyber's glittering floods ;
 With circling whirlpools urge their winding way,
 And lead their yellow waters to the sea.

The painted birds, that haunt the golden tide,
 And flutter round the banks on every side, 40
 Along the groves in pleasing triumph play,
 And with soft music hail the dawning day,
 Smooth o'er the shaded floods, at his command,
 The painted gallies glide, and reach the land.

Now, goddesses ! aid thy poet, while he sings 45
 The state of Latium, and her ancient kings ;
 Her dark confusions from their birth explores,
 When first the Trojans reach'd th' Hesperian shores.
 Thou, thou, great Erato ! my soul inspire,
 To sing each furious fight with equal fire. 50
 A mightier work, a nobler scene appears ;
 A long, long series of destructive wars !

Kings against kings engag'd in dire alarms !
 And all Hesperia rous'd to all the rage of arms !
 Latinus o'er the realm the sway maintain'd ; 55
 And long in peace the hoary prince had reign'd ;
 From Faunus and a fair Laurentian dame,
 A lovely nymph, the mighty monarch came.
 From Picus, Faunus drew his birth divine ;
 From Saturn he, great author of the line. 60
 Fate from this king had snatch'd each blooming son :
 And one bright daughter heir'd the imperial throne.
 Fir'd by her matchless charms, the youths repair
 From all the realms around, to court the fair ;
 Bold Turnus too the royal maid address'd, 65
 Whose birth and beauty far surpass the rest.
 The Latian queen, to gain so brave a son,
 Had made the blooming hero's cause her own.
 Vain was her aim, for every power divine
 Withstood the match, with many a dreadful sign. 70
 Amid the court a laurel rose in air,
 Preserv'd for ages with religious care ;
 This venerable plant Latinus found,
 When first his town with rising tow'rs he crown'd ;
 Which thence deriv'd her name, as records say ;) 75
 Then made it sacred to the god of day.
 At chanc'd, a cloud of bees in gathering swarms
 Swept through the skies, with murmuring hoarse alarms ;
 Pour'd in, and (settling on the topmost bough)
 Stretch'd down, dependent deep in air below : 80
 In one black lengthening chain together clung,
 Feet clasp'd in feet, the clustering nations hung.

On this exclaims an augur—I explore
 A foreign consort from a distant shore ;
 From yon same point a stranger host shall come ; 85
 And here their prince shall reign in this imperial dome.

Yet more ; while chaste Lavinia, at the shrine,
 Burns od'rous incense to the powers divine ;
 As by her father stood the royal fair,
 The fires flew round, and caught her waving hair : 90
 O'er all her rich embroider'd garments roll'd
 The wanton flame, and crept through every fold ;
 Then, crackling, through her crown victorious plays,
 The gems run melting in the golden blaze :
 Around the fair the dancing glories stray'd, 95
 And lambent fires involv'd the lovely maid ;
 Then from her beauteous head enlarging grew,
 Wide and more wide, and round the palace flew.
 From this strange sign, portentous to behold,
 Th' astonish'd seer surprising truths foretold, 100
 That bright with fame should shine the glorious fair,
 But through the nations spread the flames of war.

Mean time the king, astonish'd at the sign,
 Hastes to consult his prescient * fire divine.
 In dark Albunea's shades, supreme of woods ! 105
 Where from her fountains boil sulphureous floods ;
 Thick from her streams the clouds of poison rise,
 And, charg'd with heavy vapours, load the skies.
 Here, in distress, th' Italian nations come,
 Anxious, to clear their doubts, and learn their doom. 110

* Faunus.

First, on the fleeces of the slaughter'd sheep,
 By night the sacred priest dissolves in sleep :
 When, in a train, before his slumbering eye,
 Thin, airy forms, and wond'rous visions fly.
 He calls the pow'rs, who guard th' infernal floods ; 115
 And talks, inspir'd, familiar with the gods.
 To this dread oracle the prince withdrew,
 And first a hundred sheep the monarch slew ;
 Then on their fleeces lay ; and from the wood
 He heard distinct these accents of the god : 120

Seek not a native prince, my son, nor wed
 Thy royal daughter to a Latian bed.
 A foreign chief appears, of mighty fame,
 Whose race to heav'n shall raise our glorious name ;
 O'er either ocean shall their empire run, 125
 Beyond the radiant journeys of the sun.
 In every clime their standards are unfurl'd !

And, prostrate at their feet, shall lie the trembling world !
 These answers of the god, reveal'd by night,
 The king divulg'd, and fame display'd to light ; 130
 Spread the glad tidings all the nations o'er ;
 When now the Trojan navy reach'd the shore.

The hero with his son and chiefs had laid
 Their limbs at ease beneath a cooling shade ;
 Then, dictated by Jove, the banquet spread 135
 On cakes of flour along the verdant mead ;
 The slender cakes the busy Trojans load
 With fruits austere, and wildings of the wood :
 These scanty viands soon consum'd, the crew,
 Compell'd by hunger, on their tables flew ; 140

Full eager they devour'd, by want distress,
 The frail supporters of the failing feast.
 When with a laugh, Ascanius—we devour
 The plates and boards on which we fed before.
 Th' auspicious words his fire in rapture took, 145
 And weigh'd what once the oracle had spoke :

Hail happy realm, which fate so long has ow'd !
 All hail, he cry'd, each guardian Trojan god !
 My fire, when fair Elysium blest my eyes,
 Did thus disclose the secrets of the skies : 150
 " When, prest by raging famine, you devour
 " Your boards, impatient, on a foreign shore ;
 " There thy long labours shall with peace be crown'd ;
 " There build thy town, and raise the ramparts round."
 This is the famine that the Fates foreshow, 155
 And this the place to terminate our woe.
 Then bend we from the port, at dawn of day,
 Our eager steps, and strike a different way,
 To view the land, the cities to explore,
 And know what nations hold the fated shore. 160
 Now place again the goblets on the board ;
 Be great Anchises honour'd and ador'd,
 And pour the wine to heav'n's almighty lord. }

Then, while the verdant boughs his temples grace,
 The prince ador'd the Genius of the place ; 165
 The Nymphs, and unknown pow'rs that rule the floods,
 And sacred Earth, great source of all the gods ;
 And awful Night ; with her the stars that rise,
 To gild her face, and beautify the skies ;

And

And Jove, the guardian god of Troy, implores, 170
 And the great mother of th' ethereal pow'rs;
 His mighty parents last, with honours crown'd
 In heav'n above, and Erebus profound.

145 The hero's vows th' almighty heard from high,
 And thrice he thunder'd from an azure sky; 175
 And shook, majestic as the thunders roll'd,
 A fiery cloud, that blaz'd with beams of gold.

Now through the Trojan host the news had flown,
 The day was come to raise their promis'd town;
 All, warm'd with transport at the happy sign, 180
 Indulge the feast, and quaff the generous wine.

Soon as the morning shot a purple ray,
 And tipp'd the mountains with the beams of day,
 155 By different ways the busy train explore
 The bounds, the cities, and the winding shore. 185
 Here dwell the Latian line; there Tyber flows;
 And here thy sacred stream, Numicus, rose.

Now sent the Trojan prince (a peace to gain)
 A hundred youths selected from the train,
 160 With presents for the king. Without delay, 190
 All crown'd with olives took their speedy way.
 Mean time the chief design'd th' allotted ground
 For the new town, and drew the trench around:
 High tow'rs and ramparts all the place inclose;
 165 And, like a camp, the sudden city rose, 195

Now the commission'd youths proceed with haste,
 And spy the lofty Latian spires at last.

Before the gate, the blooming active train
 Or break the fiery courser to the rein,
 Or whirl the chariot o'er the dusty plain;

200 }
 Or

Or bend the bow, or toss the whizzing spear,
 Or urge the race, or wage the mimic war.
 When lo! a messenger, dispatch'd with speed,
 Spurs to the Latian court his panting steed,
 And told the monarch what illustrious guests 205
 Arriv'd from foreign lands in foreign vests.
 The monarch summon'd all the train, and shone,
 In state majestic on the regal throne.
 High o'er the town, surrounded by a wood,
 Old Picus' venerable palace stood,—— 210
 August and awful! proudly rose, around,
 A hundred columns, and the structure crown'd.
 Here kings receiv'd the types of royal pow'r,
 The crown and scepter, and the robes they wore.
 This was their temple; this their court of state, 215
 Here at their sacred feasts the fathers sate;
 And in long orders, as their thrones they fill'd,
 On offer'd rams their annual banquets held.
 Before the gates a venerable band,
 In cedar carv'd, the Latian monarchs stand. 220
 Sabinus there, who prest the foaming wine,
 Extend the hook that prun'd the generous vine:
 The front old Italus and Saturn grace,
 And hoary Janus with his double face;
 And many an ancient monarch, proud to bear 225
 In their dear country's cause the wounds of war.
 Hung on the pillars, all around appears
 A row of trophies, helmets, shields, and spears,
 And solid bars, and axes keenly bright,
 And naval beaks, and chariots seiz'd in fight. 230

With

With his divining wand in solemn state,
 With robes succinct the royal Picus fate.
 Pierce in his car of old he swept the field;
 And still the hero grasps the shining shield.
 Him beauteous Circe lov'd, but lov'd in vain; 235
 Th' enchantress dame, rejected with disdain,
 Transform'd the hapless monarch, in despair,
 Chang'd to a painted bird, and sent to flit in air.

Thus sat the sov'reign in the pompous fane,
 And gave admission to the Dardan train. 240
 Then to th' illustrious strangers, from the throne,
 The prince with mild benevolence begun.

Say, noble Trojans, for we knew your name
 And ancient race, before your navy came;
 What cause your fleet to Latium could convey, 245
 What call, through such a length of wat'ry way?
 Or were your gallies wide in ocean lost?
 Or driv'n by tempests on th' Hesperian coast?
 Such dangers oft befall the train who ride
 O'er the wild deeps, and stem the furious tide. 250
 Vouchsafe to be our guests, and Latium grace;
 For know, our generous hospitable race,
 By Saturn form'd, from him their manners draw,
 Just without ties, and good without a law.
 From old Auruntian fages once our ears 255
 Have heard a tale, though sunk in length of years;
 These realms the birth of Dardanus could boast,
 Who sail'd from hence, and reach'd your Phrygian coast.
 He left the Tuscan realms, and now on high
 Dwells in the starry mansions of the sky: 260
 Call'd

Call'd from this nether world to heav'n's abodes,---
He reigns above, a god among the gods !

O prince divine ! great Faunus' glorious son ;
(Thus, to the king Ilioneus begun ;)

Nor stars misl'd our fleets, nor tempests tost, 265

Nor wide we wander'd to the Latian coast,

But our determin'd course, spontaneous bore,

With one fixt purpose, to this friendly shore ;

Driv'n from the noblest empire o'er the seas,

That the bright sun in all his race surveys. 270

We and our prince derive our birth divine

From Jove, the source of our ethereal line ;

And at the godlike chief's command we come,

His suppliant envoys to this regal dome.

Those, who beyond the bounds of ocean hurl'd, 275

Possess that wild unhospitable world ;

And those who glow beneath the burning zone,

Beneath the fiery chariot of the sun,

Have heard, and heard with terror from afar,

What a dire deluge, what a storm of war, 280

With ruin charg'd, and furious to destroy,

From Greece burst thund'ring o'er the realms of Troy ;

When Europe shook proud Asia with alarms,

And fate set two contending worlds in arms.

Snatch'd from that storm, to roll around the floods,

We beg some place, to fix our wand'ring gods ; 285

Some vacant region, you with ease can spare ;

The common use of water, earth, and air.

Nor shall this new alliance bring disgrace,

But add new glories to th' Italian race : 290

Nor

Nor Latium shall repent the kind supply,
 Nor shall the dear remembrance ever die.
 Now by our potent glorious prince I swear,
 As true in peace as dreadful in the war:
 Though now as suppliants at thy throne we stand, 295
 With humble pray'rs and olives in our hand,
 Yet many nations, prince, invite our train,
 And our alliance court, but court in vain.
 For know, the gods, the mighty gods command
 The sons of Troy to seek the Latian land. 300
 To Tyber's flood great Phœbus urg'd our way,
 Where spring Numicus' sacred streams to day;
 Here Dardanus was born, of heav'nly strain;
 Hence first he came, and now returns again.
 Yet more---these presents from the Trojan king, 305
 These relicks of his former state we bring,
 Snatch'd from devouring flames---his fire, of old,
 Pour'd due libations from this bowl of gold:
 In these rich robes the royal Priam shone,
 And gave the law, majestic, from the throne: 310
 This crown, this scepter, did the monarch wear;
 These vests were labour'd by the Trojan fair.
 He ceas'd---the sov'reign paus'd in thought profound,
 And fixt his eyes unmov'd upon the ground.
 His daughter's fortunes all his mind employ, 315
 And future empire, not the gifts from Troy.
 Deep in his mind the prophecy he roll'd,
 And deem'd this chief, the son the gods foretold,
 The mighty hero long foredoom'd by fate
 To share the glories of the regal state;--- 320
 From

From whom a race, victorious by their swords,
 Should rise in time, the world's majestic lords:
 Then joyful spoke: May heav'n our counsels bless,
 And its own omens, with the wish'd success!
 Well pleas'd, my friends, your presents I receive, 325
 And free admission in my kingdoms give;
 Nor shall you want, while I the throne enjoy,
 A land as fruitful as the fields of Troy.
 But let your godlike prince, if he request
 Our royal friendship, be our honour'd guest; 330
 The peace he asks in person he may bring,
 Go then---report this message to your king.---
 A beauteous daughter in her bloom is mine,
 Forbid to wed in our Ausonian line:
 This all our native oracles deny, 335
 And every dreadful omen of the sky.
 From foreign shores, a foreign son appears,
 Whose race shall lift our glory to the stars.
 Your prince, the destin'd chief the Fates require,
 Our thoughts divine, and we, my friends, desire. 340
 He said, and order'd steeds, to mount the band;
 In lofty stalls three hundred couriers stand,
 Their shining sides with crimson cover'd o'er;
 The sprightly steeds embroider'd trappings wore,
 With golden chains, refulgent to behold: 345
 Gold were the bridles, and they champ'd on gold.
 But to their prince he sent a glorious car,
 With two distinguish'd couriers for the war;
 Fierce as they flew, their nostrils breath'd a fire;
 These Circe stole from her celestial fire, 350

By

By mortal mares on earth, who, all unknown,
 Mixt with the flaming coursers of the sun.
 Pleas'd with the monarch's gift, their steeds they press,
 And to their anxious lord return with peace.

But Jove's imperial queen, from Argos far, 355
 Rides on the whirlwinds through the fields of air.

From proud Pachynus' point, her eyes explore
 The Trojan prince, and all his fleet on shore.
 The bulwarks rise, the troops possess the strand,
 Desert the ships, and pour upon the land; 360

She stood in anguish fixt, and shook her head,
 Then, fir'd with rage, the wrathful goddess said:

Curst race:—a race I labour to destroy!---

But Juno sinks beneath the fates of Troy!
 Did not the captives break the victor's chain? 365

Did not her slaughter'd sons revive again?
 Did they not force, when Troy in ashes lay,

Through fires and armies their victorious way?
 What—heav'n's great empress flags, by toils oppress!

Or sure, her glutt'd vengeance lies at rest! 370
 And yet I dar'd pursue the banish'd train

Through the last bounds of Neptune's wat'ry reign.
 With rocks, with gulfs, with thunders from on high,
 With all the storms of ocean and the sky.

In vain with storms I rous'd the roaring main; 375
 Earth, skies, and oceans wag'd my war in vain,

In vain dire Scylla thunder'd o'er the sea;
 Nor could the vast Charybdis bar the way.

For lo! in Tyber's flood their navies ride,
 Mock my revenge, and triumph o'er the tide. 380

And

And yet the god of battles could efface,
 For one neglect, the Lapithæan race,
 For one neglect, did Jove himself resign
 To Dian's wrath the Calydonian line.
 But I, the queen supreme of gods above, 385
 The mighty consort of imperial Jove,
 In vain for years one nation have pursu'd;
 Nay by one single mortal am subdu'd!
 Yet, though my pow'rs are baffled, will I try
 Whatever pow'rs in nature's circle lie. 390
 What! though the partial heav'ns my aims repel,
 I'll raise new forces from the depths of hell!
 What!--if the Trojan must in Latium reign!
 What!--if the Fates a regal bride ordain!
 Yet, may I still the nuptial rite delay, 395
 And by a length of wars defer the day.
 Yet, shall the people bleed! the kings shall reign,
 The lonely monarchs of an empty plain!
 Yet shall the father and the son make good
 Their league of friendship, in their subjects blood; 400
 In the mixt blood of nations shall be paid,
 At large, thy dreadful dow'r, imperial maid!
 Wed then---with every fatal omen wed:
 Bellona waits thee to the bridal bed.
 The queen of love, like Priam's royal dame, 405
 For Ilion has conceiv'd a second flame.
 A Paris, sprung from Venus, shall destroy
 Once more with fatal fires the tow'rs of Troy.
 This said, to earth th' impetuous goddess flies,
 Inflam'd with rage and vengeance, from the skies; 410
 Looks

Looks down, and, bending o'er the baleful cell,
 Calls dire Alecto from the realms of hell.
 Crimes, frauds and murders are the fiend's delight;
 The rage of death, and slaughters of the fight.
 So fierce her looks! such terrors from her eyes! 415
 Round her grim front such monstrous serpents rise!
 She scares ev'n Pluto, her immortal fire;
 Her sister Furies tremble and retire.

Then heav'n's great queen, against the Trojan train,
 Inflam'd her native rage, and thus began: 420

Daughter of night! thy potent aid I claim
 To guard my honour, and support my fame.
 Oh! let not Troy her pow'rs to Latium bring,
 Nor with this match amuse her easy king.

'Tis thine, the peace of brethren to confound, 425
 To arm their hands, and spread destruction round;
 Through kindling houses, towns and realms to bear
 The torch of discord, and the flames of war.

To thee a thousand noxious arts are known,
 And every form of mischief is thy own. 430

Rouse, rouse the fury in thy soul! excite
 The chiefs; and kindle all the rage of fight!
 Dissolve the peace; and fir'd by dire alarms,
 Bid the mad nations rush to blood and arms!

Scarce had she spoke, when sudden from her eyes, 435
 Smear'd with Gorgonean blood, the fury flies
 Sublime; and tow'ring o'er the palace soars;
 Then stands unseen before Amata's doors;
 While grief and wrath the raging queen employ,
 For Turnus, injur'd by the match with Troy. 440

Here

Here stopt the fiend; and, discord all her view,
 Snatch'd from her hissing locks; a snake she threw; }
 And through her inmost soul the fiery serpent flew. }
 Unfelt, the monster glides through every vest,
 And breathes the secret poison in her breast. 445
 Now like a fillet, round her temples roll'd,
 Now round her bosom, like a chain of gold.
 Now to her tresses he repairs, and there
 'Thrids every ringlet of her golden hair.
 Thus while her kindling soul the pest inspires 450
 With the first sparkles of her fatal fires,
 Before the bosom of the royal dame
 Felt the full furies of th' infernal flame,
 She speaks her grief, in accents soft and mild;
 Implores the sire, and sorrows o'er her child: 455
 And must Lavinia then, our only joy,
 Wed with this wand'ring fugitive of Troy?
 And can a father issue the decree,
 So fatal to himself, to her and me?
 For sure the pirate soon will bear away 460
 With the first rising wind the lovely prey.
 Such, such a guest of old, the Phrygian boy
 Bore ravish'd Helen to the tow'rs of Troy.
 Where, where is friendship, truth and honour now?
 A father's promise, and a monarch's vow! 465
 If thy great sire's commands have fixt thy mind,
 To chuse some hero of a foreign kind:
 Then every kind, my lord, and every land
 Are foreign, that are free from our command;

And

And if we trace brave Turnus' blood, he springs 470
From a long line of ancient Argive kings.

Thus urg'd the mother, in a mournful strain,
Her loud complaints, yet urg'd them all in vain.
But now the spreading poison, fir'd her whole,
Ev'n to the last recesses of her soul. 475

In her wild thoughts a thousand horrors rise ;
And fierce, and madding round the streets she flies.
So the gay striplings lash in eager sport,
A top, in giddy circles, round a court.
In rapid rings it whirls, and spins aloud, 480
Admir'd with rapture by the blooming crowd ;
From every stroke, flies humming o'er the ground,
And gains new spirit, as the blows go round.

Thus flew the giddy queen, with fury stung,
Thro' the wide town, amid the wond'ring throng. 485
Yet more ;—the destin'd nuptials to delay,
Fierce to the darksome wood she bounds away ;
And, rising still in rage, with rites divine
She feign'd new orgies to the god of wine.
Thou, Bacchus, only thou, deserv'st the fair ! 490
For thee in ringlets grows her lovely hair !
For thee she leads the dance, and wreaths her ivy spear. }

Now spread around the wild infectious flames ;
With the same fury glow the Latian dames ;
Let loose their flying tresses in the wind, 495
Rush to the woods, and leave the town behind ;
Toss high their ivy-spears ; while clamours rise,
And trembling shrieks, tumultuous rend the skies.

The madding queen, with rage superior stung,
 Rear'd high a flaming pine, amid the throng,
 And for young Turnus rais'd the nuptial song.
 Then rolls her fiery eyes, and loud exclaims:
 Hear, all ye matrons! hear ye Latian dames!
 If yet a mother's woes your souls can move,
 If yet your injur'd princess shares your love;
 Like me, unbind your tresses; rove abroad;
 And hold these sacred orgies to the god.

500 }

505

Thus the fierce fiend Amata's breast invades,
 And drives her raving to the sylvan shades.
 When all the monarch's palace she survey'd,
 With all his counsels in confusion laid;

510

As wide around the rising Fury grew,
 On dusky wings to Ardea swift she flew:

Ardea, by Danaë built in days of yore,

When with her Argive train she fought the shore; 515 }

But now her perish'd ruins are no more!

Where o'er the rest brave Turnus' mansion rose,

She found the hero sunk in soft repose;

And first, her dread infernal form to hide,

Laid the grim terrors of her front aside:

520

With silver hairs her temples were o'erspread,

And wreaths and verdant olives crown'd her head.

Her wither'd face with wrinkles was emboss'd,

And in the woman all the fiend was lost.

She now appear'd a venerable dame,

525

And to the couch like Juno's priestess came:

Then are thy labours vain, (she thus begun)
 And shall a Trojan seize thy rightful throne?

The

The king denies the crown he long has ow'd,
 Denies the fair thy labours bought with blood. 530
 Go—save his kingdom ; fight the Tuscan train !—

Go, prince, and conquer, to be scorn'd again !

Hear then by me the mandate from on high

Sent by the mighty empress of the sky :

Fly, fly ; the valiant youth for arms prepare ; 535

And through the opening gates let loose the war.

Lo ! where in Tyber ride the fleets of Troy ;

Go then, their chiefs and painted ships destroy ;

So Heav'n commands—and, if the Latian lord

Detain the fair, regardless of his word, 540

Let him in blood thy vengeful sword deplore,

The sword that conquer'd in his cause before.

Thus the dissembled dame—with scornful pride,

In haughty terms the martial youth reply'd :

The tidings you convey, I knew before ; 545

The Trojan fleet is landed on the shore.

Hence—nor with idle tales my bosom move ;

I live secure in Juno's guardian love.

But, worn with years, you dote with vain alarms,

And, when you nod, you dream of kings in arms. 550

Go, mother, go—and make your gods your care,

But leave to men the province of the war.

While yet he spoke, her looks the youth confound,

And the black fiend in all her terrors frown'd.

Aghast, he shook, and trembled with affright, 555

While all her native horrors blast his sight.

Such a tremendous front the Fury spread,

So dreadful hift the serpents round her head ;

So grim a figure now she seem'd to rise ;
That hell, all hell was open'd in her eyes ! 560

Then, ere the fault'ring trembling youth reply'd,
She roll'd their fiery orbs from side to side ;
Snatch'd two black serpents from her locks, and shook
The sounding scourge, and thund'ring thus she spoke :

Behold, behold the wretch, by vain alarms 565
And age, reduc'd to dream of kings in arms !
A Fury from the deeps of hell, I bear,
In these dread hands, destruction, death and war !

With that a flaming torch the goddess threw ;
Deep through his breast the fiery weapon flew. 570
Strait rous'd the startled warrior ; and a stream
Of sweat ran copious down from every limb.

Through the wide dome he raves with mad alarms,
He runs, he flies, he calls aloud to arms ;
Fell wrath and vengeance in his eyes appear, 575
The thirst of slaughter, and the rage of war.

So when in parting spires the flame divides,
And crackling climbs around the cauldron's sides,
In the deep womb glow fierce the hissing streams,
Boil, swell and foam, and bubble o'er the brims ; 580
Till high in air the fuming liquids rise,
And in a length of vapours mount the skies.

He sends to great Latinus, to declare
The peace polluted, and denounce the war :
To arms he cries,—this moment will we go 585
To guard our country, and repel the foe.
Himself, he boasts, will all the war maintain,
And fight the Trojan and Ausonian train.

His troops take fire, and (heav'n invok'd in pray'r)
With eager rage they gather to the war : 590

Some by his beauty mov'd, his cause embrace,
Some by his valiant deeds, and regal race.

While thus his social train the prince inspires,
Swift to the Trojan host the fiend retires.

Big with new mischiefs to the place she came, 595
Where young Iulus hunts the savage game.

A stag he chas'd ; the chace the Fury fees,
And bids the scent grow warm in every breeze ;

His opening hounds, exulting, shoot away,
And bear impatient on the panting prey : 600

From this light cause she rais'd the first alarms,
And fir'd the brutal swains to blood and arms.—

Snatch'd from the dam, by Tyrrheus' children rear'd,
(Tyrrheus, chief master of the royal herd)

With care domestic had this stag been bred ; 605
Of beauteous shape ; and antlers grac'd his head.

The beast became their sister's darling care ;
His horns were dress'd with garlands by the fair.

Fed from the board, accusom'd to command,
The fawn familiar lick'd her stroking hand. 610

Full oft she bath'd him in the limpid tide,
And fondly curious comb'd his filken hide :

All day amid the forests would he roam,
But came each evening to his wonted home.

Ascanius' hounds had rous'd the trembling prey, 615 }
As down the gentle flood he took his way, }

And on the cooling bank in length luxuriant lay. }
The

The youthful hero fir'd with love of fame,
 Directs a feather'd arrow at the game ;
 The feather'd arrow flew ; the Fury guides 620
 The pointed weapon through the wanton's sides.
 Pierc'd with the dart, the bleeding fawn in vain
 Flies back for refuge to his home again ;
 Complains with human tears, and human sighs,
 And begs for aid with unavailing cries. 625
 The beauteous Sylvia heard his moving strains,
 Beat her white bosom, and alarm'd the swains.
 Inspir'd with sudden rage they wing their way,
 For in the wood the lurking Fury lay.
 Some arm'd with knotted clubs, impetuous came, 630
 And some with staves well-season'd in the flame.
 With stones or brands the peasants throng from far,
 And every sudden weapon, to the war.
 Tyrrheus, who clove a tree with many a stroke,
 Left the huge wedge within the gaping oak ; 635
 Then seiz'd the pond'rous axe with loud alarms,
 And call'd the rustics all around to arms.
 Mean time the Fury from her stand descends
 The growing discord every moment rise ;
 Ascends the roof, and, from the lofty height, 640
 Calls in the boist'rous peasants to the fight :
 With her full force her mighty horn she winds ;
 Th' infernal strain alarms the gath'ring hinds.
 The dreadful summons the deep forests took ;
 The woods all thunder'd, and the mountains shook. 645
 The lake of Trivia heard the note profound,
 The Veline fountains trembled at the sound.

The

The thick sulphureous floods of hoary Nar
Shook at the blast that blew the flames of war :
Pale at the piercing call, the mothers prest 650
With shrieks their starting infants to the breast.
Thus the mad rustics caught the dire alarms,
And at the horrid signal flew to arms.

Nor less, in succour of the princely boy,
Pour forth to battle all the troops of Troy : 655
Clubs, staves and brands, at first the fight maintain ;
But now embody'd armies spread the plain,
And deadly swords and shining bucklers wield ;
And groves of spears gleam dreadful o'er the field.

On brazen arms the sun refulgent plays, 660
And to the skies the fiery helmets blaze.
So when the wind has stirr'd the gentle seas,
The waves just swell, and whiten by degrees ;
Till all the heaving wat'ry worlds arise,
In one vast burst of thunder to the skies. 665

First Almon, Tyrrheus' eldest hope, was slain,
Fierce as he fought, the foremost on the plain.
Beneath his throat the arrow found its way ;
And choak'd in blood, the beauteous warrior lay.
Now heaps on heaps fall thick on every side, 670
And in the cloud of fight Galesus dy'd ;
Good old Galesus ! while with earnest care,
He labour'd to prevent the rising war :
The sage for justice bore the foremost place,
Though far the wealthiest of the Latian race : 675
Five flocks, five bellowing droves, his pastures held,
And with a hundred teams he turn'd the spacious field.

Thus, while on either side, the martial train
 With mutual slaughter bath'd the purple plain :
 When the stern Fury, from her promise freed, 680
 Beheld with joy the growing battle bleed ;
 She leaves th' Hesperian shores, she mounts the skies,
 And in proud triumph thus to Juno cries :

Behold my promise, mighty queen ! made good ;
 The Trojan sword has drawn the Latian blood. 685
 War, boundless war, runs raging round the plain ;
 Nor can yourself command the peace again ;
 Speak but you wil, I'll spread the dire alarm,
 And bid the bord'ring towns and countries arm,
 Both sides to aid, the nations shall repair ; 690
 Wide round, the rising discord will I bear,
 And rouse in every breast the furies of the war. }

Enough, replies the queen, enough is done,
 The war stands fixt ; the slaughters are begun.
 They fly to war ; their arms with blood distain : 695
 Death, Rage, and Terror range the purple plain.
 Such are the nuptial rites, that we prepare
 For Latium's king, and Venus' worthy heir !
 But go - this moment leave the realms above ;
 Go—nor offend the sacred eyes of Jove. 700
 To thy unhallow'd feet the fire denies
 Th' ethereal walks, and freedom of the skies.
 Retire to hell ! if aught remains undone,
 Ourself shall finish what thy toils begun.

Swift as the goddess spoke, the fury springs 705
 With rapid speed, and spreads her dusky wings ;

Her

Her serpents hissing all around, she flies
To hell's dark realms, impetuous, from the skies.

Amid fair Italy, renown'd by fame,
Lies a deep vale, Amsanctus is the name. 710

Her gloomy fides are shaded with a grove;
And a huge range of mountains tow'rs above;
Fierce through the dusky vale the torrents pour,
And o'er the rattling stones the whirlpools roar.
There the black jaws of hell are open'd wide; 715

There rolls dire Acheron his fiery tide;
There lies the dark infernal cave, and there
Grim Pluto breathes the soft ethereal air.

Down through this dreadful opening, from on high,
The fiend plung'd headlong, and reliev'd the sky. 720

Mean time the queen of heav'n exerts her care,
With her last hand to crown the growing war.

In one vast tide the loud tumultuous swains

Pour to the city, and desert the plains.

Young Almon's corse they bear in open fight, 725

And old Galeus slaughter'd in the fight;

Implore the gods with vows, and beg in vain

The hoary monarch to revenge the slain.

While the fierce Daunian lords complaints conspire,

To spread the gath'ring fears of sword and fire. 730

Turnus, he cries, is banish'd with disgrace,

And wrong'd in favour of a foreign race.

The king prefers a Trojan for his son;

A Trojan prince already fills the throne!

Those too, whose mothers by the queen were led, 735

When, fir'd by Bacchus, to the woods she fled,

(Such

(Such was her interest in the realm) declare
For open arms, and breathe revenge and war.
War is the fatal universal cry,

Against all omens of the angry sky!---

Furious they crowd their sovereign's regal door,

And, madding, round the rich pavilions roar;

Besiege their king, as waves a rock, in vain,

Some mighty rock, amidst the rolling main;

That hears unmov'd the sounding tempests blow,

That sees the furious surges foam below;

And o'er the deeps, majestic to the sight,

Stands fixt, and glories in its matchless height.

Proud of its bulk; while storms and working tides

Fly, dash and break against the tow'ring sides!

When long the prince had labour'd to retain

The rising madness of their souls in vain,

And saw the crowd no counsel would obey,

But rush'd to arms as Juno led the way;

The mournful fire obtests the gods and skies;

And lo! we yield to fate, the monarch cries.

The storm impetuous bears us down the flood---

But heav'n, heav'n claims your sacrilegious blood!

Thou too, rash Turnus, shalt thy part sustain,

And late, too late, implore the gods in vain!

Safe to the port am I already come,

And all your king can lose, is but a tomb!

Then pensive he retir'd, and left to fate

The reins of empire, and the cares of state.

A solemn custom in Hesperia reign'd,

Which long the potent Alban lords maintain'd,

And Rome still holds, when, terrible in might,
 The world's great empress sends her sons to fight.
 Whether the chain for Dacia they prepare,
 Or wage th' Hyrcanian, or Arabian war, 770
 Or their victorious arms on India turn,
 And spread her eagles to the rising morn;
 Or urge proud Parthia's long-expected doom,
 And bring in pomp our ravish'd ensigns home.—
 Two massy solid gates have ever stood, 775
 For ages sacred to the * Thracian god.
 Old, double Janus guards the dreadful doors;
 Grim war within, his mighty captive, roars.
 On many a pond'rous hinge the gates are hung;
 With brazen bars impenetrably strong. 780
 Soon as the fathers of the state proclaim,
 The fight must vindicate the Roman fame;
 Strait, at their high decree, the consul, drest
 In the rich sacred robe and Gabine vest,
 While the loud trumpets sound a martial strain, 785
 (In pomp attended by the valiant train,)
 Throws wide the gates; and through the nations far
 Lets loose the boundless furies of the war.
 So now the madding Latian crowds implore
 Their monarch, to unfold the sacred door, 790
 But from the fatal office he withdrew,
 Abhor'd the province, and retir'd from view.
 Then heav'n's dread empress, while the prince delay'd,
 Shot down, and both the bursting gates display'd:

* Mars.

The

The bolts fly back, with every brazen bar ; 79;
And, like a storm, broke forth th' imprison'd war.

Till now unmov'd by discord and alarms,
Ausonia burns, and calls her sons to arms.
Some to the furious fight on foot proceed ;
Some vault impetuous on the bounding steed, 800
Some whet the blunted pole-axe for the field,
Brighten the spear and long-neglected shield ;
With transport hear the trumpet's clangors rise,
And view the banners streaming in the skies.
Ardea, proud Tybur, Crustumium's pow'rs, 805
Atina strong, and high Antemnæ's tow'rs,
Five potent cities, all their sons employ,
To forge new arms against the troops of Troy.
For greaves the ductile silver they extend,
And for the shield the pliant fallow bend : 810
The guiltless arms the rural trade affords,
Scythes, plough-shares, hooks, are streighten'd into swords.
And in the glowing forges they restore
The blunted fanchions which their fathers wore.
And now the sprightly trumpets sound from far ; 815
The word flies round ; the signal of the war.
Some snatch the polish'd helm with eager speed ;
Some to the yoke compel the snorting steed.
Brace on the golden cuirass, seize the shield ;
And, with the glitt'ring sword, rush furious to the field.
Ye muses ! now unlock your sacred spring ; 821
Inspire your bard, and teach him how to sing
What mighty heroes led the martial train,
And what embattled armies spread the plain :

The Latian chiefs, ye goddesses! declare, 825
 And the dire progress of the wasteful war;
 You know, and can record the pow'rs who came,
 Which we learn only from the voice of fame.

Mezentius first, who scorn'd th' immortal pow'rs,
 Conducts his armies from the Tuscan shores. 830

Him follow'd Lausus, flush'd with youthful fire,
 A son, whose shining virtues might require }
 A happier throne, and far a better fire!

He tam'd the steed, and urg'd the generous chace,
 And none but Turnus match'd his blooming face: 835
 He led from fair Agylla to the plain
 A thousand warriors, but he led in vain!

Great Aventinus, great Alcides' son,
 Wore the proud trophy that his father won:
 A hundred serpents round his buckler roll'd, 840
 And Hydra hiss'd from all her heads, in gold.
 Fresh wreaths of palm his lofty chariot crown'd,
 And fierce he lash'd his fiery coursers round.

When great Alcides from Geryon slain
 Return'd triumphant to the Latian plain; 845
 And the brave victor, safe in these abodes,

Cool'd his Hesperian herds in Tyber's floods;
 He won in shades the beauteous Rhea's grace,
 And this bold hero crown'd his strong embrace,
 Born in mount Aventine's sequester'd wood; 850
 The mortal mother mingling with the god.

His valiant troops long Sabine javelins bear,
 And arm'd with steely piles, provoke the war.

He

He stalk'd before his host ; and wide dispread,
 A lion's teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head :
 Then fought the palace in this strange attire,
 And look'd as stern and dreadful as his fire.

855

From Tibur, Ceras and Catillus came,
 Tibur, the town that took their brother's name.
 Brave youths ! who led the martial Argive train, 860
 And rush'd the foremost to th' embattled plain.
 So two fierce centaurs of the cloud-born race,
 Rush furious down the frozen hills of Thrace ;
 The groves give way, the crackling woods resound,
 And trampled forests spread their ruins wide around. 865

Next mighty Cæculus to battle flies,
 Who bade the tow'rs of proud Præneste rise :
 Found on the hearth, amid the glowing fire ;
 The nations deem'd great Mulciber his fire.
 A host of warriors to the field he led, 870
 The hardy swains that fair Præneste bred,
 Or Gabii sent where Juno's temple rose ;
 The troops who dwell where chilling Anio flows.
 With those who drink old Amasenus' stream,
 Or from the walls of rich Anagnia came. 875
 Not all with arms are furnish'd for the war,
 Nor grasp the shield, nor whirl the rapid car.
 But most from slings a storm of bullets throw,
 And leaden deaths destroy the distant foe.

Some in their hands two pointed javelins bore, 880
 And spoils of wolves for glitt'ring helmets wore ;
 The left foot bare, they boldly rush to fight,
 But a tough hide, unseason'd, sheaths the right.

Next

Next Neptune's son, the brave Messapus came,
 Exempt from steel, and sacred from the flame. 885
 To long neglected wars he fir'd his train,
 And urg'd his troops to shine in arms again.
 From the Flavianian and Fescennian coast
 At his command advance th' embody'd host :
 With the Faliscan band, who purest justice boast. 890
 Those who on high Soracte's tow'rs reside,
 Or dwell by Ciminus' expanded tide,
 Or o'er the rough aspiring mountain rove,
 Or haunt divine Feronia's shady grove :
 All march, embattled in array, and sing 895
 The martial glories of their godlike king.
 So from the fishy floods, a snowy train
 Of swans embody'd wing th' aerial plain ;
 Stretch their long necks o'er Asius' crystal spring,
 And the responsive shores and echoing waters ring. 900
 Not one, who heard the loud confus'd alarms,
 Had thought this noisy train a host in arms,
 But some huge cloud of clamorous fowls, who soar
 Among the cliffs, and scream around the shore.
 Lo! next brave Clausus leads his troops along ; 905
 From the old Sabine race the warrior sprung :
 With a vast host, a shot himself, he came,
 The first great father of the Claudian name ;
 That spread through Latium, when, the line to grace,
 Rome shar'd her empire with the Sabine race. 910
 The ancient Cures march at his commands,
 And a large force from Amiternian lands,

With

With those who dwell where full Velinus runs,
 Or where Nomentum boasts her martial sons,
 Or old Eretum stretch'd her utmost bound, 915
 And rich Mutusca smiles, with olives crown'd;
 Or where steep Tetrica's rough rocks arise,
 Or proud Severus tow'rs amid the skies.
 Where, with fair Foruli Casperia stands,
 And clear Himella floats the fruitful lands, 920
 Where gentle Fabaris serenely glides,
 Whose streams augment imperial Tyber's tides:
 Where, near cold Nursia, beauteous Orta stood,
 And mournful Allia rolls her fatal flood.
 Thick shines with moving troops the blazing plain, 925
 Thick, as the billows on the stormy main;
 Thick as the ripen'd harvests are beheld,
 That nod and wave along the golden field.
 The bucklers ring, the clashing arms resound;
 Beneath their footsteps groans the trembling ground. 930
 Then Agamemnon's son, Helelus came,
 By birth a foe to all the Trojan name;
 He yok'd his fiery couriers to the car,
 And with a thousand soldiers rush'd to war,
 From where on mountains live th' Auruntian line, 935
 Where massic hills produce the generous wine;
 Warriors, who dwell along the roaring sea,
 Or from the walls of Cales took their way:
 With those who drink Vulturnus' shoaly flood,
 The rough Saticulan and Ofcan flood. 940
 Short, pointed javelins, fasten'd by a string,
 With fatal force the dext'rous artists fling:

Light shields of season'd hide aloft they bear,
 And, arm'd with bending swords, provoke the war.
 Nor thou, unsung, brave Oebalus! shalt pass, 945
 The nymph Sebethis' son, of Telo's race.
 While pleasing Capræa own'd his father's sway,
 And the Teleboan realms his nod obey;
 The son, far more ambitious, stretch'd his reign
 O'er those rich towns, where Sarno bathes the plain. 950
 Now to the fight he leads his warlike pow'rs
 From ancient Batulum, and Rufa's tow'rs,
 From where, her blooming fruits Abella crown,
 And old Celenna spreads her spacious down.
 These, like the rough Teutonic warriors, threw 955
 Huge spears with barbs, that wing'd with slaughter flew.
 Light casques of cork around their heads they wore,
 And brazen swords, and brazen bucklers bore.

Thee too, bold Ufens, to the dire alarms,
 Cold Nursia sent a chief renown'd in arms. 960
 Her fierce rough sons through forests bound away,
 And o'er wild mountains chace the panting prey.
 In arms the natives turn the frozen soil,
 Make war a sport, and fly upon the spoil.

Umbro, the brave Marrubian priest, was there, 965
 Sent by the Marfan monarch to the war.
 The smiling olive with her verdant boughs
 Shades his bright helmet, and adorns his brows.
 His charms, in peace the furious serpent keep,
 And lull th' envenom'd viper's race to sleep; 970
 His healing hand allay'd the raging pain;
 And at his touch the poisons fled again.

But yet he fail'd to cure, with all his art,
 The wound inflicted by the Trojan dart !
 Nor all his charms, nor potent herbs that grow 975
 On Marſian mountains, could prevent the blow !
 For thee, wide echoing ſigh'd th' Angitian woods ;
 For thee, in murmurs wept thy native floods !

Next, brave Hippolytus ! thy beauteous heir,
 The lovely Virbius mingled in the war. 980
 In the dark woods by fair Egeria bred,
 His troops the youth from old Aricia led :
 Where, on the ſhore, Diana's altar ſtood,
 (But now unſtain'd with offer'd human blood ;) 985
 For when Hippolytus, as records tell,
 By his fierce ſtep-dame's arts and vengeance fell,
 Chas'd by his father's curſes to the ſhore,
 The hapleſs youth the ſtartled courſers tore ;
 By Æſculapius' ſkill and Dian's care
 The chief reviv'd and breath'd ethereal air. 990
 But Jove incens'd, a mortal to ſurvey,
 From the Tartarean ſhades reſtor'd to day,
 Great Phœbus' ſon, the godlike artiſt, hurl'd,
 Transfixt with thunder, to the nether world :
 But Dian hid the youth in groves, and there 995
 Conſign'd her darling to Egeria's care.
 There, in the foreſts, with the ſacred dame
 He paſt his days, and Virbius was his name.
 For this, th' unhallow'd ſteed muſt ſtill remove
 From Dian's fane and conſecrated grove : 1000
 Since the mad horſes ſtartled as they flew,
 And on the ground their mangled maſter threw.

Yet

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. BOOK VII. 153

Yet his brave offspring drove the thund'ring car,
And lash'd his fiery coursers to the war.

Bold Turnus in the front, supremely tall, 1005

Sheath'd in refulgent arms, outshines them all ;

High on his helm a triple plume was rais'd,

And on his crest the dire chimæra blaz'd :

From her wide jaws the horrid fiend expires

A dreadful length of fires succeeding fires. 1010

When the loud voice of slaughter rends the skies,

And the full horrors of the battle rise,

She glows, she lightens, as the warrior turns ;

She flames with rage ; and the whole monster burns.

Chang'd to an heifer in the flowery field, 1015

The beauteous Iö charg'd the shining shield.

Here stood her * guard ; and there her † father roll'd

His swelling surges through the figur'd gold.

A cloud of foot succeeds ; a mighty train,

With spears, and shields ; and armies hide the plain. 1020

The pow'rs from Argive and Auruntian lands

Mix'd with the ancient bold Sicanian bands.

With painted shields the brave Labici came

And Sacran forces to the field of fame ;

With those who till Numicus' fair abodes, 1025

Or dwell where Tyber views his rising woods :

Or where the rough Rutulians turn the ground,

And the steep hills of Circe stretch around :

Where fair Feronia boasts her stately grove,

And Anxur glories in her guardian Jove: 1030

* Argus.

† Inachus, a river god.

Where stands the Pontine lake, and o'er the plain,
Cold Ufens' stream steals gently to the main,

Last with her martial troops, all sheath'd in brass,
Camilla came, a queen of Volscian race.

Nor were the web or loom the virgin's care, 1035
But arms and courfers, and the toils of war.

She led the rapid race, and left behind,
The flagging floods, and pinions of the wind:

Lightly she flies along the level plain,
Nor hurts the tender grass, nor bends the golden grain;

Or o'er the swelling surge suspended sweeps, 1041
And smoothly skims, unbath'd, along the deeps.

From the dispeopled towns and fields repair
Men, matrons, maids and youths, to view the fair:

The crowds all gaze with transport, to survey 1045
Loose in the winds, her purple garments play,

Her polish'd bow, her quiver's gaudy pride
With arrows stor'd, and glittering at her side:

Her shining javelin, wondering they behold,
And her fair tresses bound with clasps of gold. 1050

End of the Seventh Book.

V I R G I L ' s

Æ N E I D.

B O O K VIII.

M 3

A R G U M E N T.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes; Æneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander, and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Æneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK VIII.

NOW Turnus rous'd all Latium with alarms
 To mount the fiery steeds and fly to arms ;
 Fixt on Laurentum's tow'rs, sublime in air,
 His standard wav'd, the signal of the war :
 And the loud trumpets, heard from far, excite 5
 The generous youth, and call them to the fight.
 Confederate pow'rs conspire, the war to wage ;
 And the mad nations breathe revenge and rage.
 Their armies Ufens and Messapus guide,
 With proud Mezentius who the gods defy'd. 10
 From the suspended plough they drag the swains,
 And for the war dispeopled all the plains.
 To Arpi next sage Venulus they sped
 To beg the aid of royal Diomed ;
 And charge the hoary envoy to inform 15
 The martial monarch of the rising storm ;
 That Troy's proud navy rides in Tyber's floods ;
 Æneas here has fixt his vanquish'd gods ;
 And vaunts himself the prince, ordain'd by fate
 To sway the sceptre of th' Hesperian state ; 20
 The nations own his cause, his right proclaim,
 And Latium echoes with his growing fame ;

M 4

That

That best himself could judge, who knew the foe,
 From such a war what dread effects may flow;
 What is his mighty aim, his proud intent;
 And, should he conquer, what the dire event,
 Was left for him to weigh; whose state and throne,
 And fortunes, stood endanger'd like their own.

25

All this the Trojan chief beheld, oppress'd
 With cares that roll'd tumultuous in his breast.
 A thousand thoughts his wavering soul divide,
 That turns each way, and points to every side.
 So from a brazen vase the trembling stream
 Reflects the lunar, or the solar beam:
 Swift and elusive of the dazzled eyes,
 From wall to wall the dancing glory flies:
 Thence to the cieling shoot the glancing rays,
 And o'er the roof the quivering splendor plays.

30

35

'Twas night—and, weary with the toils of day,
 In soft repose the whole creation lay;
 And last the Trojan prince, oppress'd with care
 On the dire prospect of th' approaching war,
 Sunk, and in balmy slumbers clos'd his eyes;
 His couch the bank; his canopy the skies.
 When, slow-emerging through the poplar wood,
 Rose the majestic father of the flood,
 Tyber, the guardian god, in open view;
 A sea-green mantle round his shoulders flew;
 A wreath of reeds adorn'd his hoary head,
 And, to relieve his sorrows, thus he said:

40

45

50

O long-expected on our blest abodes,
 Great chief, the true descendant of the gods!

Whose

Whose conduct brings thy rescu'd Troy once more
 To rise immortal on our Latian shore;
 Proceed, and conquer, prince! nor yield to fear; 55
 Here lies thy fated home, thy Ilion here.

Go!—meet the threat'ning war; thy cares are vain,
 The gods relent, and heav'n grows mild again.
 Nor think, an airy vision of the night,
 A transient empty dream deludes thy sight. 60

Soon thou shalt view, beneath an oak reclin'd,
 A large white mother of the bristly kind,
 With her white numerous brood of thirty young,
 Who drain her udders as she lies along.

There, there, thy town, great hero, shall ascend, 65
 There all thy labours, all thy woes shall end.

Heav'n, by this sign, ordains thy royal son,
 When thirty years in full succession run,
 Shall build a city of distinguish'd fame,
 Which from this omen shall derive her name. 70

But to succeed, pursue what I advise;
 Go, make th' Arcadian tribes thy firm allies.
 The race, that own'd of old great Pallas' sway,
 Hither beneath Evander bent their way;

Then rais'd their walls on the tall mountain's crown; 75
 And Pallas' name adorn'd the rising town.

But soon the Latian race in arms appear;
 And with the strangers wage a dreadful war.
 Go, join their forces, and their aid implore,
 And fear the gath'ring hostile train no more. 80

Rise, son of Venus, rise, employ thy oars;
 Our self will guide thee to the friendly shores.

Soon

Soon as the day shall dawn, thy gifts prepare,
 And vanquish heav'n's revengeful queen with pray'r.
 Crown'd with success, and all thy foes o'er-aw'd, 85
 Discharge to me the honours of a god,
 To me the sire of this immortal flood :

For know, old Tyber stands before thine eyes,
 Ador'd on earth, and reverenc'd in the skies.
 I lead, in peaceful pomp, my humid train 90
 Along these banks, and bathe the fruitful plain :
 And on our sides a city shall be seen ;
 Our glorious feat ; the world's majestic queen !

The god then plung'd beneath his oozy bed ;
 And with the night the hero's slumber fled. 95
 He rose, and strait his joyful eyes survey
 The purple splendors of the dawning day ;
 Then water in his palm devoutly took,
 Rais'd to the skies, and thus with transport spoke :

Ye nymphs, Laurentian nymphs ! from whose supplies
 And watery stores the swelling rivers rise ; 101
 And thou, old Tyber ! my propitious guide,
 Receive Æneas on thy sacred tide ;
 From every ill defend him, as he goes,
 And look with pity on his endless woes. 105
 Then from whatever source thy streams survey
 The golden light, and murmuring spring to day ;
 O thou, the greatest of the wat'ry gods,
 Majestic prince of all th' Hesperian floods !
 Still to thy name due honours will I pay, 110
 And gifts unceasing on thy altars lay.

But oh ! be present with thy aid divine,
Display, and then confirm the promis'd sign.

He said, then arm'd his Trojans, and supply'd
Two barks with oars, to stem the yellow tide. 115

When lo ! the promis'd omen was display'd ;
The large white dam lay stretch'd along the shade,
With all her snowy young, in open view ;
Whom, with her brood, the prince to Juno slew.
Now while the ships with equal strokes they row'd, 120
All night old Tyber calm'd his swelling flood.

The slumbering streams no mingling murmurs make,
Smooth, as the glassy level of the lake.
With joyful shouts the fable gallies glide,
Easy and light, along the floating tide. 125

Surpris'd, the forests and the floods beheld
Bright arms and vessels on the wat'ry field.
All night, all day, they ply their busy oars
Along the mazes of the winding shores,
And gently move beneath the waving scene 130
Of groves, that paint the checquer'd floods with green.

Now had the sun's bright courfers whirl'd on high
His fiery chariot to the mid-day sky :
When lo ! the distant tow'rs the train descries ;
And walls and intermingled houses rise ; 135

Evander's homely state—where now appears
Immortal Rome, advanc'd above the stars !

Thither they turn the prow without delay,
And to the city bend their eager way.

Before the town, within the gloomy woods, 140
To great Alcides and the favouring gods,

It chanc'd, that day, th' Arcadian monarch paid
 A solemn offering in the secret shade.
 Pallas his son, the rural senate round,
 And the chief youths the flaming altars crown'd: 145
 With fuming incense in their hands they stood,
 And the red pavement blush'd with sacred blood.

Soon as they saw the ships in silence move,
 And shine between the openings of the grove;
 A sudden dread strikes cold through every breast; 150
 They start, they rise, and leave th' unfinish'd feast.
 But Pallas bids the guests the rite pursue,
 Then snatch'd a javelin, and impetuous flew—
 Resolve me, stranger, (from a point he calls)
 Who, whence you are, and why approach our walls? 155
 What urg'd your voyage to these shores, declare?
 Speak, speak your business—bring you peace or war?

High on the stern the Trojan hero stands,
 And held a branch of olive in his hands.
 Behold, he cries, the far-fam'd sons of Troy; 160
 These swords against the Latians we employ;
 The perjur'd Latians; whose unjust alarms
 Force us to fly to great Evander's arms.
 Go, tell your king, the Dardan chiefs appear,
 And beg his potent succour in the war. 165

Whoe'er thou art, approach, he cries with joy,
 (All fir'd to hear the glorious name of Troy;)
 To my great father be thy suit address,
 And grace our mansions as a friend and guest.
 With that he gave the Dardan prince his hand, 170
 And led the godlike hero from the strand:

Then

Then to the sacred grove their way they took;

And thus the Trojan to the monarch spoke:

Best of the Greeks! to whom devoid of fear,
Constrain'd by fate, these types of peace I bear. 175

Though from Arcadia's hostile bounds you came,

Ally'd to both the kings of Atreus' name,

Yet hither did thy fame my steps incline,

My own fixt choice, heav'n's oracles divine;

And the mixt glories of our kindred line. 180 }

For know we both from mighty Atlas trace,

Who props th' ethereal spheres, our ancient race.

Our father Dardanus, a glorious name,

From his fam'd daughter, fair Electra, came.

His beauteous Maia, on Cyllene's height, 185

Disclos'd your fire, great Mercury, to light.

Thus from that common source divided run

Our sacred lines, as first they met in one.

Rais'd by these hopes all caution I disown,

And sent no envoys to address thy throne, 190 }

But came unguarded, fearless, and alone.

Our Daunian foes, with equal rage, destroy

Your suff'ring subjects and the sons of Troy;

And hope, if they expel the Dardan train,

From sea to sea to propagate their reign. 195

Then in a league let either nation join,

For know, our Trojans are a martial line,

Valiant and bold, and season'd to alarms,

True to their leagues, and exercis'd in arms!

Thus he — the monarch roll'd his eager eyes 200

O'er his majestic form, and thus replies:

On

On all thy features how I dwell with joy :
 Welcome, thrice welcome, glorious prince of Troy !
 How in thy face, my ancient friend I see !
 Anchises looks, and lives, and speaks in thee ! 205
 Well I recall great Priam's stately port,
 Whence once he fought his * royal sister's court
 On Salaminian shores, with all his train ;
 And took his way through our Arcadian plain.
 Then, but a youth, I gaz'd the strangers o'er, 210
 And much admir'd the chiefs, their monarch more ;
 But most Anchises ; for, supremely tall,
 Thy graceful godlike sire outshin'd them all.
 Eager I long'd in friendship's sacred bands
 To hold the chief, and join our plighted hands, 215
 Led him to Pheneus' ancient walls, carest
 Th' illustrious prince, and claim'd him for my guest.
 On me, at parting, generous he bestow'd
 Two golden bridles, that refulgent glow'd,
 (A glorious present by my son possess'd,) 220
 With a rich quiver and embroider'd vest.
 The peace you ask, we give ; our friendship plight,
 And, soon as morn reveals the purple light,
 With our confederate troops, a martial train,
 Safe I'll dismiss thee from these walls again. 225
 Now, since as friends you honour our abode,
 Assist, and pay due offerings to the god.
 With us pursue the solemn annual feasts,
 And from this hour commence our constant guests.

* Hecione.

He

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. BOOK VIII. 175

He said; the bowls replac'd in open view, 230
 The joyful train the holy rites renew;
 The hoary king dispos'd his guests around,
 And plac'd the Trojans on the verdant ground.
 But for their prince an ample couch was spread;
 A lion's spoils adorn'd the rural bed. 235
 Now brought the chosen youths and priests again
 The sacred banquet to the stranger train;
 Dispens'd from canisters the bread around,
 And with the foaming wine the goblets crown'd:
 The Dardan prince and every Trojan guest, 240
 Reclin'd at ease, partake the solemn feast.
 But when the rage of craving hunger fled,
 Thus to the chief the hoary monarch said:
 'Tis not for nought we pay these rites divine
 To great Alcides' ever-honour'd shrine; 245
 Our worship springs from gratitude sincere,
 Not heady zeal, nor superstitious fear;
 Nor are our tribes by blind devotion aw'd;
 But, sav'd by Hercules, adore the god.
 For lo! in air yon hanging rock behold! 250
 See heaps on heaps, on ruins ruins roll'd!
 See yon huge cavern, yawning-wide around!
 Where still the shatter'd mountain spreads the ground.
 That spacious hold, grim Cacus once posselt,
 Tremendous fiend! half human, half a beast! 255
 Deep, deep as hell, the dismal dungeon lay,
 Dark and impervious to the beams of day.
 With copious slaughter smok'd the purple floor;
 Pale heads hung horrid on the lofty door,
 Dreadful to view! and dropp'd with crimson gore. 260 }
 The

The fiend from Vulcan sprung; and, like his fire,
 The mighty monster breath'd a storm of fire,
 So fierce he rag'd; till time at length bestow'd
 The presence, aid, and vengeance of a god.
 For now Alcides left the realms of Spain, 265
 Proud of the spoils of huge Geryon slain.
 To these fair shores the bellowing droves he led;
 Along the banks and flow'ry vales they fed.
 The fiend resolves to bear the prize away
 By fraud or force; and meditates the prey. 270
 Four beauteous heifers, four fair bulls he took,
 Inclos'd and lodg'd them in the gloomy rock;
 But by their tails the struggling prey he drew,
 And thought to puzzle the deluded view.
 The turning tracks, inverted, where they tread, 275
 Back from the monster's darksome cavern led.
 Mean time the mighty drove the hero leads
 To fresher pastures, and untrampled meads.
 The parting herds spread wide, and roar around;
 Fields, woods and hills, rebellow to the sound. 280
 When lo! a heifer heard her love complain,
 And roar'd responsive from the cave again;
 From vault to vault the sound in thunder flew,
 And the detected fraud appear'd in view.
 Alcides seiz'd his arms, inflam'd with ire, 285
 Rage in his looks, and all his soul on fire;
 Fierce in his hands the pon'drous club he shook,
 And, mad for vengeance, mounts th' aerial rock.
 Then, first appall'd, the monster we descry,
 Death in his cheek, and horror in his eye. 290

Swift as the wind, with terror wing'd, he fled,
 And in the gloomy cavern plung'd his head.
 The pond'rous rock, impenetrably strong,
 On solid hinges by his father hung,
 To guard the dreadful dungeon, down he drew: 295
 The shatter'd chains and bursting barriers flew.
 Scarce had the fiend let down th' enormous weight,
 When fierce the god came thund'ring to the gate.
 He gnash'd his teeth with rage, the passes try'd,
 And roll'd his eager eyes on every side; 300
 Now here, now there, a fiery glance he threw,
 And thrice, impetuous, round the mountain flew;
 Thrice strove to storm the massy gates in vain;
 And thrice, o'erspent, sat panting on the plain.
 A pointed rock behind the cavern stood, 305
 That to the left frown'd dreadful o'er the flood,
 Black, rough, and vast; a pile of wond'rous height,
 A solemn haunt for every bird of night.
 This, from the right, the god incumbent shook;
 Fierce from the solid base he heav'd the rock. 310
 Then push'd convulsive with a frightful peal,
 The smoking steep rolls thund'ring down the vale.
 To the loud din, earth, air and heav'n reply;
 The banks start wide; and back the surges fly.
 Expos'd to fight the monster's dungeon lay, 315
 And the huge cave flew open to the day.
 So, if the bolts of Jove should burst the ground,
 And opening earth disclose the vast profound,
 The solemn secrets of the dark abodes,
 Hell's dreadful regions, dreadful ev'n to gods; 320
 Vol. LIII. N Full

Full on the black abyfs the beams would play,
 And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day :
 As pale (his dungeon storm'd) with wild affright,
 Glares the dire fiend, surpris'd in open light.
 He roars aloud, while thund'ring from above, 325
 Full on the foe the furious hero drove.
 With every vengeful instrument in view,
 Whole trunks of trees and broken rocks he threw.
 Now round the cavern, in despair of flight,
 Th' enormous monster breathes a sudden night ; 330
 To blind or blast his mighty foe, expires
 Thick clouds of smoke, and all his father's fires.
 With that the vengeful god in fury grew,
 And headlong through the burning tempest flew.
 Fierce on the fiend, through stifling fumes he came, 335
 Through streams of smoke and deluges of flame ;
 There, while in vain he breath'd the fires around,
 His trembling prize the great Alcides found ;
 Limb lock'd in limb, from earth his feet he rends,
 And on the ground his monstrous bulk extends ; 340
 Strangled the struggling foe with matchless might,
 And from their caverns tore the balls of sight.
 Thus the huge fiend, exhausted, breathless, tir'd,
 Loud bellowing, in th' Herculean grasp expir'd.
 The god then burst the gates ; and open lie 345
 The den's vast depths, all naked to the sky.
 Th' expanded caves dismiss th' imprison'd prey,
 From the black darksome dungeon to the day.
 Forth by the feet the crowds the monster drew ;
 On his huge size they feast their eager view ; 350
 His

His shaggy limbs, his dreadful eyes admire,
And gaping throat, that breath'd infernal fire.

From that blest hour th' Arcadian tribes bestow'd
These solemn honours on their guardian god.

Potitius first, his gratitude to prove, 355

Ador'd Alcides in the shady grove ;

And, with the old Pinarian sacred line,

These altars rais'd, and paid the rites divine,

Rites, which our sons for ever shall maintain ;

And ever sacred shall the grove remain. 360

Come then, with us to great Alcides pray,

And crown your heads, and solemnize the day.

Invoke our common god with hymns divine,

And from the goblet pour the generous wine.

He said, and with the poplar's sacred boughs, 365

Like great Alcides, binds his hoary brows ;

Rais'd the crown'd goblet high, in open view :

With him, the guests the holy rite pursue,

And on the board the rich libation threw. }

Now from before the rising shades of night, 370

Roll'd down the steep of heav'n, the beamy light.

Clad in the fleecy spoils of sheep, proceed

The holy priests ; Potitius at their head.

With flaming brands and offerings, march the train,

And bid the hallow'd altars blaze again ; 375

With care the copious viands they dispose ;

And for their guests a second banquet rose.

The fires curl high ; the Saliî dance around

To sacred strains, with shady poplars crown'd.

The quires of old and young, in lofty lays, 380
 Resound great Hercules' immortal praise.
 How first, his infant hands the snakes o'erthrew,
 That Juno sent; and the dire monsters slew.
 What mighty cities next his arms destroy,
 Th' Oechalian walls, and stately tow'rs of Troy. 385
 The thousand labours of the hero's hands,
 Enjoin'd by proud Eurystheus' stern commands,
 And Jove's revengeful queen. Thy matchless might
 O'ercame the cloud-born Centaurs in the fight;
 Hylæus, Pholus sunk beneath thy feet, 390
 And the grim bull, whose rage dispeopled Crete.
 Beneath thy arm the Nemean monster fell;
 Thy arm with terror fill'd the realms of hell;
 Ev'n hell's grim porter shook with dire dismay,
 Shrunk back, and trembled o'er his mangled prey. 395
 No shapes of danger could thy soul affright;
 Nor huge Typhœus, towering to the fight,
 Nor Lerna's fiend thy courage could confound,
 With all her hundred heads, that hiss'd around.
 Hail mighty chief, advanc'd to heaven's abodes! 400
 Hail son of Jove; a god among the gods!
 Be present to the vows thy suppliants pay,
 And with a smile these grateful rites survey.
 Thus they—but Cacus' cavern crowns the strain,
 Where the grim monster breath'd his flames in vain.
 To the glad song, the vales, the woods rebound, 405
 The lofty hills reply, and echo to the sound.

The sacred rites complete, the numerous train
 Back to the city bend their course again.

Trembling

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. BOOK VIII. 181

Trembling with age, slow moves the monarch on, 410
Between the hero and his blooming son.

They pass with pleasure the remains of day
In various converse, that beguiles the way.
Around th' illustrious stranger darts his sight,
And views each place with wonder and delight: 415

Curious each ancient monument surveys,
And asks of every work of ancient days,
Half sunk in ruins, and by age o'ercome—
When thus, the founder of majestic Rome :

Know, mighty prince, these venerable woods, 420
Of old, were haunted by the silvan gods,

And savage tribes, a rugged race who took
Their birth primeval from the stubborn oak.

No laws, no manners form'd the barbarous race :
But wild, the natives rov'd from place to place ; 425

Untaught and rough, improvident of gain,
They heap'd no wealth, nor turn'd the fruitful plain.

Their food, the savage fruits the forests yield,
Or hunted game, the fortune of the field,

Till Saturn fled before victorious Jove, 430
Driv'n down and banish'd from the realms above.

He by just laws embody'd all the train,
Who roam'd the hills, and drew them to the plain ;

There fix'd ; and Latium call'd the new abode,
Whose friendly shores conceal'd the latent god. 435

These realms in peace the monarch long controll'd,
And blest the nations with an age of gold.

A second age succeeds, but darker far,
Dimm'd by the lust of gain, and rage of war.

Then the Sicanians and Ausonians came, 440
 And Saturn's realm alternate chang'd her name.
 Successive tyrants rul'd the Latian plain;
 Then stern, huge Tybris held his cruel reign.
 The mighty flood that bathes the fruitful coast,
 Receiv'd his name, and Albula was lost. 445
 I came the last, through stormy oceans driv'n
 From my own kingdom by the hand of heav'n.
 My mother goddess and Apollo bore
 My course at length to this auspicious shore.

This said, the prince the gate and altar shows, 450
 That to his parent, great Carmenta, rose;
 Whose voice foretold, the sons of 'Troy should crown
 With everlasting fame the rising town.
 Here, Pan, beneath the rocks thy temple stood;
 There, the renown'd asylum, in the wood. 455
 Now points the monarch, where by vengeful steel,
 His murder'd guest, poor, hapless Argus fell!
 Next, to the Capitol their course they hold,
 Then roof'd with reeds, but blazing now with gold.
 Ev'n then her awful sanctity appear'd; 460
 The swains the local majesty rever'd.
 All pale with sacred horror, they survey'd
 The solemn mountain and the reverend shade.
 Some god, the monarch said, some latent god
 Dwells in that gloom, and haunts the frowning wood. 465
 Oft our Arcadians deem, their wondering eyes
 Have seen great Jove, dread sovereign of the skies;
 High o'er their heads, the god his ægis held;
 And blacken'd heaven with clouds, and shook th'im-
 mortal shield!

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. BOOK VIII. 183

In ruins there, two mighty towns, behold, 470
Rais'd by our fires ; huge monuments of old !

Janus' and Saturn's name they proudly bore,
Their two great founders ! — but are now no more !

Thus they convert on works of ancient fame,
Till to the monarch's humble courts they came ; 475

There oxen stalk'd, where palaces are rais'd,
And bellowing herds in the proud Forum graz'd.

Lo ! said the good old king, this poor abode
Receiv'd great Hercules, the victor god !

Thou too, as nobly, raise thy soul above 480
All pomps, and emulate the seed of Jove.

With that the hero's hands the monarch prest,
And to the mansion led his godlike guest.

There on a bear's rough spoils his limbs he laid,
And swelling foliage heap'd the homely bed. 485

Now awful night her solemn darkness brings,
And stretches o'er the world her dusky wings ;

When Venus, (trembling at the dire alarms
Of hostile Latium, and her sons in arms,)

In those still moments, thus to Vulcan said, 490
Reclin'd and leaning on the golden bed ;

(Her thrilling words her melting consort move,
And every accent fans the flames of love ;)

When cruel Greece and unrelenting fate
Conspir'd to sink in dust the Trojan state, 495

As Ilion's doom was seal'd, I ne'er implor'd,

In those long wars, the labours of my lord ;

Nor urg'd my dear, dear consort to impart,

For a lost empire, his immortal art ;

N 4

Though

Though Priam's royal offspring claim'd my care, 503
 Though much I sorrew'd for my godlike heir.
 Now as the chief, by Jove's supreme command,
 Has reach'd at length the destin'd Latian land;
 To thee, my guardian pow'r, for aid I run;
 A goddess begs; a mother for her son. 505
 Oh! guard the hero from these dire alarms,
 Forge, for the chief, impenetrable arms.
 See, what proud cities every hand employ,
 To arm new hosts against the sons of Troy;
 On me and all my people, from afar 510
 See what assembled nations pour to war!
 Yet not in vain her sorrows Thetis shed,
 Nor the fair partner of Tithonus' bed,
 When they implor'd my lord of old to grace
 With arms immortal an inferior race. 515
 Hear then, nor let thy queen in vain implore
 The gift, those goddesses obtain'd before.

This said; her arms, that match the winter snows,
 Around her unresolving lord she throws;
 When lo! more rapid than the lightning flies, 520
 That gilds with momentary beams the skies,
 The thrilling flames of love, without control,
 Flew through the footy god, and fir'd his soul.
 With conscious joy her conquest she descry'd;
 When, by her charms subdu'd, her lord reply'd: 525

Why all these reasons urg'd, my mind to move;
 When such your beauties, and so fierce my love!
 Long since, at your request, my ready care,
 In Troy's fam'd fields, had arm'd your son for war.

Nor

Nor did the high decrees of Jove and fate 530

Doom to so swift a fall the Dardan state;

But, ten years more, old Priam might enjoy

Th' imperial scepter, and the throne of Troy.

Yet, if our queen is bent the war to wage,

Her sacred cause shall all our art engage. 535

The noblest arms our potent skill can frame,

With breathing bellows or the forming flame,

Or polish'd steel, refulgent to behold,

Or mingled metals, damask'd o'er with gold,

Shall grace the chief: thy anxious fears give o'er, 540

And doubt thy interest in my love no more.

He spoke; and, fir'd with transport by her charms,

Clasp'd the fair goddess in his eager arms;

Then pleas'd, and panting on her bosom lay,

Sunk in repose, and all dissolv'd away! 545

But rose refresh'd, impatient from the bed,

When half the silent hours of night were fled:

What time the poor laborious frugal dame,

Who plies the distaff, stirs the dying flame;

Employs her handmaids by the winking light, 550

And lengthens out their task with half the night;

Thus to her children she divides the bread,

And guards the honours of her homely bed:

So to his task, before the dawn, retires

From soft repose the father of the fires. 555

Amid th' Hesperian and Sicilian flood

All black with smoke, a rocky island stood,

The dark Vulcanian land, the region of the god. }

Here

Here the grim cyclops ply, in vaults profound,
 The huge Æolian forge, that thunders round. 560
 Th' eternal anvils ring, the dungeon o'er;
 From side to side the fiery caverns roar.
 Loud groans the mass beneath their ponderous blows;
 Fierce burns the flame, and the full furnace glows.
 To this dark region, from the bright abode, 565
 With speed impetuous flew the fiery god.
 Th' alternate blows the brawny brethren deal;
 Thick burst the sparkles from the tortur'd steel.
 Huge strokes, rough Steropes and Brontes gave,
 And strong Pyracmon shook the gloomy cave. 570
 Before their sovereign came, the cyclops strove
 With eager speed, to forge a bolt for Jove,
 Such as by heaven's almighty lord are hurl'd,
 All charg'd with vengeance, on a guilty world.
 Beneath their hands, tremendous to survey! 575
 Half rough, half form'd, the dreadful engine lay:
 Three points of rain; three forks of hail conspire;
 Three arm'd with wind; and three were barb'd with fire.
 The mass they temper'd thick with livid rays,
 Fear, wrath and terror, and the lightning's blaze. 580
 With equal speed, a second train prepare
 The rapid chariot for the god of war;
 The thund'ring wheels and axles, that excite
 The madding nations to the rage of fight.
 Some, in a fringe, the burnish'd serpents roll'd 585
 Round the dread ægis, bright with scales of gold;
 The horrid ægis, great Minerva's shield,
 When, in her wrath, she takes the fatal field,

All charg'd with curling snakes the bos's they rais'd,
And the grim Gorgon's head tremendous blaz'd. 590
In agonizing pains the monster frown'd,
And roll'd, in death, her fiery eyes around.

Throw, throw your tasks aside, the sovereign said;
Arms for a godlike hero must be made.

Fly to the work before the dawn of day; 595
Your speed, your strength, and all your skill display!

Swift as the word, (his orders to pursue)
To the black labours of the forge they flew;
Vast heaps of steel in the deep furnace roll'd,
And bubbling streams of brass, and floods of melted gold.

The brethren first a glorious shield prepare, 601
Capacious of the whole Rutulian war,

Some, orb in orb, the blazing buckler frame;
Some with huge bellows rouse the roaring flame:
Some in the stream the hissing metals drown'd; 605 }
From vault to vault the thund'ring strokes rebound, }
And the deep caves rebellow to the sound.

Exact in time each ponderous hammer plays; }
In time their arms the giant brethren raise, }
And turn the glowing mass a thousand ways. 610 }

These cares employ the father of the fires:
Mean time Evander from his couch retires,
Call'd by the purple beams of morn away,
And tuneful birds, that hail'd the dawning day,
First the warm tunic round his limbs he threw; 615
Next on his feet the shining sandals drew.

Around his shoulders flow'd the panther's hide,
And the bright sword hung glittering at his side.

Two mighty dogs, domestic at his board,
 (A faithful guard) attend their aged lord. 620
 The promis'd aid revolving in his breast,
 The careful monarch fought his godlike guest,
 Who with Achates rose at dawn of day,
 And join'd the king and Pallas on the way.
 Their friendly hands exchang'd, their seats they took
 Amid the hall; and first Evander spoke; 626

Great prince, the guardian of the Trojan state!
 Who, safe in thee, defies the frowns of fate;
 Small is our force, and slender our relief;
 Far, far unworthy such a glorious chief. 630
 For here, old Tyber bounds our lands; and there
 The stern Rutulians gird our walls with war;
 Yet to our court kind fortune led thy way;
 And mighty aids the willing Fates display;
 By me whole nations, in thy cause ally'd, 635
 Whole hosts in arms shall gather to thy side.
 For near these walls, amid the Tuscan lands,
 Seated on rocks, proud Agyllina stands.
 Rais'd by the Lydian train, sublime in air,
 A martial race, and terrible in war, 640
 For ages flourish'd this distinguish'd town;
 Vast was her wealth, and glorious her renown;
 Till stern Mezentius made her sons obey
 His lawless arms, and arbitrary sway.
 What tongue can such barbarities record, 645
 Or count the slaughters of his ruthless sword?
 Give him, ye gods! if justice you regard,
 Give him, and all his race, the due reward!

'Twas

'Twas not enough, the good, the guiltless bled;
Still worse; he bound the living to the dead. 650

These, limb to limb, and face to face he join'd,
(Oh! monstrous crime of unexampled kind!)
Till choak'd with stench the ling'ring wretches lay,
And in the loath'd embraces dy'd away.

At length, their patience tir'd, his subjects rose, 655

Besiege the tyrant, and his walls inclose,

Subdue his guards, destroy his friends, and aim

Full at the regal towers the vengeful flame;

While for defence to Turnus he withdrew,

And safe, through all the cloud of slaughter, flew. 660

But arm'd by just revenge, the Tuscan band

To death the royal fugitive demand.

At once Etruria fires her martial train,

And all her sons embattled spread the plain,

By me dispos'd, shall march these mighty hosts 665

Beneath thy conduct, from their native coasts,

For now, ev'n now their fleets have reach'd the land,

And the tall ships are rang'd along the strand;

They wait the signal, for the fight prepare;

But thus a sage retards the moving war; 670

"Ye chosen martial train, the glorious grace

"And flower of all our old Mæonian race.

"Though, by just rage inspir'd, your hosts are led

"To pour full vengeance on your tyrants' head,

"No Latian chief these armies must command; 675

"Chuse some brave general from a foreign land."

With that, their forces stop'd in these abodes,

Struck with this awful warning of the gods.

To

To me, their chief bold Tarchon sent, before,
 The crown, and every type of regal pow'r; 680
 Me they request to lead their armies on,
 Accept the sway, and fill the vacant throne.
 But for these silver hairs 'tis far too late
 To mix in battles, or the cares of state;
 Vain were the thoughts, so great a war to wage; 685
 Too rough the task for unperforming age;
 My son had led them, but his race withstood;
 Born half a native by the mother's blood.
 But thou, great prince, whose years and godlike line
 Stand well approv'd by every pow'r divine, 690
 Go thou; the high imperial task sustain;
 Go; to sure conquest lead the vengeful train:
 And let my Pallas by thy side engage,
 Pallas, the joy of my declining age.
 Beneath so great a master's forming care, 695
 Let the dear youth learn every work of war;
 In every field thy matchless toils admire,
 And emulate thy deeds, and catch the glorious fire!
 Beneath his standard rang'd, a chosen force
 I send, two hundred brave Arcadian horse; 700
 And, to support the gathering war, my son
 Shall lead an equal squadron of his own.

He said; the prince and friend, in cares profound,
 Long fixt their eyes with anguish on the ground,
 Sad, and dejected at the short supply; 705
 'Till Venus gave a signal from the sky;
 Swift from the opening heavens, with awful sound,
 A sudden splendor broke, and blaz'd around.

A rolling general din they heard from far ;
 And the loud Tyrrhene trumpets rend the air. 710
 While thus, amaz'd, they gaze with wondering eyes,
 Peal after peal runs rattling round the skies.
 At last bright clashing arms the train behold,
 That flush the skies, and fringe the clouds with gold.
 But soon Æneas knew the loud alarms, 715
 The promis'd present of immortal arms.
 To me alone, my royal friend, he cries,
 This sign belongs, an omen from the skies.
 My mother promis'd these portents in air,
 On the first opening of the wasteful war ; 720
 To me she brings, through yon ethereal road,
 Those glorious arms, the labour of a god !
 Oh ! what a gathering storm of slaughter spreads
 On yonder hosts, and blackens o'er their heads !
 How shalt thou, Turnus, my full rage deplore ! 725
 How shall thy waves, old Tyber, smoke with gore,
 When all thy streams, incumber'd with the slain,
 Roll shields, and helms, and heroes to the main !
 Now let the perjur'd train their arms prepare ;
 Since 'tis their wish, I'll give a loose to war ! 730
 He said ; and from the sylvan throne retires ;
 Then on Alcides' altar wakes the fires.
 Glad he returns, the offering to renew,
 And to the household gods the victims flew.
 To the same rites return, with equal joy, 735
 The hoary monarch and the youths of Troy.
 Then to the ships he bends his course again,
 There culls the flower of all the warrior train,
 To

To wait him to the field; the rest he sends
 With the glad tidings to his son and friends.
 Smooth o'er the waves the painted vessels glide,
 And with the stream move gently down the tide.
 Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan train,
 And speed their progress to the Tuscan plain.
 But to their prince a courser was assign'd,
 Of matchless spirit and superior kind.
 The bounding steed a lion's spoils infold,
 With paws dependent, sheath'd in shining gold.

749

745

Strait through the city flies the loud report
 Of troops advancing to the Tuscan court.
 The shrieking matrons weary heav'n with pray'r;
 Near and more near they view, in wild despair,
 The horrid image of gigantic war.

750

The good old monarch then embrac'd his son,
 And with a flood of tender tears begun:

755

Oh! would almighty Jove once more renew
 That vigorous strength of youth, which once I knew;
 When, by this hand, beneath her rocky wall,
 Præneste saw her vanquish'd armies fall;
 When, victor of the field, and crown'd with fame,
 With piles of hostile shields, I fed the flame,
 And sent great Herilus, of matchless might,
 Their martial monarch, to the shades of night;
 On whom, descended from celestial blood,
 Three lives his goddess * mother had bestow'd.
 Wond'rous to tell! the warrior thrice was slain,
 As oft reviv'd, and arm'd, and fought again.

765

* Feronia.

Thrice,

Thrice, though renew'd for fight, the monarch bled,
And thrice, of all his arms I stripp'd the dead.

Such were I now—not all these dire alarms, 770

Dangers, or deaths, should tear me from thy arms :

Nor had Mezentius thus his slaughters spread,

Thus heap'd with wrongs thy father's aged head ;

Nor thus unpunish'd stretch'd his rage abhorr'd

O'er towns, dispeopled by his wasteful sword. 775

But hear, ye gods ! and heaven's great ruler, hear,

With due regard, a king's and father's pray'r !

My dear, dear Pallas, if the Fates ordain

Safe to return, and bless these eyes again :

With age, pain, sickness, this one blessing give ; 780

On this condition I'll endure to live.

But oh ! if fortune has decreed his doom,

Now, now, by death, prevent my woes to come ;

Now, while my hopes and fears uncertain flow ;

Now, ere she lifts her hand to strike the blow ; 785

While in these feeble arms I strain the boy,

My sole delight, my last surviving joy !

Ere the sad news of his untimely doom

Must bow this hoary head with sorrow to the tomb !

With these last words he swoon'd, and sunk away ; 790

His servants to the couch their breathless lord convey.

Now through the opening gates the warriors ride,

Æneas first, Achates by his side.

The Trojan chiefs succeed : amid the train

Young Pallas towers, conspicuous o'er the plain. 795

All bright his military purple flow'd ;

His polish'd arms with golden splendors glow'd.

So, bath'd in ocean, with a vivid ray
 Flames the refulgent star that leads the day :
 Wide through the sky, before the sacred light 800
 Break, and disperse the scattering shades of night.
 High on the battlements the mothers stand,
 And, from the towers, survey the martial band.
 Through the thick woods, embody'd in array,
 The glittering squadrons take the nearest way. 805
 Loud shouts arise ; the thundering courfers bound
 Through clouds of dust, and paw the trembling ground.
 A mighty grove, rever'd for ages stood
 Where Cære views with pride her rolling flood :
 Hills clad with fir, to guard the hallow'd bound, 810
 Rose in the majesty of darkness round.
 In times of old, the pious Argive train,
 The first possessors of the Latian plain,
 To the great * guardian of the fields, had made
 For ever sacred the devoted shade, 815
 And, on his solemn day, their annual offerings paid.
 Not far from hence the Tuscan host dispread
 Their mighty camp, with Tarchon at their head.
 From the tall towering point in full survey,
 Stretch'd o'er the vale, th' embattled army lay. 820
 Hither Æneas, with his band, succeeds ;
 The train refresh'd release the panting steeds.

Meantime his beauteous mother, from on high,
 Had brought the blazing present down the sky.
 By the cool stream the hero she survey'd 825
 Within the winding vale, and thus she said :

* Sylvanus.

Behold

Behold the promis'd arms; in every part
 By Vulcan labour'd with immortal art.
 Now dare thy foes, collected in thy might,
 Now call the haughty Turnus to the fight. 830
 Then the fair queen her joyful son embrac'd,
 And by an oak, the radiant burthen plac'd.
 The wondering chief with sudden rapture glow'd,
 Struck with the glorious labours of the god.
 Astonish'd at the blazing arms he stands, 835
 And, one by one, he pois'd 'em in his hands.
 The sword, with death all pointed, he admires,
 And the proud helm, that shoots a length of fires.
 The mighty corslet cast a vivid ray;
 With scales of brass and sanguine colours gay; 840
 And, like a flaming cloud, refulgent shone,
 Pierc'd with the glancing glories of the sun.
 The polish'd greaves his manly thighs infold,
 With mingled metals wrought and ductile gold.
 With joy the weighty spear the prince beheld; 845
 But most admir'd the huge mysterious shield;
 For there had Vulcan, skill'd in times to come,
 Display'd the triumphs of immortal Rome;
 There all the Julian line the god had wrought,
 And charg'd the gold with battles yet unfought. 850
 Here in a verdant cave's embow'ring shade,
 The fostering wolf and martial * twins were laid;
 Th' indulgent mother, half reclin'd along,
 While at her dugs the sportive infants hung, 854 }
 Look'd fondly back, and form'd 'em with her tongue.

* Romulus and Remus.

Next Rome appear'd ; here shriek the Sabine dames,
 Surpris'd, and ravish'd at her solemn games.
 In arms the Cures with their king appear,
 And wage with infant Rome a sudden war.
 At length agreed, from fight the monarchs cease, 860
 And at the shrine of Jove, conclude the peace.
 Each king beside the bleeding victim stands,
 With lifted eyes, a goblet in his hands.
 Here the mad courfers flew the forest o'er,
 And, limb from limb, the perjur'd Metius tore. 865
 As vengeful Tullus drags him through the wood,
 The sculptur'd trees are all bedrop'd with blood.

Here proud Porfenna, with his martial train,
 Bids Rome receive her banish'd king again.
 Her noble sons, surrounded with alarms, 870
 Fly, in the cause of liberty, to arms.
 While glorious Cocles all his host withstood,
 And Clœlia broke her chains, and swam the flood.
 With furious looks, tremendous to behold,
 The raging monarch frown'd, and storm'd in gold. 875

There, for the Capitol, brave Manlius strove,
 Fought like a god, and look'd a second Jove.
 There stood thy palace, Romulus, (decreed
 The seat of empire) roof'd with homely reed.
 Here fled the silver goose through courts of gold, 880
 And, cackling loud, th' approaching Gauls foretold.
 Through the thick forest move the hostile pow'rs,
 And, favour'd by the night, invade the tow'rs.
 Fair golden tresses grace the comely train,
 And every warrior wears a golden chain. 885

Embroider'd vests their snowy limbs infold ;
 And their rich robes are all adorn'd with gold.
 Two Alpine spears with martial pride they wield,
 And guard their bodies with an ample shield.
 The Saliî next in solemn garbs advance ; 890
 And naked here the mad Luperçi dance.
 The pledge of future empire from the sky,
 The sacred targe strikes dazzling on the eye.
 In stately cars the pious matrons rode,
 Who sav'd their country, and appeas'd the god. 895
 Far hence remov'd, appear the realms below,
 The horrid mansions of eternal woe ;
 Where howl the damn'd ; where Catiline in chains
 Roars from the dark abyfs, in endless pains ;
 Sees the grim furies all around him spread, 900
 And the black rock still trembling o'er his head.
 But in a separate space the just remain ;
 And awful Cato rules the godlike train.
 Full in the midst, majestically roll'd
 The solemn ocean wrought in figur'd gold : 905
 But hoary waves curl high on every side,
 And silver dolphins cut the sable tide.
 Amid the flood, two navies rose to fight
 With beaks of brass ; th' immortal Ætîan fight !
 All charg'd with war the boiling billows roll'd, 910
 And the vast ocean flam'd with arms of gold.
 Here leads divine Augustus, through the floods
 The sons of Rome, her fathers and her gods :
 From his high stern the martial scene surveys, 914
 While streaming splendors round his temples blaze ;

His sparkling eyes a keener glory shed,
Than his great father's star, that glitters o'er his head.

Next, with kind gales, the care of every god,
Agrippa leads his squadron through the flood.
A naval crown adorns the warrior's brows, 920
And fierce he pours amid th' embattled foes.

There brings proud Antony his various bands,
From distant nations, and from barbarous lands.
Dispeopled Egypt fills the wat'ry plain,
And the whole Eastern world o'er spreads the main. 925
But O;—the curse of Rome, the shame of war,
His * Pharian consort follows in the rear!

Rush the fierce fleets to fight! beneath their cars
And clashing beaks, the foaming ocean roars!
All big with war the floating castles ride, 930
In bulk enormous, o'er the yielding tide;
The frothy surge like moving mountains sweep,
Or isles uprooted, rolling round the deep.
Spears, darts and flames fly furious o'er the main;
The fields of Neptune take a crimson stain. 935
The beauteous queen, amidst the dire alarms,
With her loud timbrels calls her hosts to arms,
Flies to the fight, nor sees the snakes, that wait
And hiss behind, dread ministers of fate!
Against great Neptune, in his strength array'd, 940
And beauteous Venus, and the blue-ey'd maid,
Engage the dog Anubis, on the floods,
And the lewd herd of Egypt's monster gods,

* Cleopatra.

In

In polish'd steel, conspicuous from afar,
Amid the tumult forms the god of war. 945

Her robes all rent, with many an ample stride,
Grim Discord stalk'd, triumphant o'er the tide.

Next, with her bloody scourge Bellona flies,
And leads, in fatal pomp, the furies of the skies.

Mean time, enthron'd on Actium's towering height,
The god of day surveys the raging fight, 951

And bends his twanging bow. With sudden dread,

At the dire signal, all Arabia fled:

At once retire, in wild confusion hurl'd,

Egypt, and all th' assembled Eastern world. 955

Amid the slaughters of the fight was seen,

Pale with the fears of death, the Pharian queen;

Aghast, she calls the kind propitious gales

To speed her flight; and spreads her silken sails.

The god display'd her figure, full in view, 960

As o'er the floods with western winds she flew.

While sunk in grief, the mighty Nile bemoans

The shame and slaughter of his vanquish'd sons.

He saw the rout; his mantle he unroll'd,

Spread forth his robes, and open'd every fold, 965

Expanded wide his arms, with timely care,

And in his kind embrace receiv'd the flying war.

Now moves great Cæsar (all his foes o'ercome,)

With three proud triumphs through imperial Rome;

And pays immortal honours to the skies: 970

Behold at once three hundred temples rise!

The streets resound with shouts and solemn games;

And to the temples throng the Roman dames

With ardent pray'rs : high altars rise around ;
 And with the blood of victims smokes the ground. 975
 He sits enthron'd in Phœbus' Parian fane ;
 In ranks before him pass the vanquish'd train,
 While he accepts the gifts that crown his toils,
 And hangs on high the consecrated spoils.
 Before the victor move the mighty throngs, 980
 With different habits and discordant tongues.
 Here pass, distinguish'd by the god of fire,
 The sons of Afric in their loose attire ;
 The Carians march ; the bold Numidians ride ;
 The Gelons shine with quivers at their side. 985
 Here crowd the Dææ ; and the nations, there,
 From earth's last ends assembled to the war.
 Here with diminish'd pride Euphrates mourns ;
 There the maim'd Rhine bemoans his broken horns :
 And fierce Araxes, bridg'd of old in vain, 990
 Now bends, submissive, to the Roman chain.

Such was the glorious gift in every part
 By Vulcan finish'd with immortal art :
 (The forms unknown, that grac'd its ample field ;)
 The prince with joy surveys the stor'd shield ; 995
 Aloft he bears the triumphs yet to come,
 The fortunes of his race, the fates of mighty Rome.

End of the Eighth Book.

75
80
85
V I R G I L' s

Æ N E I D.

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90
95
A's
B O O K IX.

A R G U M E N T.

Turnus takes advantage of Æneas's absence, attempts to fire his ships (which are transformed into sea-nymphs) and assaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the last extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recal Æneas, which furnishes the poet with that admirable episode of their friendship, generosity, and conclusion of their adventures. In the morning, Turnus pushes the siege with vigour ; and, hearing that the Trojans had opened a gate, he runs thither, and breaks into the town with the enemies he pursues. The gates are immediately closed upon him ; and he fights his way through the town to the river Tyber. He is forced at last to leap, armed as he is, into the river, and swims to his camp.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK IX.

THUS while the prince collects auxiliar hosts,
 And leads new armies from the Tuscan coasts;
 Dispatch'd by heav'n's great empress from the skies,
 The goddess of the bow to Turnus flies;
 Where, cover'd with the shade, he made abode 5
 In his old grandfire's consecrated wood;
 There, as at ease reclin'd the godlike man,
 Her rosy lips she open'd, and began:

Turnus, this kind auspicious hour bestows
 What scarce a god could promise to thy vows: 10
 For lo! the Trojan chief has parted hence,
 And for new succours courts th' Arcadian prince.
 Thence to the Tuscan coasts his course he bends,
 And leaves expos'd his walls, his fleets, and friends.
 Now, while the Lydians in his cause unite, 15
 And the raw peasants gather to the fight;
 Call, call the fiery coursers, and the car;
 Fly—storm his camp—and give a loose to war.
 This said; with levell'd wings she mounts on high,
 And cuts a glorious rainbow in the sky. 20

He knew the fair; his lifted hands he spread,
 And with these words pursu'd her as she fled:

Bright

Bright beauteous goddess of the various bow,
 What pow'r dispatch'd thee to the world below?
 What splendors open to my dazzled eyes!
 What floods of glory burst from all the skies;
 And lo! the heav'ns divine, the planets roll!
 Thick shine the stars, and gild the glowing pole!
 Call'd by these omens to the field of blood,
 I follow to the war the great inspiring god!

25
30

Raptur'd he said, and fought the limpid tide,
 Where gurgling streams in silver currents glide;
 There cleans'd his hands, then raising high in air,
 To ev'ry god address his ardent pray'r.

And now, all gay and glorious to behold,
 Rich in embroider'd vests, and arms of gold,
 On sprightly prancing steeds, the martial train
 Spread wide their ranks o'er all th' embattled plain.
 The van with great Messapus at their head;
 The deep'ning rear the sons of Tyrrheus led.
 Brave Turnus flames in arms, supremely tall,
 Tow'rs in the center, and outshines them all.
 Silent they march beneath their godlike guide:
 So mighty Ganges leads, with awful pride,
 In sev'n large streams his swelling solemn tide:
 So Nile, compos'd within his banks again,
 Moves in slow pomp, majestic, to the main.

35
40
45

Troy saw from far the black'ning cloud arise:
 Then from the rampart's height Caius cries:
 See, see, my friends, yon dusky martial train,
 Involv'd in clouds, and sweeping o'er the plain.

50
To

To arms—The foes advance—Your swords prepare ;

Fly—Mount the ramparts, and repel the war.

With shouts they run ; they gather at the call ;

They close the gates ; they mount ; they guard the wall.

For so th' experienc'd prince had charg'd the host, 56

When late he parted for the Tuscan coast ;

Whate'er beset, their ardor to restrain,

Trust to their walls, nor tempt the open plain.

There, tho' with shame and wrath their bosoms glow, 60

Shut in their tow'rs, they wait th' embattled foe.

But mighty Turnus rode with rapid speed,

And furious spurr'd his dappled Thracian steed ;

Eager before the tardy squadrons flew

To reach the wall ; and soon appear'd in view 65

(With twice ten noble warriors close behind) ;

His crimson crest stream'd dreadful in the wind.

Who first, he cry'd, with me the foe will dare ?

Then hurl'd a dart, the signal of the war.

Loud shout his train ; deep wonder seiz'd them all, 70

To see the Trojans skulk behind their wall ;

Safe in their tow'rs their forces they bestow,

Nor take the field, nor meet th' approaching foe.

Now furious Turnus, thund'ring round the plain,

Tries every post and pass, but tries in vain. 75

As, beat by tempests, and by famine bold,

The prowling wolf attempts the nightly fold ;

Lodg'd in the guarded field beneath their dams,

Safe from the savage, bleat the tender lambs ;

The monster meditates the fleecy brood ; 80

Now howls with hunger, and now thirsts for blood ;

Round

Roams round the fences that the prize contain,
 And madly rages at the flock in vain :
 Thus, as th' embattled tow'rs the chief descries,
 Rage fires his soul, and flashes from his eyes : 85
 Nor entrance can he find, nor force the train
 From the close trench to combat on the plain.
 But to their fleet he bends his furious way,
 That, cover'd by the floods and ramparts, lay
 Beside the camp—He calls for burning brands, 90
 And rais'd a pine all-flaming in his hands.
 His great example the bold troop inspires ;
 They rob the hearths ; they hurl the missive fires ;
 The black'ning smokes in curling volumes rise,
 With hov'ring clouds of cinders, to the skies. 95
 O say, ye muses, what celestial pow'r
 Preserv'd the navy in that dreadful hour,
 And stopp'd the progress of the furious flame ?
 The tale is old, yet of immortal fame !
 The Trojan chief, prepar'd to stem the tide, 100
 Had built his fleet beneath the hills of Ide ;
 When thus to Jove, in heav'n's supreme abodes,
 Spoke the majestic mother of the gods ;
 Hear, and our first request, my son, accord,
 The first, since heav'n has own'd you for her lord. 105
 To our great name, and honour'd by our love,
 On lofty Ida tow'rs a stately grove ;
 Tall firs and maples there for years have stood,
 And waving pines, a venerable wood !
 To build his navy, I bestow'd with joy 110
 The hallow'd forest on the chief of Troy.

Now

Now anxious fears disturb my soul with care :
 But thou, my son, indulge a mother's pray'r :
 Bid seas and tempests spare the ships divine ;
 Be this their safety, that they once were mine. 115

Thus she—and thus replies her son, who rolls
 The golden planets round the spangled poles :
 What would our mother's rash request intend ?
 To turn the Fates from their determin'd end ?
 How ! an immortal state would you demand 120
 For vessels labour'd by a mortal hand ?
 And shall the chief in certain safety ride,
 O'er rocks, o'er gulfs, and o'er th' uncertain tide ?
 A pow'r so high we never yet bestow'd ;

No—'tis a pow'r too boundless for a god ! 125

But this we grant—when, all his labours o'er,
 The Trojan prince shall reach the Latian shore,
 Whatever ships the friendly strand shall gain,
 Sav'd from the storms, and the devouring main,
 Know, we will take the mortal form from these ; 130

Each ship shall launch, a goddess of the seas ;
 And with her sister Nereids shall divide
 The silver waves, and bound along the tide.

This said ; the lord of thunder seal'd the vow
 By his dread brother's awful streams below ; 135

By the black whirlpools of the Stygian flood ;

Then gave the sanction of th' imperial nod ;

The heav'ns all shook, and fled before the god. }

Now was the hour arriv'd, th' appointed date,

Fixt by the high eternal laws of fate ; 140

When

When the great mother of the thund'rer came
To guard her sacred vessels from the flame.

First from the glowing orient they descry
A blazing cloud that stretch'd from sky to sky;
The golden splendors doubly gild the day, 145
And high in air the tinkling cymbals play.
At length, with wonder, and religious fear,
A deep majestic voice the list'ning nations hear:

Forbear, forbear, ye sons of Troy; nor lend
Your needless aid, our vessels to defend. 150
The proud Rutulian shall, with greater ease,
Burn to their beds profound the wat'ry seas;
Launch you, my ships; be Nereids of the floods;
So wills the mighty mother of the gods!

Swift at the word, the sacred ships obey, 155
From their loose anchors break, and bound away;
Like sportive dolphins plunge beneath the main,
Then (wond'rous!) rise in female forms again.
So many nymphs launch swiftly from the shore,
As rode tall gallies in the port before. 160

The fierce Rutulians shook with wild affright,
Ev'n brave Meffapus trembled at the sight, [flight. }
Nor could he rule his steeds, nor check their rapid }
Old murm'ring Tyber shrunk with sudden dread,
And to his source the hoary father fled. 165

All, but the valiant Daunian hero, shook,
Who rais'd their drooping souls, while thus he spoke:
These omens threat our foes (O glorious day!):
Lo! Jove has snatch'd their last relief away!

Lo!

Lo! from our dreaded arms their ships retire, 170

And vanish swift before our vengeful fire;

To Troy, imprison'd in yon narrow coast,

The wat'ry half of all the globe is lost.

Their flight, the seas and hostile armies bar;

The land is ours; and Italy from far

175 }

Pours forth her sons, by nations, to the war.

Her favouring oracles let Ilion boast:

On Turnus all those empty vaunts are lost.

To 'scape the seas, and reach the Latian land,

Was all, their fates or Venus could demand.

180

My fates now take their turn; and 'tis in mine,

For my lost spouse, to crush the perjur'd line.

Like brave Atrides, I'll redeem the dame,

The same my cause, and my revenge the same.

Will Troy then venture on a rape once more,

185

Who paid so dearly for the crime before?

Sure they have long ago the thought declin'd,

Forsworn the sex, and curst the costly kind!

Fools! will they trust yon feeble wall and gate,

That slight partition betwixt them and fate,

190

Who not long since beheld their Troy renown'd,

Their god-built Troy, lie smoking on the ground!

Fly then, my friends, and let us force the foe;

Seize, storm the camp, and lay their ramparts low.

Nor want we, o'er these dastards to prevail,

195

Arms forg'd by Vulcan, and a thousand sail;

Though to support their desp'rate cause should join

Arcadia's sons with all the Tuscan line:

VOL. LIII.

P

Nor

Nor need the wretches fear, with vain affright,
The sacred thefts or murders of the night.

200

A robb'd palladium, and an ambush'd force
Lodg'd in the caverns of a monstrous horse.

A conquest in the dark my soul disclaims ;
No—let us gird by day their walls with flames.

Soon shall they find no Argive host appears,
Whom Hector baffled ten revolving years.

205

Now go, my valiant friends, and pass away
In due repast the small remains of day :

But rise, rise early with the dawning light,
Fresh from repose, and vig'rous for the fight.

210

Meantime it falls to great Messapus' care,
The ramparts to surround with fire and war.

Twice sev'n Rutulian leaders head the bands ;
An hundred spears each valiant chief commands :

Proudly they march, in gold and purple gay,
And crimson crests on every helmet play.

215

They watch, they rest by turns ; and, stretch'd supine
On the green carpet, quaff the gen'rous wine.

The fires gleam round, and shoot a ruddy light ;
In plays and pleasures, pass the jovial night.

220

This scene the Trojans from their trenches view ;
All seiz'd their arms, and to their ramparts flew ;

In wild affright to guard the gates they pour,
Join bridge to bridge with speed, and tow'r to tow'r.

Thus while th' endanger'd bulwarks they maintain, 225
Mnestheus and brave Sereftus fire the train.

(The prince had left to their experienc'd care,
If aught befel, the conduct of the war.)

Now

Now all the foldiers to their posts were flown,
And in their turns, successive, guard the town. 230

The valiant Nisus took his lot, to wait
Before the portal, and defend the gate.

From Ida's native woods the warrior came,
Skill'd with the dart to pierce the flying game :
With him Euryalus, who match'd in arms 235

Troy's bravest youths, and far excell'd in charms ;
So young, the springing down but just began

To shade his blooming cheeks, and promise man.
These boys in sacred friendship were ally'd,

And join'd in martial labours, side by side ; 240
In ev'ry danger, ev'ry glory shar'd ;

And both alike were planted on the guard.
Has heav'n (cry'd Nisus first) this warmth bestow'd ?

Heav'n ? or a thought that prompts me like a god ?
This glorious warmth, my friend, that breaks my rest ?

Some high exploit lies throbbing at my breast. 246
My glowing mind what gen'rous ardors raise,

And set my mounting spirits on a blaze !
See the loose discipline of yonder train ;

The lights, grown thin, scarce glimmer from the plain :
The guards in slumber and debauch are drown'd ; 251

And mark !—a gen'ral silence reigns around :
Then take my thought ; the people, fathers, all,

Join in one wish, our leader to recall.
Now, wou'd they give to thee the prize I claim, 255

(For I cou'd rest contented with the fame—)
An easy road, methinks, I can survey

Beneath yon summit to direct my way.

The brave Euryalus, with martial pride,
 Fir'd with the charms of glory, thus reply'd : 260
 And will my Nisus then his friend disclaim ?
 Deny'd his share of danger and of fame ?
 And can thy dear Euryalus expose
 Thy life, alone, unguarded to the foes ?
 Not so my father taught his gen'rous boy, 265
 Born, train'd and season'd in the wars of Troy.
 And, where the great Æneas led the way,
 I brav'd all dangers of the land and sea.
 Thou too canst witness that my worth is try'd ;
 We march'd, we fought, we conquer'd side by side. 270
 Like thine, this bosom glows with martial flame ;
 Burns with a scorn of life, and love of fame ;
 And thinks, if endless glory can be sought
 On such low terms, the prize is cheaply bought.
 Let no such jealous fears alarm thy breast : 275
 Thy worth and valour stand to all confest.
 But let the danger fall (he cries) on me :
 For this exploit, I durst not think on thee !
 No :—as I hope the blest ethereal train
 May bring me glorious to thy arms again ! 280
 But should the gods deny me to succeed,
 Should I—(which heav'n avert !) but should I bleed ;
 Live thou ;—in death some pleasure that will give ;
 Live for thy Nisus' sake ; I charge thee, live.
 Thy blooming youth a longer term demands ;— 285
 Live, to redeem my corse from hostile hands ;
 And decent to the silent grave commend
 The poor remains of him who was thy friend :

Or

Or raise at least, by kind remembrance led,
A vacant tomb in honour of the dead. 290

Why should I cause thy mother's soul to know
Such heart-felt pangs? Unutterable woe!

Thy dear fond mother, who, for love of thee,
Dar'd every danger of the land and sea!

She left Acestes' walls, and she alone, 295
To follow thee, her only, darling son!

In vain, he cry'd, my courage you restrain;
My soul's on fire, and you but plead in vain.

Haste—let us go—He said—and rais'd the guard;
By turns their vacant posts the centries shar'd. 300

With eager speed the gen'rous warriors went,
Inflam'd with glory, to the royal tent.

In silence hush'd the whole creation lay,
And lost in sleep the labours of the day.

Not so the chiefs of Ilion, who debate 305
In solemn council on th' endanger'd state;

Propp'd on their spears, their bucklers in their hand,
Amid the camp the hoary fathers stand,

And vote an instant message may be sent
To their great chief, their ruin to prevent. 310

The friends now beg admission of the court,
The business arduous, and of high import.

The prince commands them to inform the train,
And first bade Nisus speak, who thus began:

Attend, nor judge, ye venerable peers! 315
Our bold adventure by our tender years.

As yonder bands in sleep and wine are drown'd,
We, by kind chance, a secret path have found,

Close by the gate, that near the ocean lies;
 The fires are thinn'd, and clouds of smoke arise. 320
 If you permit, since fair occasion calls,
 Safe can we pierce to great Evander's walls.
 Soon shall our mighty chief appear again,
 Adorn'd with spoils, and striding o'er the slain,
 Lord of the field; nor can we miss the road, 325
 But know the various windings of the flood;
 For, as we hunt, we see the turrets rise,
 Peep o'er the vales, and dance before our eyes.

Then thus Alethes, an illustrious sage,
 Renown'd for wisdom, and rever'd for age: 330
 Ev'n yet, ye guardian gods, your pow'rs divine
 Will spare the relicks of the Trojan line,
 Since you the bosoms of our youths inspire
 With such high courage, such determin'd fire.
 Then in his arms the boys by turns he took 335
 With tears of joy; and panting, thus bespoke:
 Oh! what rewards, brave youths, can be decreed,
 What honours, equal to so great a deed?
 The best and fairest, all th' applauding sky,
 And your own conscious virtue, shall supply; 340
 The next, our great Æneas will bestow,
 And young Ascanius' riper years shall owe.
 Whatever boon such merit can receive,
 The friend, the monarch, and the man, will give.

And I, brave Nisus! crys the royal boy, 345
 Swear by the sacred guardian pow'rs of Troy,
 My hopes, my fortunes, are repos'd in you;
 Go then, your gen'rous enterprize pursue.

Oh!

Oh! to these longing eyes my fire restore ;
 From that blest hour my sorrows are no more. 350
 Two silver bowls, whose ample margins shine,
 All rais'd with costly sculpture, shall be thine ;
 The same my conqu'ring father brought away,
 When low in dust the fair Arisba lay :
 Two glitt'ring tripods, beauteous to behold, 355
 And two large talents of the purest gold :
 With these a goblet, which the queen of Tyre
 Bestow'd in Carthage on my royal fire.
 And, when these vanquish'd kingdoms are our own ;
 When my great father mounts the Latian throne ; 360
 When our victorious hosts by lot shall share
 The rich rewards, and glorious spoils, of war ;
 What late thou saw'st when Turnus took the field,
 His prancing courser, helm, and golden shield ;
 That courser, shield, and helm, of skill divine, 365
 Exempt from lot, brave Nisus, shall be thine.
 My fire will give twelve captives with their arms ;
 Yet more—twelve females of distinguish'd charms ;
 And, to complete the whole, the wide domain
 Of the great Latian lord, a boundless plain. 370
 But thee, dear youth, not yet to manhood grown,
 Whose years but just advance before my own,
 No fortune henceforth from my soul shall part,
 Still at my side, and ever at my heart,
 My dangers, glories, counsels, thoughts, to share ; 375
 My friend in peace, my brother in the war !
 All, all my life, replies the youth, shall aim,
 Like this one hour, at everlasting fame.

Though fortune only our attempt can bless,
 Yet still my courage shall deserve success. 380
 But one reward I ask, before I go,
 The greatest I can ask, or you bestow.
 My mother, tender, pious, fond, and good,
 Sprung, like thy own, from Priam's royal blood;
 Such was her love, she left her native Troy, 385
 And fair Trinacria, for her darling boy;
 And such is mine, that I must keep unknown
 From her, the danger of so dear a son:
 To spare her anguish, lo! I quit the place
 Without one parting kiss, one last embrace! 390
 By night, and that respected hand, I swear,
 Her melting tears are more than I can bear!
 For her, good prince, your pity I implore;
 Support her, childless; and relieve her, poor;
 Oh! let her, let her find (when I am gone), 395
 In you, a friend, a guardian, and a son!
 With that dear hope, embolden'd shall I go,
 Brave ev'ry danger, and defy the foe.

Charm'd with his virtue, all the Trojan peers,
 But more than all, Ascanius melts in tears, 400
 To see the sorrows of a duteous son,
 And filial love, a love so like his own.
 I promise all, heroic youth! he said,
 That to such matchless valour can be paid;
 To me, thy mother still shall be the same 405
 Creüsa was, and only want the name.
 Let fortune good or ill success decree;
 'Tis merit, sure, to bear a son like thee!

Now

Now by my head, my father's oath, I vow,
 Whate'er rewards I purpose to bestow, 410
 When safe return'd, on thee, the same shall grace
 Thy mother, and thy whole surviving race.

So spoke the prince; and, weeping at the word,
 Gave to the pious youth his costly sword:
 The sword with wond'rous art Lycaon made; 415
 An ivory scabbard sheath'd the shining blade.
 To Nisus, Mnestheus gave a lion's hide;
 And a new helm Alethes' care supply'd.
 Thus arm'd, they quit the tent; th' assembly waits,
 With high applause, their progress to the gates. 420
 Mature in wisdom, far above his years,
 The fair Iulus in the train appears,
 And sends his father many an ardent pray'r;
 All lost in wind, and scatter'd wide in air!

Now, favour'd by the shade, the warriors go, 425
 Pass the deep trenches, and invade the foe.
 But, ere their dang'rous enterprize is o'er,
 With what large slaughter shall they bathe the shore!
 All drench'd in wine and sleep, lie stretch'd around,
 The careless soldiers on the verdant ground, 430
 Amid a pile of traces, wheels and reins,
 And empty cars, incumbring all the plains.
 Here lie the scatter'd arms; the goblets there;
 A mad confusion of debauch and war.

Now, now, cries Nisus first, thy courage call; 435
 The place, the hour, my friend, demands it all.
 Here lies our road: while I the passage find,
 Stay thou, and cautious watch the foe behind.

From

From side to side, whole squadrons will I slay,
Thro' death and horrors op'ning wide thy way. 440

With that, the youth in silence drew his sword,
And stabb'd proud Rhamnes, a distinguish'd lord;
In ev'ry deep prophetic art approv'd,
A king and augur, and by Turnus lov'd.

On the rich couch in slumbers deep he lay, 445
And, labouring, slept the full debauch away.
The fate of others he had still foreshewn,
But fail'd, unhappy! to prevent his own.

Then on the 'squire of Remus fierce he flew,
And, as they slept, his three attendants flew. 450

The driver next; and cut his neck in twain,
As, midst the steeds, he slumber'd on the plain;
Last on their lord employ'd the deadly steel;
Swift flew the head; and mutter'd as it fell.

The purple blood distains the couch around; 455
The welt'ring trunk lies beating on the ground.

Next Lamyus and Lamus meet their doom:

Serranus last, in all his sprightly bloom:

By the large draught o'erpow'r'd, outstretch'd he lay, }
Full half the night already spent in play; 460 }
Far happier had it been, if lengthen'd to the day. }

Thus o'er th' unguarded fence by hunger bold,
Springs the grim lion, and invades the fold.

All dreadful, growling in the midnight hours,
The trembling flock he murders and devours; 465

While wrapt in silence lies the fleecy brood,
The savage rages in a foam of blood.

Nor with less rage Euryalus employ'd
 The deadly sword ; but nameless crowds destroy'd.
 Hebeſus, Fadus, as they ſlept, he gear'd ; 470
 But wakeful Rhæſus ſaw the ſlaught'ring ſword :
 Behind a goblet he retir'd in vain ;
 For as the foe, detected, roſe again,
 The furious youth, with all his force impreſt,
 Plung'd the whole ſword, deep-bury'd in his breaſt ; 475
 With blended wine and blood, the ground was dy'd ;
 The purple ſoul came floating in the tide.

So vents the youth his vengeance on his foes,
 And ſcatters death and ſlaughter as he goes.
 Now when to brave Meſſapus' tents they came, 480
 The fires juſt glimmer'd with a quiv'ring flame.
 The train lie ſcatter'd, while the ſteeds, unbound,
 Expatiate wide, and graze the verdant ground.
 Then Niſus warn'd him ; for he ſaw the boy
 Too fierce for blood, too eager to deſtroy ; 485
 Enough of death—our ſwords have hew'd the way—
 We ſtand detected by the dawning day.

They part ; and leave, in piles confus'dly roll'd,
 Bright arms, embroider'd robes, and bowls of gold.
 But yet the fond Euryalus would ſtay, 490
 Reſolv'd to ſeize one rich diſtinguiſh'd prey ;
 The ſhining trappings Rhamneſ' courſers bore,
 And the broad golden belt the monarch wore,
 Of old, to Remulus was ſent the prize
 By Cædicus, the pledge of ſocial ties ; 495
 Which with his grandſon at his death remain'd,
 And laſt by war the fierce Rutulians gain'd.

This

This belt he bore, exulting, from the plain,
 And in gay triumph wore, but wore in vain !
 Next, with Messapus' helm, his brows he spread, 500
 Adorn'd with plumes, that nodded o'er his head.
 Then, flush'd with slaughter and the glorious prey,
 They quit the camp, and seek a safer way.

Meantime, the Daunian hero to support,
 Advanc'd a legion from the Latian court; 505
 Three hundred horse, while slow the foot succeed,
 Fly swift before, with Volscens at their head.
 Now to the camp the warriors bend their way,
 And, on the left, the hapless youths survey.
 Euryalus' bright helm the pair betray'd, 510
 On which the moon in all her glory play'd.

'Tis not for nought, those youths appear ; declare
 (Cries the stern gen'ral) who, and whence you are ; }
 And whither bound ; and wherefore arm'd for war ? }
 Nought they reply, but took their sudden flight 515
 To the thick forests, and the shades of night.
 But the fierce warriors spurr'd their steeds, and stood
 All round, to guard the op'nings of the wood.
 O'ergrown and wild, the darksome forest lay,
 And trees and brakes perplex'd the winding way. 520
 Hither, incumber'd with his gaudy prize,
 Distress'd Euryalus for shelter flies ; }
 But miss'd the turnings, in his wild surprize. }
 Not so, swift Nisus, who the foes declin'd,
 Nor knew th' endanger'd boy was left behind ; 525
 Beyond the once-fam'd Alban fields he fled,
 Where the fleet courfers of Latinus fed.

There

There stood the mournful youth; and from the plain,
Cast a long look, to find his friend, in vain!

Where is Euryalus, my only joy? 530

Where shall I find (he cry'd) the hapless boy?

Then he retrac'd his former steps, and trod,

Once more, the winding mazes of the wood,

The trampling steeds and warriors pour behind,

And the loud cries come thick in ev'ry wind. 535

Here, while he paus'd, a general shout he heard;

And lo! his lov'd Euryalus appear'd,

Surrounded by the foe: the gloomy night,

And pathless thickets, intercept his flight.

With joyful clamours croud the gath'ring train 540

Around the captive, who resists in vain.

What can his friend attempt, what means employ,

What arms, what succours, to redeem the boy?

Or through th' embattled squadrons shall he fly,

And, prest by hostile numbers, nobly die? 545

Then on the moon he cast a mournful look,

And in his hand the pointed jav'lin shook;

Great guardian goddess of the woods! (he cries)

Pride of the stars, and empress of the skies!

If e'er with gifts my father hung thy shrine 550

For his dear son, and fought thy pow'r divine,

Or I increas'd them with my sylvan toils,

And grac'd thy sacred roof with savage spoils;

Direct my lance, nor let it fly in vain,

But, wing'd with death, disperse the hostile train. 555

This said; with all his strength the spear he threw;

Swift through the parting shade the weapon flew.

In

In Sulmo's back the point all-quiv'ring stood,
 And pierc'd his heart, but left the broken wood.
 He pour'd a purple flood, as prone he lay; 560
 While in thick sobs he gasp'd his soul away.
 The crouds gaze round; when lo! a second flies,
 Fierce as the first, and sings along the skies.
 Through Tagus' temples, o'er the shrinking train,
 It flew, and sunk deep-bury'd in the brain. 565
 Now, mad for vengeance, Volscens storm'd, nor found
 The daring author of the distant wound:
 But thy curst blood shall pay for both, he said;
 'Then rush'd impetuous with the flaming blade
 Against the trembling boy—with wild affright, 570
 All pale, confus'd, distracted at the fight,
 From his close covert Nisus rush'd in view,
 And sent his voice before him as he flew:
 Me, me, to me alone, your rage confine;
 Here sheath your javelins; all the guilt was mine. 575
 By yon bright stars, by each immortal god,
 His hands, his thoughts, are innocent of blood!
 Nor could, nor durst the boy the deed intend;
 His only crime (and oh! can that offend?)
 Was too much love to his unhappy friend! 580 }
 In vain he spoke, for ah! the sword, addrest
 With ruthless rage, had pierc'd his lovely breast.
 With blood his snowy limbs are purpled o'er,
 And, pale in death, he welters in his gore.
 As a gay flow'r, with blooming beauties crown'd, 585
 Cut by the share, lies languid on the ground;

Or

Or some tall poppy, that o'er-charg'd with rain
 Bends the faint head, and sinks upon the plain;
 So fair, so languishingly sweet he lies,
 His head declin'd and drooping, as he dies ! 590

Now midst the foe, distracted Nisus flew;
 Volscens, and him alone, he keeps in view.
 The gath'ring train the furious youth surround;
 Dart follows dart, and wound succeeds to wound;
 All, all, unfelt; he seeks their guilty lord; 595
 In fiery circles flies his thund'ring sword;
 Nor ceas'd, but found, at length, the destin'd way;
 And, bury'd in his mouth, the faulchion lay.
 Thus cover'd o'er with wounds on ev'ry side,
 Brave Nisus slew the murd'rer as he dy'd; 600
 Then, on the dear Euryalus his breast,
 Sunk down, and slumber'd in eternal rest.

Hail, happy pair ! if fame our verse can give,
 From age to age, your memory shall live;
 Long as th' imperial Capitol shall stand, 605
 Or Rome's majestic lord the conquer'd world command !

The victors first divide the gaudy prey;
 Then to the camp their breathless chief convey:
 There too a scene of gen'ral grief appears; 609
 There, crouds of slaughter'd princes claim their tears.
 Stretch'd o'er the plain their hapless friends they found,
 Some pale, in death, some gasping on the ground.
 With copious slaughter all the field was dy'd,
 And streams of gore run thick on ev'ry side.
 All knew the belt and helm divinely wrought; 615
 But mourn the fatal prize, so dearly bought.

Now,

Now, dappled streaks of light Aurora shed,
 And ruddy rose from Tithon's saffron bed:
 Then fiery Phœbus, with his golden ray,
 Pour'd o'er the op'ning world a flood of day. 620
 When furious Turnus gave the loud alarms;
 First arm'd himself; then call'd the host to arms.
 The chiefs their soldiers to the field excite,
 In flame their rage, and lead them to the fight.
 On pointed spears, a dreadful sight! they bore 625
 The heads of both the hapless youths, before;
 With barb'rous joy survey the bloody prize,
 And shout, and follow with triumphant cries.

The Trojans, on the left, sustain the fight
 From their high walls; the river guards the right. 630
 They line the trenches, and the tow'rs maintain;
 Thick on the ramparts stand the pensive train,
 And know the heads too well, though cover'd o'er
 With sanguine stains, and all deform'd with gore.

Now to the mother's ears the news had fled, 635
 Her son, her dear Euryalus, was dead:
 The vital warmth her trembling limbs forsook;
 She dropp'd the shuttle, and with horror shook;
 With hair dishevell'd from the walls she flies,
 And rends the air with agonizing cries; 640
 Breaks through the foremost troops in wild despair,
 Nor heeds the darts, or dangers of the war.

And is it thus, the comfort of my years,
 Thus, thus, my dear Euryalus appears?
 • And could'st thou fly, my child, to certain harms? 645
 To death (oh cruel!) from thy mother's arms?

So fond a mother?—nor thy purpose tell?
 Nor let me take my last, my sad, farewell?
 A prey to dogs; alas! thy body lies,
 And ev'ry fowl that wings the Latian skies! 650
 Nor did thy mother close thy eyes in death,
 Compose thy limbs, nor catch thy parting breath;
 Nor bathe thy gaping wounds, nor cleanse the gore,
 Nor throw the rich embroider'd mantle o'er;
 The work that charm'd the cares of age away; 655
 My task all night; my labour all the day;
 The robe I wove, thy absence to sustain,
 For thee, my child;—but wove, alas! in vain.
 Where shall I find thee now? what land contains
 Thy mangled members and thy dear remains? 660
 How on thy face these longing eyes I fed!
 Ah! how unlike the living is the dead!
 For that, o'er lands and oceans have I gone?
 Is that, the sole sad relick of my son?
 That bloody ball!—No more!—ye foes of Tröy, 665
 Come all, a poor abandon'd wretch destroy;
 Here, here, direct, in pity, ev'ry dart;
 Plant ev'ry jav'lin in this breaking heart:
 Or with thy bolts, O Jove! conclude my woe,
 And plunge me flaming to the shades below. 670
 Strike—and I'll bless the stroke, that sets me free;
 'Tis ease, 'tis mercy, to a wretch like me!
 Her loud complaints the melting Trojans hear,
 Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear for tear.
 Their courage slackens; and the frantic dame 675
 With her wild anguish damps the martial flame.

But young Ascanius, while his sorrows flow,
 And his full eyes indulge the gush of woe,
 With great Ilioneus, commands the train
 To bear the matron to her tent again.

680

Now the shrill trumpet's dreadful voice from far,
 With piercing clangors animates the war.
 The troops rush on; the deaf'ning clamours rise,
 And the long shouts run echoing round the skies.
 Strait, in a shell, their shields the Volsians threw; 685
 And the close cohorts march, conceal'd from view,
 To fill the trenches which the camp surround,
 And tug th' aspiring bulwarks to the ground.
 Where thinly rang'd appear the op'ning pow'rs,
 They fix their scaling engines in the tow'rs. 690
 From far the Trojans missive weapons throw,
 And with tough poles repel the rising foe;
 Thus wont, of old, th' advancing Greeks to dare,
 And guard the ramparts in their ten years war.
 Long with huge pointed stones, they strove in vain, 695
 To burst the cov'ring of the hostile train.
 Yet still the bands maintain the fight, below
 The brazen concave, and defy the foe.
 At length the Trojans with a mighty shock,
 Roll'd down a pond'rous fragment of a rock; 700
 Full where the thick-embod' d squadron spreads,
 Th' enormous mass came thund'ring on their heads,
 Broke through the shining arch, and crush'd the train;
 And with a length of slaughter smok'd the plain.
 In this blind fight no more the foes engage, 705
 But with their darts a distant combat wage.

There

There with a blazing pine Mezentius came,
 And tost within the works the dreadful flame ;
 Tremendous chief !—while bold Messapus calls
 To scale the tow'rs ; and thunders at the walls. 710

Ye sacred nine, inspire me to record
 What numbers fell by Turnus' slaughter'd sword.
 What foes each hero plung'd to hell, declare,
 Each death display, and open all the war !
 Those mighty deeds which you alone can know, 715
 Repeat, ye muses ! to the world below.

Full o'er the wall a turret rose on high,
 Stage above stage, unrivall'd, to the sky.
 This fort to gain, the Latians bend their care,
 Point their full strength, their whole collected war. 720
 Vast fragments from above the Trojans throw,
 And through the walls their jav'lines gaul the foe.

A blazing torch the mighty Turnus flung ;
 Close to the sides the flaming mischief hung ;
 Then, thund'ring through the planks, in fury grew, 725
 Swell'd in the wind, and round the structure flew.

With headlong speed th' imprison'd troops retire,
 Throng'd in huge heaps, before the spreading fire.
 While on one side their weight incumbent lay,
 The beams all burst, the crackling walls give way, 730

The pond'rous pile comes tumbling to the ground,
 And all Olympus trembled at the sound.

With the proud structure fall the Trojan train,
 Wrapp'd in the smoky ruins, to the plain,
 Their souls crush'd out, the warriors bury'd lie ; 735
 Or on the points of their own lances die.

Sav'd from the general fate, but two remain,
 And ah ! those hapless two were sav'd in vain !
 Unblest'd Helenor, most advanc'd in years,
 At once encompass'd by the foe appears ; 740
 Him to the Lydian king, his beauteous slave
 Lycimnia bore ; unfortunately brave.
 Though born of servile blood, the gen'rous boy
 In arms forbidden fought the wars of Troy:
 With glory fir'd he took the dang'rous field ; 745
 Light was his sword ; and unadorn'd his shield.
 At first with wild surprise the youth descry'd
 The gath'ring Latian troops on ev'ry side ;
 Then (bent on death) where thick the jav'lins rise,
 Fierce on the close embattled war he flies. 750
 So the stern savage, whom the train surrounds
 Of shouting hunters, steeds, and op'ning hounds,
 On death determin'd, and devoid of fears,
 Springs forth undaunted on a grove of spears.
 But swifter Lycus urg'd his rapid way, 755
 Though jav'lins hiss, and swords around him play ;
 Flies to the walls and battlements again,
 Leaps high, and reaches at his friends in vain.
 For close behind the furious Turnus flew :
 Fool ! couldst thou hope to 'scape when I pursue, 760
 Though swifter than the wind ? (aloud he cries)
 Then by the foot he seiz'd his trembling prize ;
 And, as he hung aloft in dire dismay,
 Tugg'd him with half the shatter'd wall away.
 So Jove's imperial bird, through fields of air, 765
 Snatches the snowy swan or quiv'ring hare :

So the grim prowling wolf, amidst her play,
Leaps on the lamb, and rends the tender prey ;
Wild roams the bleating mother round the plain,
Seeks, and laments her slaughter'd child in vain. 770
Now with loud shouts they rend the tortur'd air,
Fill the deep trench, and lay the bulwarks bare.
Some load with hostile fires their vengeful hands.
And at the turrets tofs the blazing brands.

As to the gates the bold Lucetius came, 775
Tow'r'd in the front, and shook the waving flame ;
The great Ilioneus with vigour threw
A rocky fragment, and the warrior slew.

Young Liger's certain spear, Emation sped ;
Asylas' shaft laid Chorinæus dead. 780

Ortygius bleeds by Cæneus' fatal steel,
But by great Turnus' hand the victor fell ;
Clonius with him, and Dioxippus falls,
And hapless Idas, while he guards the walls.

Sagar, the next, with Promulus was slain ; 785
And Capys stretch'd Privernus on the plain ;
First slightly wounded by Themilla's dart ;
(The shield thrown by) to mitigate the smart,
His hand the warrior to the wound apply'd ;

Swift flew the second dart, and nail'd it to his side : 790
Its fatal course through all his vitals held ;
And the pale corse lay panting on the field.

All-bright in arms, the son of Arcens stood,
Bred in the grove of Mars the warrior god ;
From where Palicus' loaded altars flame, 795
In gold and purple gay, the blooming hero came.

Mezentius mark'd him, as he tow'r'd on high;
 Then seiz'd a sling, and laid the jav'lin by;
 Thrice whirl'd around, the whistling bullet threw;
 The glowing metal melted as it flew;
 Through both his temples cut its dreadful way;
 And, roll'd in dust, the beauteous warrior lay.

800

Then first in fight the young Ascanius bore
 His bow; employed on beasts alone before.
 His vengeful shafts a royal victim found,
 And stretch'd the bold Numanus on the ground.
 Not long before the haughty chief had led
 Brave Turnus' sister to his bridal bed:

805

Now, of his high alliance vain and proud,
 He stalks before the troops, and vaunts aloud:

810

What shame, ye Phrygians, ye twice-vanquish'd train,
 To lie beleaguer'd in your walls again!
 All pale and trembling, in yon tow'rs to wait!
 That rise, ye cowards, between you and fate!
 Brave chiefs! bold heroes these!—who come so far
 To gain their brides by violence and war!
 From Troy what god, what madness, call'd you o'er,
 To fall and perish on a foreign shore?
 Far other foes than Atreus' sons appear;
 No crafty talking Ithacus is here.

820

We plunge our infants in the hard'ning streams,
 And season in the frost their tender limbs.
 Our boys the forest range, and lead the course,
 Bend the tough bow, and break the prancing horse.
 Long thirst, long hunger, our bold youths can bear,
 Plough, fight, or shake embattled towns with war.

825

We

We live in steel; in arms our hinds appear;
 And the turn'd jav'lin goads the lab'ring steer.
 Nor flags our gen'rous warmth, by years declin'd;
 Still flames the noble ardour of the mind. 830

Ev'n the grave fire with martial vigour glows,
 And crushes with the casque his hoary brows.
 All, all, engag'd alike in warlike toils,
 Subsist on rapine, and divide the spoils.

While you, the fugitives, the dregs of Troy, 835
 Your hours in pleasures, and the dance employ:
 Warm purple robes defend (ye dastard bands!)
 Your heartless breasts and unperforming hands.
 Your female souls the manly form disgrace—

Hence then, ye women, to your native place— 840
 Hence—to your Phrygian Dindymus away!—
 With eunuchs there on pipes and timbrels play!
 Go—the great mother's rites attend you there—
 But leave to men the bus'ness of the war.

Thus while he spoke in scornful strains, no more 845
 The young Ascanius the proud boaster bore,
 He fits an arrow to the well-strung bow;
 But first to Jove address'd his solemn vow:
 My bold attempt, almighty fire, succeed;
 A milk-white heifer at thy shrine shall bleed; 850
 Majestic shall he stalk, and paw the ground,
 Push with his gilded horns, and spurn the sands around.

He said—and, to the left, the fire on high
 Roll'd the big thunder through an azure sky.
 At once his twanging bow Ascanius drew, 855
 And, hissing fierce, the feather'd arrow flew;

Nor flew the winged wrathful shaft in vain,
But pierc'd his head, and stung him to the brain.

Go—and once more a valiant race defy!

Thus the twice-vanquish'd Phrygians, thus reply. 860

No more he said;—loud shouts and clamours rise;

And transport lifts the Trojans to the skies.

High on a cloud, inthron'd in open air,

Apollo sat, and thence survey'd the war.

Then to the conqu'ring royal boy he cries; 865

Rise, glorious youths; in valour ever rise;

Rise thus in time to heav'n's supreme abodes,

The son, and father, of a race of gods!

Who, great in arms, victorious by their swords,
Shall rule mankind, the world's majestic lords! 870

Go—mount from fame to fame, auspicious boy;

Proceed, and scorn the narrow bounds of Troy!

He said; then down th' ethereal road he flies

With rapid speed, and cleaves the liquid skies;

Assumes old Butes' figure and attire, 875

Anchises' long-try'd friend and faithful 'squire

In fields of old; and now the chief of Troy

Had trusted to his care the royal boy.

Like this sage guardian to the youth he came;

His voice, his visage, and his arms the same. 880

Then to the victor boy aloud he cries;

Enough, young warrior—Let it now suffice

That unreveng'd the great Numanus dies:

Apollo, pleas'd thy first attempts to crown,

Gives to thy bow the glories of his own: 885

Now

Now tempt no more the dangers of the war,
 Too daring youth—he said; and past in air,
 Past in a moment from his wond'ring eye;
 And the loose shape dissolv'd into the sky.
 The sounding shafts the leaders heard, o'er-aw'd 890
 With the loud quiver, and confest the god;
 Then urge the fiery youth, no more to dare,
 Since great Apollo's voice forbad the war.

While, prodigal of life, to fight they fly,
 All nobly fixt, to conquer or to die; 895
 Stones, spears, and jav'lines, from the works they flung;
 From tow'r to tow'r the shouts and clamours rung;
 Helms clash with helms, the rattling shields resound;
 Thick fly the darts, and cover all the ground; 899 }
 While loud the battle roars, and thunders all around: }
 Thick, as from western clouds, all charg'd with rain,
 Pours the black storm, and smokes along the plain;
 Thick as the gather'd hail, tempestuous, flies
 O'er the wide main, and rattles down the skies,
 When all the frowning heav'ns are blacken'd o'er; 905 }
 When Jove discharges all his wrathful store, }
 And, deep from ev'ry cloud, the bursting thunders roar! }

Pand'rus and Bitias at the portal stood,
 Two giant brethren, born in Ida's wood;
 From great Alcanor and Hiera sprung, 910
 The champions rose conspicuous o'er the throng.
 The mighty champions, of prodigious frame,
 Tow'r'd like the groves and mountains whence they came.
 Their prince, when parting from the Tuscan state,
 Appointed these, the guardians of the gate. 915

Proud

Proud of their strength, the daring heroes throw
 Th' enormous folds wide-open to the foe.
 Within, all-bright in arms, on either hand
 Before the tow'rs the haughty warriors stand :
 On their bright helms sat Horror plum'd ; on high 920
 Their nodding crests float dreadful in the sky.
 So where the fields fair Athefis divides,
 Or Po tumultuous rolls his swelling tides,
 With heads unhorn, two mighty oaks appear,
 Wave to the winds, and nod sublime in air ! 925

Soon as the foes an open entrance spy,
 The war breaks in ; but soon their leaders fly,
 Repell'd by hosts ; or in the portal die. }
 Quercens, Equicolus all-bright in steel,
 Hæmon and daring Tmarus, fled, or fell. 930
 To dire extremes the rising rage proceeds ;
 The slaughter swells, and the fierce battle bleeds.
 No more imprison'd in their walls they wait ;
 All Troy at once came pouring to the gate :
 Now, flush'd with blood, in bold excursion far 935
 Rush the stern bands, and mix in closer war.

But in a distant quarter long engag'd,
 Amidst the foes the Daunian hero rag'd :
 When to the prince a messenger relates,
 That Troy had open'd wide her massy gates ; 940
 And, heaps on heaps the late imprison'd train
 Broke forth, and stretch'd the slaughter o'er the plain,
 This heard, with fury sparkling in his eyes,
 Fierce to engage the giant chiefs he flies.

First, by his lance, Antiphates lay dead, 945
 Sarpedon's offspring by a Theban bed ;
 The whizzing lance, with all his force address'd,
 Transfixt the foe, and panted in his breast ;
 Warm'd in the lungs the heaving jav'lin stood :
 Wide gapes the wound, and pours a purple flood. 950
 Now Erymanthus, now brave Merops fell ;
 Then sunk Aphydnus to the shades of hell.
 Next, while he threats revenge with fiery eyes,
 Beneath the chief the mighty Bitias dies :
 No vulgar lance the valiant victor tost 955
 (In that huge bulk a vulgar lance was lost) ;
 A strong, vast, weighty spear, the hero threw,
 A spear that roar'd like thunder as it flew.
 Not two bull-hides, within the buckler roll'd,
 Nor double pond'rous plates, and scales of gold, 960
 Th' impetuous weapon, wing'd with death, could stay ;
 But stretch'd in dust the giant warrior lay :
 As the huge champion falls, the fields resound,
 And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
 So from the Bajan mole, whose structures rise 965
 High o'er the flood, a massy fragment flies ;
 The rapid rolling pile all-headlong sweeps,
 With one vast length of ruin, to the deeps ;
 Thick boil the billows ; and on ev'ry side,
 Work the dark sands, and blacken all the tide : 970
 The trembling shores of Prochyta resound,
 And burning Arime shakes wide around ;
 The mass, by Jove, o'er huge Typhœus spread ;
 The giant hears the peal ; and, seiz'd with dread, }
 Starts, turns, and bellows on his fiery bed. 975 }
 Now

Now Mars himself inspires the Latian band,
 Warms ev'ry heart, and strengthens ev'ry hand;
 And, while he turns their trembling foes to fight,
 The kindling legions gather to the fight;
 Danger nor death their furious course controls, 980
 And all the god came rushing on their souls!

His brother slain when Pandarus beheld,
 And saw the changing fortune of the field,
 He sets his ample shoulders to the weight,
 And turns th' enormous hinges of the gate; 985
 But left, unmindful, as the folds he clos'd,
 A croud of friends to certain death expos'd;
 And, with himself, includes the trembling train
 Of troops, who rush'd tumultuous from the plain.
 Fool! not to see the dreadful Turnus there, 990
 Mix'd with the crouds amidst the flying war;
 But in the walls the furious chief to hold,
 Like some fierce tyger midst the trembling fold!
 Loud clash his arms; and, as he tow'rs on high,
 Flash the keen flames from his tremendous eye; 995
 Nods his proud crest, and formidably plays;
 And from his shield the streamy lightnings blaze.

Too soon, with dire surprise, the Trojans know
 The dreadful front of their victorious foe.
 Strait fir'd with vengeance for his brother slain, 1000
 Springs forth fierce Pandarus, and thus began:

Behold the Trojan camp, a fatal scene!
 No bridal palace of the Latian queen,
 No native Ardea, prince, you here descry,
 But hostile walls; and 'tis in vain to fly. 1005

In that vast bulk if any soul reside,
 Come, try thy might (the prince sedate reply'd ;) 1005
 Go, and old Priam's trembling spirit tell,
 A new Achilles plung'd thy soul to hell.

Then, first, his knotted spear the Trojan threw ; 1010
 Rough with the bark the pond'rous weapon flew ;
 But mighty Juno caus'd it far to glance,
 And in the portal fixt the quiv'ring lance.

But hope not thou to 'scape this sword of mine,
 Aim'd by a surer, stronger hand than thine, 1015
 The hero cry'd—Then flies against the foe
 With the bright blade ; and rises to the blow ;
 Sudden the sword tempestuous cleaves in twain
 His cheeks, and sinks deep-bury'd in the brain.
 Distain'd with blood, his clashing arms resound, 1020
 And, as he fell, he shook the purpled ground :
 There, as the mighty bulk lay stretch'd along,
 In equal shares the parted visage hung.

Pale with new horror at the dreadful sight,
 On ev'ry side the Trojans urge their flight. 1025
 Then had the victor broke the barriers down,
 And call'd his social troops to storm the town,
 That day had seen their warlike labours o'er ;
 And ruin'd Troy had been a name no more.
 But the mad chief with boundless slaughter glows, 1030
 And rage insatiate drives him on the foes.
 First, valiant Phalaris ; next Gyges fell ;
 Deep through his knee he drove the pointed steel.
 Then from the dead the reeking darts he drew,
 And in their backs transfix'd the flying crew. 1035
New

Now Mars himself inspires the Latian band,
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 Then from the dead the reeking darts he drew,
 And in their backs transfix'd the flying crew. 1035
New

New strength, new courage, Juno still supply'd:
 And now brave Halys and great Phegeus dy'd:
 Alcander, Prytanis, Noemon fall,
 With warlike Halius, on th' embattled wall,
 High on the works engag'd in other fight—
 Next flew his flaming faulchion to the right;
 And struck bold Lynceus as he call'd around
 For aid, and brav'd him on the lofty mound.
 At one just stroke his head and helmet fly
 Before the sword, and far at distance lie.
 Then fierce, on Amycus the warrior came,
 Whose fatal arrow pierc'd the savage game;
 Who dipp'd th' envenom'd steel with matchless art,
 And double arm'd with death the pointed dart.
 Next Clytius fell, though sprung of race divine;
 Soft Cretheus last, the darling of the nine;
 Well was he skill'd, in sacred strains to sing,
 Tune the sweet lyre, and sweep the trembling string;
 Arms, and the toils of heroes, to recite,
 The plunging furious steeds, and thunder of the fight.
 Now heard the chiefs, who led the Trojan band,
 What numbers fell by Turnus' conqu'ring hand;
 Fierce they advance; when soon appear in fight,
 The slaught'ring hero, and their troops in flight.
 And where? (great Mnestheus rais'd his voice on high)
 Where, to what other ramparts would you fly;
 Shall one, and he inclos'd within your wall,
 One rash, imprison'd warrior vanquish all?
 With rage resistless, half an host destroy;
 And open ev'ry bleeding vein of Troy?

1040

1045

1065

Calm

Calm you look on, and see the furious foe
 Plunge crouds of heroes to the shades below ;
 Still shall your king, ye base abandon'd train,
 Your country, and your gods, demand your aid in vain ?
 Rous'd by these words, they rally from afar, 1070
 Breathing revenge, and gath'ring to the war :
 The Daunian chief shrinks backward from the foes,
 Where round the works the mighty river flows :
 The Trojans shout ; and, with new transport fir'd,
 Rush on embody'd, as the prince retir'd. 1075
 As when with tilted spears the clam'rous train
 Invade the brindled monarch of the plain,
 The lordly savage from the shouting foe
 Retires, majestically stern, and slow.
 Though singly impotent the croud to dare, 1080
 Repel, or stand their whole collected war ;
 Grim he looks back ; he rolls his glaring eye ;
 Despairs to conquer ; and disdains to fly.
 So Turnus paus'd ; and by degrees retir'd ;
 While shame, disdain, and rage, the hero fir'd. 1085
 Yet twice, ev'n then, he flew amid the train,
 And twice he chas'd them o'er their walls again.
 But now from all the camp their forces ran
 Full on the chief ; an army on a man !
 Nor longer heav'n's great empress from on high 1090
 Dares with new strength th' exhausted prince supply :
 For winged Iris from the realms above
 Brought the severe decree of angry Jove,
 That bad, with threats, th' imperial queen recal
 Her favour'd hero from the Trojan wall. 1095
 Now

Now his tir'd arm refus'd the sword to wield;
 Now flew the darts, and planted all his shield.
 The stones now rattle; now the jav'lins sing,
 Indent his arms, and on his helmet ring.
 A thousand weapons round his temples lay, 1100
 And strike the honours of his crest away.
 Thick and more thick the foes their lances sped,
 With mighty Mnestheus thund'ring at their head.
 Pale, breathless, faint, and black with dust, in streams
 'The sweat descends from all his trembling limbs. 1105
 Arm'd as he was (thus press'd on ev'ry side),
 He plung'd at last, undaunted, in the tide.
 The sacred river, for the welcome load,
 Spreads his wide arms, and wafts him down the flood:
 'The hero to his host the surges bear, 1110
 Cleans'd from the horrid stains of slaughter, blood, and
 war:

End of the Ninth Book.

V I R G I L ' S

Æ N E I D.

B O O K X.

VOL. LIII.

R

A R G U M E N T.

Jupiter calls a council of the gods, and forbids them to engage in either party. At the return of Æneas there is a bloody battle. Turnus kills Pallas : Æneas, Lausus and Mezentius. Mezentius is described as an atheist ; Lausus as a pious and virtuous youth. The different actions and death of these two are the subject of a noble episode.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK X.

NOW wide unfold th' eternal gates of Jove :
 Th' ethereal king convenes the pow'rs above.
 Beneath his eye, both hosts, in full survey,
 The spacious world, and vast creation lay ;
 There in the starry courts, inthron'd on high, 5
 Sate the majestic senate of the sky,
 Rank'd by degrees, along the bright abodes ;
 To whom the king of men, and father of the gods ;
 What discord fires your minds, celestial train ?
 Why was our sacred mandate urg'd in vain ? 10
 Did not your sov'reign lord his will declare,
 That Troy and Latium should not wage the war ?
 Why are we disobey'd ? What vain alarms
 In flame their souls to slaughter, blood, and arms ?
 The destin'd time will wing its fatal way, 15
 (Nor need your rage anticipate the day)
 When Carthage, with her proud victorious pow'rs,
 Shall burst, like thunder, o'er the Roman tow'rs,
 Break the strong Alpine adamantine chains,
 Pour down the hills, and deluge all the plains. 20
 Then, with full licence, your unbounded hate
 And stern revenge may crush the Trojan state.
 Till then, ye pow'rs, from wrath and discord cease,
 And let the nations join in leagues of peace.

Thus, from the throne, in short, almighty Jove; 25
 And thus, at large, the beauteous queen of love.
 O fire of men below, and gods on high!
 (For to what other pow'r can Venus fly?)
 Dost thou not see yon fierce Rutulian train?
 With what success proud Turnus sweeps the plain! 30
 Rapt by his steeds, triumphant on his car,
 The dreadful hero rules the storm of war.
 Not walls can guard my Trojans now from fate;
 For, lo! grim slaughter rages in the gate!
 With hostile bands the walls are cover'd o'er, 35
 And the deep trenches float with tides of gore!
 My son is absent, while his subjects bleed;
 But must we never from a siege be freed?
 For, lo, great fire! a second army falls
 On rising Troy, and thunders at her walls. 40
 In Latian fields against the Dardan train,
 Behold the stern Tydides rise again!
 Sprung though I am from thee, prepar'd I stand
 To bleed once more—and by a mortal hand!
 Yet, if against thy will the Phrygian host 45
 Have left their Troy, and sought the Latian coast,
 Withdraw thy potent aid, O sov'reign god!
 And bid the guilty nation mourn in blood!
 But since so many signs their course compel,
 The voice of heav'n, and oracles of hell; 50
 Why dares another pow'r thy will debate,
 Or thwart th' unalterable course of fate?
 Her boundless vengeance why should I repeat?
 How on Sicilian shores she fir'd the fleet?

How

How she dispatch'd to yonder world below, 55
 With that dire charge, the goddess of the bow?
 How the grim tyrant of th' Æolian reign
 Let loose th' imprison'd whirlwinds o'er the main?
 Hell and th' infernal pow'rs were yet untry'd;
 All hell now arms; and rises on her side. 60
 The fiends, the Furies range the realms above,
 And act well worthy of the queen of Jove!
 Through all the Latian towns Alecto flies,
 And her black visage blasts the golden skies!
 No hopes of empire now my thoughts employ 65
 (These were my hopes, when fortune smil'd on Troy.)
 Let Troy and Latium fight on yonder plains,
 And fall or conquer as thy will ordains:
 Since to the Phrygian race your haughty spouse
 No spot, no corner, of the world allows. 70
 Yet I implore thy grace, almighty fire,
 By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the fire!
 Give me, at least, the royal youth to bear
 (My dear Ascanius) from the rage of war!
 (And let the father, where your vengeful bride 75
 Or fortune points, still wander o'er the tide!)
 Th' Idalian realm and Amathus are mine;
 Cythera fair, and Paphos the divine;
 There he may live defended from the foes,
 Lost to the charms of fame, in soft repose. 80
 Then to Ausonia let proud Carthage come,
 And hold that empire once decreed to Rome,
 O'er the wide world extend her boundless pow'r;
 Our hopes, and Jove's own promises, no more!

What now avails it, that my godlike heir
 Broke through the hostile fires, and 'scap'd the war;
 Led my poor exiles to the Latian plain,
 And rais'd a city, doom'd to fall again;
 What has it now avail'd him, to withstand
 Th' exhausted dangers both of sea and land;
 His lot were happier had he scorn'd a crown,
 And slumber'd o'er his ruin'd native town.
 O! give their Xanthus to the wretched train,
 Give them their Simois, with their wars again!
 Let Greece in arms her vengeful hosts employ
 Ten long years more, and storm a second Troy!

To whom, with fury sparkling in her eyes,
 Reply'd the haughty empress of the skies:

And why, say, why, O goddess? am I prest
 To wake the wrath, that slumber'd in my breast?
 What god, or mortal, bad your son declare,
 Against the Latian lord, so rash a war?
 Suppose, fate call'd him to the Latian plains,
 Or (far more likely mad Cassandra's strains!)
 Say, did we bid him leave his town behind,
 And trust the mercy of the sea and wind?
 Commit the war, and his forsaken Troy,
 To such a head, an unexperienc'd boy?
 To court the Tuscans, and with vain alarms
 To rouse whole nations from repose to arms?
 What god, or what perverse intent of ours
 Mov'd the wise prince to leave his rising tow'rs?
 Say, does the goddess of the bow appear,
 Or the keen spite of vengeful Juno, here?

'Tis hard, you urge, the Latians should conspire 115
 To wrap th' unfinish'd walls of Troy in fire ;
 That Turnus lives, and holds his native place
 (And yet he sprung from our immortal race ;)
 Was it less hard, that Troy embattled came,
 To waste the Latian lands with sword and flame ? 120
 O'er foreign realms to propagate her sway,
 Join fraud to force, and bear their spoils away ?
 From their own lords the plighted brides to tear ?
 To proffer peace, and yet to wage the war ?
 You, from the foe, your darling son could shroud, 125
 And, for a man present a figur'd cloud.
 You from your navy could the fires restrain,
 And change your ships to Nereids of the main.
 Yet in her friends defence is Juno seen ?
 'Tis a high crime in Jove's imperial queen ! 130
 Your son, belike, is absent, while the foe
 Invades his tow'rs ;—and let him still be so !—
 Cythera's isle, and Amathus, are yours ;
 The Paphian realms, and soft Idalian shores.
 Why shouldst thou then to fights a race incline, 135
 Long since inur'd to rougher wars than thine ?
 Did we conspire your empire to destroy ?
 Did we urge' vengeful Greece to ruin Troy ?
 We?—or your Paris ? your adult'rous boy ?
 Who did that black destructive crime inspire ? 140
 Who fann'd the flame, that set two worlds on fire ?
 Did the lewd youth, at Juno's call, convey,
 From injur'd Sparta's walls, his beauteous prey ?
 Did we procure ? did we retain the fair ?
 And, for his lust, support a ten years war ? 145

Then, partial goddess, then had been your time,
 To fear for Troy, on that perfidious crime ;
 But now, too late, unjustly you complain,
 Now vent your anger, and your grief, in vain.

Thus spoke the wrathful queen ; the gods divide, 150
 And in mixt murmurs vote on either side :
 So, pent in woods, at first with sullen sound
 The wind, low-murm'ring, rolls, the forest round ;
 A dreadful signal to the naval train,
 Of the loud storms impending o'er the main. 155

Then spoke th' almighty father, as he fate
 Inthron'd in gold, and clos'd the great debate,
 (Th' attentive winds a solemn silence keep ;
 The wond'ring waves lie level on the deep ;
 Earth to her centre shook ; high heav'n was aw'd ; 160
 And all th' immortal thrones stood trembling at the god.)

Hear then our sacred will, ye pow'rs above ;
 And mark th' unalterable word of Jove.
 Since you refuse to bid your discord cease,
 And join the nations in the bonds of peace ; 165
 Whatever schemes or hopes the parties frame,
 Latium and Troy to Jove are both the same ;
 Whether in yon fierce leaguer 'tis decreed
 That hapless Ilion, or Hesperia bleed.
 The stern Rutulians too their toils shall know, 170
 And ev'ry hand shall work its weal or woe.
 Your king, inclin'd to neither side, shall wait
 The great event, and leave the whole to fate.
 This by his brother's awful floods he swore,
 That through the black infernal regions roar ; 175

Gave

Gave the dreadful signal of the solemn nod,
 With his bent brows ; the sanction of the god !
 From sky to sky the strong concussion rolls ;
 And all Olympus trembled to the poles.

Thus did the fire the high contention close ; 180

Then from the throne majestically rose ;
 With him at once the sacred senate rise,
 And to his palace wait the sov'reign of the skies.

Meanwhile, at ev'ry gate, the Latian pow'rs
 Croud to destroy their foes, and fire the tow'rs. 185

By hosts surrounded, in despair to fly,
 Close in their trench, the helpless Trojans lie.

Yet some undaunted on the ramparts stand,
 And guard the works ; a brave, but slender band.

There, sprung from Imbrassus, bold Asius shone : 190

Thymoetes next, fam'd Hicetaon's son.

The dread Assaraci their succour bring ;

With them, two brothers of the Lycian king.

Thybris and Castor next, a martial pair,

Full in the front repel the rising war, 195

These Acmon join'd, from fair Lyrnessus' shore ;

With all his strength a broken rock he bore :

He match'd his brother Mnestheus' wond'rous might,

And his father great Clytius in the fight.

Some, pond'rous stones, some, pointed jav'lins aim, 200

And gaul the foe with shafts, or missive flame.

Amid the train, bright Venus' darling care,

Ascanius shone ; his beauteous head was bare ;

A golden chain constrains his locks, that deck

In glossy fable curls, his lovely neck :

205

So

So shines a gem, illustrious to behold,
 On some fair virgin's neck enchas'd in gold:
 So the surrounding ebon's darker hue
 Improves the polish'd ivory to the view.

Thee too, stern Ismarus, O chief divine !

210

A great descendant of the Lydian line,
 (Born where the peasants turn the costly mould,
 Enrich'd by bright Pactolus' tides of gold)
 The hosts admir'd; while fierce thy twanging bow
 Discharg'd thy poison'd arrows at the foe.
 Brave Capys next succeeds, a chief of fame,
 From whom proud Capua since deriv'd her name.
 Great Mnestheus clos'd the band, of high renown,
 Since late he cast bold Turnus from the town.

215

These all the rigid toils of fight sustain;
 Meantime, by night, their gen'ral plows the main.
 For when the prince had left th' Arcadian coast,
 And sought the leader of the Lydian host;
 With pray'rs declar'd his bus'ness, race, and name,
 And with what force their vengeful tyrant came;
 How the Rutulian rag'd; what turns of fate
 And chance of war attend the mortal state;
 Strait with the league propos'd, the chief complies,
 And joins his forces to his new allies.

220

225

Now, uncontrol'd by fate, the martial train,
 Led by a foreign hero, cleave the main:
 In pomp, before, Æneas' gally past;
 His lofty stern the Phrygian lions grac'd;
 There, banish'd Troy's delight, her sculptur'd Ide,
 Hangs o'er the foamy surge, and shades the tide.

230

235
Here

Here fate the chief with various thoughts oppress,
 The fate of war revolving in his breast;
 Close by his side th' Arcadian prince inquires
 Of the swift motions of the heav'nly fires;
 What seas he measur'd; and what lands he fought; 240
 What storms he suffer'd, and what fields he fought.

Ye muses! now unlock your sacred spring,
 Inspire the bard, and teach him how to sing,
 What ships, what heroes, what auxiliar hosts,
 Sail'd with Æneas from the Tuscan coasts. 245

The Tiger first the foamy flood divides,
 And bears a thousand warriors through the tides,
 Who came beneath great Massicus' command,
 From Cosa's turrets, and the Clusian land.
 Close to their sides their polish'd quivers fate; 250
 Strung were their bows; their arrows wing'd with fate.

Six hundred move beneath fierce Abas' care,
 From Populonia to the field of war.
 Rich in her endless beds of steely ore,
 The rugged Ilva sends three hundred more; 255
 All, train'd to fight; all, glorious to behold;
 And, on the stern, Apollo flam'd in gold.

With groves of waving spears, in thick array,
 From Pisa's walls a thousand took their way;
 They march embattled from the Tuscan land, 260
 And great Asylas leads the martial band;
 Asylas, skilful sage! whose piercing eyes
 Discern'd all signs on earth, or in the skies.
 His heart from entrails certain omens drew,
 From stars and birds, and lightnings as they flew. 265

Next

Next beauteous Astur plough'd the wat'ry field,
 Proud of his bounding steed and sculptur'd shield;
 From where old Pyrgus' lofty turrets rise,
 And rank Graviscan marshes taint the skies,
 Where Cære groan'd beneath Mezentius' reign, 270
 And gurgling Minio glitters o'er the plain;
 Three hundred march beneath the leader's care,
 Breathing revenge, and eager all for war.

Nor thou unsung, brave Cinyras, shall pass,
 The martial chief of the Ligurian race; 275
 Nor thou, Cupavo, under whose command,
 Advanc'd to fight a small, but valiant band.
 White plumes adorn thy crest, and wave above,
 Expressive of thy fire*, transform'd by love,
 While for his Phaeton his sorrows flow, 280
 And soft harmonious strains beguile his woe;
 While in the dusky poplar grove he made
 His melting moans, beneath the sisters shade,
 O'er all the man the snowy feathers rise,
 And in a tuneful swan he mounts the skies. 285
 Now his great off-spring with his social train,
 In the huge Centaur plough'd the roaring main.
 High on the prow the figur'd monster stood,
 And shook a rocky fragment o'er the flood.
 The sounding keel the thronging waves disjoin'd, 290
 That foam, and whiten, in long tracks behind.

Next warlike Ocnus brought his troops along,
 From prescient Manto and great Tyber sprung;

* Cygnus.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. BOOK VIII. 253

By him, fair Mantua rose; immortal town!
And from his mother's name deriv'd her own. 295

Her mighty walls, illustrious founders grace,
Of different countries, and a different race.

Three tribes distinct possess her fertile lands,
And four fair cities every tribe commands.

Proud of her Tuscan line, with glory crown'd, 300
She reigns the mistress of the nations round.

Next, gen'rous hate to stern Mezentius draws
Five hundred more, in freedom's sacred cause.

Where, crown'd with reeds, the Mincio takes his course
From old Benacus' venerable source, 305

In one vast ship he pours the warlike train,
Down through his native channel to the main.

Fierce for revenge, the great Auletes guides
Th' enormous bulk, that labours through the tides.

'An hundred pines the boiling ocean sweep, 310
Plough the white waves, and lash the bellowing deep.

A mighty Triton, figur'd on the prow,

With his loud trump alarms the sea below.

Down to his waist the human form descends,
But in a whale th' amphibious monster ends. 315

Swift as he swims, the waters fly before;

And, dash'd beneath the god, the frothy surges roar.

So many chiefs in thirty vessels ride
To Troy's defence, and cleave the sparkling tide.

Now radiant Cynthia, through th' ethereal height,
Rode in the solemn chariot of the night. 321

Fixt at the stern, the helm Æneas plies;

No creeping slumber seals his careful eyes.

Amid

Amid the seas, he meets the wond'rous train
 Of ships transform'd to Nereids of the main; 325
 As many goddeffes, as stood before,
 With brazen beaks, tall vessels on the shore.
 They know the chief from far, and in a ring
 The dancing Nymphs inclose their wond'ring king.
 The first whose eloquence excell'd the rest, 330
 Above the waves advanc'd her ivory breast;
 Held with one hand the stern, while one divides,
 With many an easy stroke, the silent tides:
 And dost thou wake, great offspring of the skies?
 Wake still, and open ev'ry sail (she cries:) 335
 Thy ships are we that once on Ida stood,
 Now chang'd by heav'n to Nereids of the flood.
 When the perfidious proud Rutulian came
 With the dread sword, and the devouring flame,
 We burst our anchors, by the foe compell'd, 340
 And fought our master o'er the wat'ry field.
 These forms the mother of the skies bestow'd,
 And made each ship a goddeffs of the flood:
 Low in the sacred seas our court we keep,
 And dwell beneath the roarings of the deep. 345
 Shut in the town, remains thy royal heir,
 Midst all the terrors of the Latian war.
 The brave Arcadian horse, and Tuscan host,
 Have reach'd the land, and seiz'd th' appointed post.
 The Daunian chief has sent a squadron down 350
 To stop their destin'd progress to the town.
 Rise, hero! rise; and, with the dawning light,
 Lead all th' impatient warriors to the fight.

With

With thy Vulcanian orb invade the field,
That golden, bright, impenetrable shield. 355

The morning son (nor think my promise vain !)
Shall see vast heaps of fierce Rutulians slain.

This said ; the goddess (for she knew the way)
Push'd the light vessel o'er the glassy sea :

Swift as a jav'lin, or a storm she flew ; 360
And, wing'd with rival speed, her course the rest pursue.

While at the sight the hero stood amaz'd,
The prosp'rous sign his bounding spirits rais'd.

Then, as he fixt on heav'n his joyful eyes,
To potent Cybele the warrior cries : 365

Great guardian queen of Ida's hills and woods,
Supreme, majestic mother of the gods !

Whose strong defence proud tow'ring cities share,
While roaring lions whirl thy mighty car !

Oh ! kindly second this auspicious sign, 370
And grace thy Phrygians with thy aid divine.

Inspir'd by thee, the combat I require,
My bosom kindles, and my soul's on fire !

He said ; and now the bright revolving day
Blaz'd o'er the world, and chas'd the shades away ; 375

When first the hero bade the train prepare,
All rang'd beneath their banners, for the war ;
Rouse for the charge their courage, and excite
Their martial ardor, to provoke the fight.

As on his stern the godlike warrior stands, 380
And views distinct his camp and social bands ;

High in his hand the golden shield he rais'd :
Wide o'er the flood the strong effulgence blaz'd.

Fir'd

Fir'd with new hopes, the joyful Trojans spy
 The shining orb ; their darts and jav'lins fly ; 385 }
 And their loud clamours tempest all the sky.
 Less loud the thick-embodiy'd cranes repair,
 In ranks embattled, through the clouds of air ;
 When, at the signal giv'n, they leave behind,
 With rapid flight, the pinions of the wind. 390

Amaz'd stood Turnus, and their Latian foes,
 Nor knew from whence the sudden transport rose ;
 Till all th' advancing navy they survey,
 A floating scene, that cover'd half the sea.
 From great Æneas' crest the lightnings stream, 395
 And his bright helmet darts a ruddy gleam ;
 A length of flames the mighty shield displays,
 Shoots fires on fires, and pours a boundless blaze.
 So the dire comet, with portentous light
 And baleful beams, glares dreadful in the night: 400
 So the red dog-star, when he mounts on high,
 And with his fatal splendor fires the sky,
 Scares the pale nations ; for his burning breath
 Darts down disease, blue pestilence, and death.
 But still, undaunted, Turnus urg'd the train, 405
 To seize the shore, and drive them to the main.

Lo ! what you long have wish'd, to prove your might,
 The hour ! — the place ! — the foe ! — the promis'd fight ! —
 Your wives, your sons, your country calls you on,
 Your great forefathers glories and your own. 410
 Now while, with slidd'ring steps, to gain the land
 The Trojans toil ; descend we to the strand ;

Soon

Soon as on yonder shore our bands appear,
 One noble stroke, my friends, shall end the war:
 The brave command success.—The hero said; 415
 Then with himself for one cool moment weigh'd,
 To the bold task what chosen troops to call,
 And to what bands entrust the leaguer'd wall.

Meantime the hero lands his warlike train;
 Some watch, impatient, the retreating main; 420
 Then vault, and seize the half-recover'd shores;
 Some slide, more vent'rous, down the bending oars.

A place at length the daring Tarchon spy'd,
 Where in smooth swellings roll'd an easy tide;
 There, as no waters break, no billows roar, 425
 He fears no shoals, but hopes a friendly shore.

Thither his vessels from the deep he drew,
 And eager thus exhorts the naval crew:

Now, now, my friends, exert your utmost force,
 Ply, ply your oars, and urge the furious course. 430
 Push, heave your desp'rate gallies to the strand;
 Plough with your beaks and keels the hostile land.

My sole ambition is to gain the coast:

And then—no matter—let the ship be lost.

So spoke th' impatient chief; and, as he spoke, 435
 They ply their oars, and rise to ev'ry stroke.

Full on the land the rushing vessels bore,
 Till with their prows they cleave the sandy shore.

Safe to the shelving beach the gallies run;
 All 'scap'd the shock, brave Tarchon, but thy own. 440

Thy own amid the shallows rush'd, and there
 Dash'd on the rock, and sloping hung in air:

Prest by a war of waves, her shatter'd sides
 Burst, and the crew plunge headlong in the tides.
 They swim, incumber'd with their broken oars: 445
 The floods supplant their feet, and bear them from the
 shores.

Meantime against the Trojans, on the coast,
 Brave Turnus led his close embattled host.
 The sprightly trumpets sound with martial strains,
 When great Æneas charg'd the Latian swains; 450
 The valiant Theron slew, with matchless might,
 The first auspicious omen of the fight;
 A giant chief; his furious course he held
 Against the prince, the foremost of the field.
 Fierce thro' his shield and mail (an op'ning wide!) 455
 Flew the swift sword, and pierc'd the warrior's side.
 Then Lycas bled, and stain'd the thirsty shore,
 To Phœbus sacred from his natal hour;
 Ripp'd from the womb, the infant 'scap'd the steel!
 The man, unhappy! by the faulchion fell. 460
 Gyas and Cisseus next the hero slew,
 As their huge clubs whole armies overthrew.
 Vain was their strength, their bulk, their martial fire,
 Vain their Herculean arms, and boasted fire,
 Alcides' friend; whose glorious steps he trod, 465
 While earth supply'd new monsters for the god.
 As loudly-vaunting, haughty Pharos stood,
 Fixt in his throat, the jav'lin drank his blood.
 On Cydon next, who, fir'd with lawless joy,
 Fair Clytius courted and caress'd the boy, 470
 With

With all his force the mighty hero drove,
 And soon had finish'd his prepost'rous love;
 Soon had the youth, expiring on the shore,
 Sunk, and indulg'd his guilty flames no more;
 But Phorcus' sons, seven valiant warriors, flew, 475
 And all at once their vengeful jav'lins threw;
 Some from his buckler and his helm rebound,
 Some, turn'd by Venus, glance upon the ground.
 Thus press'd, thus compass'd round on ev'ry side,
 The wrathful prince to brave Achates cry'd; 480
 Bring, bring those darts (not one shall fly in vain)
 That pierc'd the Grecians on the Trojan plain.
 Then a long lance with all his might he cast,
 Thro' Mæon's shield the furious weapon pass'd;
 Thro' the strong cuirass pierc'd the hissing dart, 485
 Transfixt his breast, and quiver'd in his heart.
 The good Alcanor lends his friendly hand,
 To raise his grov'ling brother from the sand;
 But, wing'd with death, a second jav'lin flies,
 Swift as the first, and sings along the skies; 490
 Through his extended arm the spear was flung;
 And by the nerves the dying member hung.
 His brother Numitor the weapon drew
 From the pale corse, and at the victor threw;
 The whizzing dart glanc'd innocently by, 495
 But slightly raz'd Achates' manly thigh.
 Next Clausus, flush'd with youthful strength and grace,
 (Clausus, the leader of the Sabine race)
 Beheld the mighty Dryops from afar,
 And launch'd his pointed spear aloft in air, 500
 Which

Which pierc'd his throat ; the purple hand of death
 Suppress'd the voice, and stopp'd the vital breath.
 Headlong he falls ; he grovels on the shore,
 And his pale mouth ejects a flood of gore.
 Still rushing on, the chief the slaughter spread ; 505
 By various deaths three sons of Boreas bled.
 As many more, poor hapless youths ! expire ;
 Their country Thrace, and Idas was their fire.
 Against the prince his bands Halesus leads,
 And fierce Messapus lash'd his fiery steed. 510
 In furious conflict mix'd, both armies stand
 On the first verge, and margin of the land ;
 They meet, they fight ; but neither gain, nor yield ;
 And level hung the balance of the field.
 As when the winds from diff'rent quarters rise, 515
 Pour to the charge, and combat in the skies,
 In due suspense the struggling tempests keep
 The balanc'd clouds, and poise the rolling deep ;
 The winds and waves oppos'd with equal might,
 Still undecided hangs th' aëreal fight : 520
 So join both armies in the dubious fray ;
 These scorn'd to yield, nor those can win the day ;
 All, man to man, exert the martial fire ;
 All, foot to foot, or conquer, or expire.

But, in a diff'rent quarter, where the floods 525
 Had spread the ground with shatter'd rocks and woods,
 Th' Arcadian squadrons from their steeds alight,
 And wage on foot an unaccustom'd fight.
 Now to an open route their ranks inclin'd,
 And close their foes came thund'ring from behind. 530
 This

This saw their chief, brave Pallas, with despair ;
 He saw, and strove to stop the flying war ;
 And thus the troops, as headlong they retir'd,
 With pray'rs he mov'd, or with reproaches fir'd :
 Whither, ah, whither would you turn your flight ? 535
 By your past deeds ! by ev'ry former fight !
 By all your triumphs ! by your sov'reign's name !
 By my own hopes to match my father's fame !
 Trust not your feet ; your hands must hew your way
 Through yon black body, and that thick array. 540
 Here, here, your country calls you all, to share
 With your young chief the glories of the war.
 Rush to the fight ; no gods our arms oppose ;
 Men, like ourselves, and mortal, are our foes.
 In us an equal strength and soul appears, 545
 Our hands and spirits are as bold as theirs.
 Lo ! there the foes our bands imprison'd keep !
 And here th' eternal barriers of the deep !
 Back on the seas, ye dastards, would ye fall ?
 Or hide your shameful heads in yon beleaguer'd wall ? 550
 He said ; and, rushing on the hostile bands,
 First in his way ill-fated Lagus stands ;
 Low as he stoop'd, a mighty stone to rear,
 Full in the reins descends the pointed spear ;
 Then, as he disengag'd the dart with pain, 555
 Fir'd at the sight, bold Hisbon rush'd in vain
 Against the prince ; the prince his bosom gor'd,
 And plung'd into the lungs his thund'ring sword :
 Next, lewd Anchemolus his faulchion sped,
 Who dar'd to stain his step-dame's sacred bed, 560
 You

You too, ye Daucian twins, unhappy pair !
 Laris and Thymber ! perish'd in the war :
 So like your features, that your parents look
 On either face, but each for each mistook.
 Puzzled, yet pleas'd, they gaz'd on either child, 565
 And fondly in the dear delusion smil'd.
 Now clears brave Pallas, in the dire debate,
 The nice distinction by a diff'rent fate.
 Thy head, fair Thymber, flies before the sword ;
 Thy hand, poor Laris, fought its absent lord ; 570
 Thy dying fingers, quiv'ring on the plain,
 With starts convulsive grasp the steel in vain.

The Arcadian squadrons, by their prince inspir'd,
 Rous'd by his words, by his example fir'd,
 Disdain to fly, and arms to arms oppose ; 575
 Grief, shame, and fury, drive them on the foes.
 From Teuthras and from Tyres, on his car
 Pale Rhæteus shoots impetuous through the war ;
 While Pallas his swift dart at Ilus threw,
 It pierc'd the hapless warrior as he flew. 580
 The winged death the hapless warrior stay'd,
 And for a space, poor Ilus' fate delay'd ;
 He tumbles from the car, distain'd with gore,
 And, grim in death, lies foaming on the shore.
 As, when the summer glows with fervid rays, 585
 The shepherd sets the forest in a blaze,
 The groves all kindle, while the winds conspire,
 And with their breath enrage the roaring fire :
 Wide and more wide the conflagration flies,
 Pours o'er the fields, and thunders to the skies : 590
 On

On some steep mountain sits the joyful swain,
While the victorious flames devour the plain.
So pleas'd, brave Pallas sees th' Arcadian pow'rs,
All fir'd with vengeance, sweep along the shores.

Hæfusus flew to meet the conqu'ring foe ; 595
Sheath'd in bright arms, he rose to ev'ry blow.

First Ladon sunk beneath his pointed steel ;
Then great Demodocus and Pheres fell.

While bold Strymonius flies before the band
To seize his throat ; the faulchion lops his hand : 600

Hurl'd from his arm, a stone descended full
On Thoas' head, and crush'd the batter'd skull.

His old prophetic fire, with tender care,
Conceal'd, and warn'd Hæfusus from the war.

But when in death he clos'd his aged eyes, 605
The fatal sisters claim'd their destin'd prize.

Now stood the warrior (for his hour drew near)
A victim sacred to th' Evandrian spear.

His jav'lin Pallas at the victor throws,
But first the youth prefers his ardent vows ; 610

O father Tyber ! give my winged dart,
To fly direct through proud Hæfusus' heart !

His arms and spoils thy sacred oak shall bear ;
So pray'd the youth ; the god allows his pray'r.

Hæfusus shields Imaon from the foe, 615
But leaves his breast all-naked to the blow.

He fell ; his fall alarm'd the Latian host ;
They wept, and mourn'd the mighty hero lost.

But soon brave Lausus rais'd them from despair ;
Lausus, who shone conspicuous in the war. 620

Stern Abas first he flew, of matchless might,
 Who stood unmov'd, the bulwark of the fight.
 Now bled the Tuscan, now th' Arcadian train,
 And Troy's bold sons, who 'scap'd the Greeks in vain.
 Fierce to the fight beneath their chiefs they came; 625
 Their chiefs, their numbers, and their strength, the same.
 The rear close-pressing to the dire alarms,
 Th' incumber'd troops scarce wield their useless arms.
 Here Pallas fires his train, and Lausus there;
 In all their charms the blooming youths appear. 630
 Poor, hapless youths! alas! your native plain
 Must never, never bless your eyes again!
 In vain would you engage! for Jove withstands;
 Both, both must fall; but fall by greater hands!

Now Turnus to the aid of Lausus came, 635
 Warn'd by his sister *, the celestial dame;
 Through cleaving ranks he drives his kindling car
 With furious speed, and thunders through the war.
 Forbear, forbear; nor touch my due, he cries;
 For Pallas, Pallas is your leader's prize. 640
 To me, to me alone, belongs the fight:
 Oh! could his fire be witness to the fight!
 He said; and at the word, th' obedient train
 At once retir'd, and left an open plain.
 The youth with wonder saw the parting band, 645
 Heard the bold challenge, and the proud command,
 With many a fiery glance he roll'd his eyes
 Around his manly limbs, and ample size;
 And to his haughty foe, in short, replies:

* Juturna.

Now, by thy royal spoils I will acquire 650
Immortal fame; or gloriously expire!

Then vaunt no more, for know, almighty Jove
Beholds the fight, impartial, from above.

This said; amid the field the hero strode;
All-chill'd with fear, the pale Arcadians stood. 655

The Daunian chief sprung dreadful from the car,
And rush'd on foot, impetuous to the war;
Rush'd, as a lion, from the mountain's height,
On some stern bull, that meditates the fight.

But soon as Pallas saw the prince appear 660
Within due distance of the flying spear,

Tho' far o'er-match'd, the youth his fortune tries;
And, ere he threw the dart, invok'd the skies:

O great Alcides! by my father's feast,
Thyself vouchsaf'd to grace, a glorious guest; 665

Assist his son, and crown his bold design;

Let Turnus fall, and own the conquest mine;

And, while the victor spoils the bloody prize,

View the proud trophy with his closing eyes.

His ardent pray'r with grief Alcides hears, 670

And pours a flood of unavailing tears:

While in his breast he check'd the rising groan,

Th' all-gracious father sooth'd his sorrowing son:

To all that breathe, is fixt th' appointed date;

Life is but short, and circumscrib'd by fate; 675

'Tis virtue's work, by fame to stretch the span,

Whose scanty limit bounds the days of man.

How many sons of gods were doom'd to fall,

Great as they were! beneath the Trojan wall?

Great

Great as he was ! among the mighty dead,
 Ev'n my own son, the brave Sarpedon bled :
 Fierce Turnus too the cruel fates attend,
 And now, ev'n now, his race is at an end.
 This said ; th' almighty sov'reign of the skies
 Turns from the scene of blood his sacred eyes.

680

685

Now with full force his jav'lin Pallas threw
 And from the sheath the shining faulchion drew.
 The whizzing spear, with erring course impell'd,
 Flew through the ringing margin of the shield,
 And, glancing, raz'd the shoulder of the foe.—
 Then Turnus shook the lance ; prepar'd to throw ;
 He shook the lance ; and see, he cry'd, if mine
 Reach not the mark ; a surer dart than thine !
 He said, and threw. The spear with forceful sway
 Broke, through the solid shield, its destin'd way ;
 Through ev'ry steely plate, and brazen fold,
 Through strong bull-hides, around the buckler roll'd ;
 Through the thick cuirass flew the furious dart,
 Transfix'd his breast, and planted in his heart.
 From the wide wound in vain the lance he tore,
 The purple soul came floating with the gore.
 Down sunk the youth ; his rattling arms resound ;
 He spurns, and grinds in blood the hostile ground.
 Then, as he strode, exulting, o'er the dead,
 Thus to th' Arcadian train the victor said :
 Go !—be this message to your master known ;
 Such as the fire deserv'd, I send the son ;
 Unbrib'd, unsought his relicks I bestow,
 If fun'ral honours can relieve his woe.

690

695

700

705

Dear

689 Dear for the Trojans friendship has he paid!— 710

Then, with his foot he prest the prostrate dead;

Seiz'd his embroider'd belt, a glorious prey!

And from his bosom rent the prize away.

In this rich belt, with precious gold inlaid,

68; His utmost art Eurytion had display'd. 715

Here, thick emboss'd, the fifty daughters shed
Their consorts blood, and stain'd the bridal bed;

The rais'd, bold figures, all divinely-bright

Came out, and stood projecting to the sight.

690 This spoil proud Turnus with triumphant eyes 720

Surveys, and glories in the costly prize.

But man, too haughty in a prosp'rous state,

Grows blind and heedless of his future fate:

The time shall come, when Turnus in dismay,

695 Shall mourn these spoils, and this victorious day; 725

Shall wish, too late! the golden belt unsought,

And curse the trophies he so dearly bought!

With groans and tears th' Arcadians on a shield,

Bear back their breathless leader from the field.

700 Thus to thy father's arms dost thou retire, 730

Brave youth, the grief and glory of thy fire!

O early lost! with strength and beauty grac'd!

This thy first day of warfare was thy last:

Yet didst thou scatter death through half an host;

705 And, ere thy own, a thousand lives were lost. 735

Now by spectators, not the voice of fame,

To Troy's great chief these mournful tidings came;

That round his friends, on danger, danger grows,

Who claim his aid encompass'd by the foes.

With

With his huge weighty sword, without delay, 745
Thro' bleeding ranks he cleaves an ample way.
Thee, Turnus, thee he seeks along the plain,
Proud of the spoils of hapless Pallas slain.

The genial feast, the son, the fire combin'd,
Leagues, friendship, all, came rushing on his mind. 745

Four youths by Sulmo, four by Ufens, bred,
Unhappy victims! destin'd to the dead,
He seiz'd alive, to offer on the pyre,
And sprinkle with their blood the fun'ral fire.
At Magnus next his furious spear he cast, 750
But o'er his head the quiv'ring weapon past:
The wretch embrac'd his knees, and try'd with art,
To bend his stern, inexorable heart.

By thy dead father's shade, thy suppliant spare!
By all the hopes of thy surviving heir! 755
Preserve, victorious prince, this life alone,
To glad a longing father and a son!
High in my dome are silver talents roll'd,
With piles of labour'd and unlabour'd gold,
These, to procure my ransom, I resign; 760
The war depends not on a life like mine!
One, one poor life, can no such diff'rence yield,
Nor turn the mighty balance of the field!

Thy talents (cry'd the prince), thy treasur'd store
Keep for thy sons; but talk of terms no more. 765
Your chief, when Pallas he depriv'd of breath,
Left no conditions but revenge and death.
So deems my living son; my fire below;
And, from this sword, demand the life of ev'ry foe.

This

This said; he seiz'd his helm; and, while he pray'd, 770
 Deep-bury'd in his neck the flaming blade.

Apollo's priest, illustrious Æmon's son,
 In purple robes and radiant armour shone.
 The sacred fillets bind his brows in vain!

Swift flies the gaudy warrior o'er the plain. 775

Beneath the prince the hapless victim dies,

And fate in endless slumber seals his eyes.

Serestus strips his arms; a costly load;

A trophy destin'd to the * Thracian god.

Umbro, the Marfian chief, exerts his might, 780

And valiant Cæculus renews the fight,

Against the prince he warms the troops in vain!—

He pours, he storms, he thunders through the plain;

Lops warlike Anxur's arms; the hand and shield

Drop down, an useless burthen on the field. 785

Before he vaunted, and he seem'd to rise

In his proud thought, exalted, to the skies.

But ah! in vain he rais'd his haughty mind

With the fond hope of years on years behind!

In arms great Tarquitus all-blazing stood, 790

Sprung from a Dryad and a Sylvan god.

Full in the hero's front he dar'd appear;

But through his shield and corslet flew the spear.

Then as he pray'd, and begg'd his life in vain,

He lopp'd his head, that roll'd along the plain. 795

The trunk still beating on the ground below,

Thus in proud triumph spoke his conqu'ring foe:

* Mars.

Lie,

Lie, mighty warrior, there ! no mother's hand
 Shall now inter thee in thy native land ;
 But hungry beasts thy wretched corse shall tear, 800
 The fishes of the flood, and fowls of air.

Lycas and brave Antæus next he kill'd,
 Fierce as they fought, the champions of the field.
 Numa, and fair Camertes, than he slew,
 Who from bold Volscens his proud lineage drew. 805
 By far the wealthiest of the Latian train ;
 And soft Amyclæ own'd his easy reign.

And as, of old, the huge Ægeon stood
 Engag'd in battle with the thund'ring god ;
 Shook high Olympus with the dire alarms, 810
 And wag'd the war with all his hundred arms ;
 Long flames from fifty mouths the fiend expires
 Back to the skies, and answers fires with fires ;
 As many shining swords he shook, and held,
 Oppos'd to ev'ry bolt, a pond'rous shield. 815

So, when his reeking swords in blood was dy'd,
 Fought the brave prince, and rag'd on ev'ry side.

Now fierce he rush'd against Nyphæus' car,
 Who shone conspicuous in the ranks of war ;
 With wild affright the startled steeds beheld 820
 The tow'ring hero blazing o'er the field ;
 Flew back, and cast their master on the plain ;
 Then whirl'd the bounding chariot to the main.

Liger and Lucagus next came in view :
 Drawn by white courfers, thro' the troops they flew ; 825
 Two haughty brothers ; that, the courfers sway'd ;
 This brandish'd high in air the glitt'ring blade.

Their

Their threats the Trojan chief disdain'd to bear,
 Rush'd on, and shook aloft the pointed spear.
 No Phrygian fields are these (proud Liger said), 830
 Nor these the steeds of Argive Diomede;
 You 'scape not this, as once Achilles' car;
 Here ends thy life, and here shall end the war!
 Thus the mad boaster—but, devoid of fear,
 The prince, in answer, launch'd his whizzing spear. 835
 Then, while the brother, bending o'er the horse,
 With his keen jav'lin urg'd the fiery course,
 And, with one foot protended, rush'd to fight,
 The lance, that instant, wing'd its fatal flight;
 Beneath the shining margin of the shield, 840
 Swift through the groin the pointed jav'lin held.
 Down sinks the warrior with a dreadful sound,
 And, grim in death, lies grov'ling on the ground.
 The conqu'ring prince beheld him as he bled,
 And thus, in scornful terms, bespoke the dead: 845
 Nor were your courfers slow; nor vain affright
 At empty shadows turn'd your steeds to flight;
 Yourself, brave Lucagus, forsook the car,
 And, vaulting on the field, declin'd the war!
 This said; he seiz'd the courfers by the rein; 850 }
 When thus the brother, cast upon the plain,
 With lifted hands implor'd the chief in vain;
 Now, by thyself, thy mercy I implore;
 By those who such a godlike hero bore;
 This forfeit life, divine Æneas, spare, 855
 And with soft pity listen to my pray'r.—

In far, far diff'rent terms you talk'd before ;
 Die then (replies the prince), and plead no more ;
 Go !—'tis a brother's part—in duty go,
 And wait thy brother to the realms below !
 He rais'd the sword aloft, as thus he said,
 And in his bosom plung'd the pointed blade.

860

Thus, like a storm or torrent, o'er the ground
 He rush'd, and spread the slaughter wide around ;
 Till from their works, so long besieg'd in vain,
 Break forth Ascanius and the Trojan train.

865

While thus the battle bled ; imperial Jove
 Address'd his comfort in the realms above,
 As both from heav'n survey'd the deathful scene :
 Say, sister-goddeſs, and my beauteous queen,
 Still, is it still your thought, that Venus' care
 Supports her favour'd Trojans in the war ?
 See ! how the martial bands increaſe in might !
 Strong from their wounds ! and vig'rous for the fight
 Can ſuch brave heroes, who ſuch dangers prove,
 Depend for ſuccour on the queen of love ?

870

875

And why, my lord, ſubmiſſive, ſhe rejoin'd,
 Theſe words ſevere, to rack my anxious mind ?
 Did ſtill your love (as ſure it ſhould) remain,
 A wife and ſiſter might not plead in vain,
 That from the field poor Turnus may retire,
 Exempt from death, and glad his longing fire.—
 But let him die, ſince Jove has ſo decreed !—
 To glut the Trojan vengeance, let him bleed !—
 And yet his birth might ſome diſtinction claim,
 Since from our own celeftial line he came.

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To thy great name due honours has he paid,
 And rich oblations on thy altars laid.
 Thus spoke the suppliant queen; and thus replies,
 In brief, th' almighty sov'reign of the skies: 890

If 'tis your pray'r to spare his forfeit breath,
 By a short respite of approaching death;
 Snatch him this instant from the fatal hour.
 This grace we grant him;—and we grant no more.
 For if you beg his destin'd life to spare; 895
 Or turn the course and fortune of the war;
 Vain your request, and vain your hope appears—
 To whom once more, the pensive queen, with tears:

And what, my lord, if you reverse the doom?
 Spare the dear youth, and save him from the tomb! 900
 Ev'n from your soul this grace if you will give,
 (Which scarce you promise) that he yet may live!
 Ah! now I see, or in my fears portend,
 The guiltless youth approaching to his end!
 But may those fears, my sov'reign lord, be vain, 905
 And your almighty pow'r recal his doom again!

This said; with momentary speed she flies,
 Wrapt in a winged whirlwind, down the skies;
 In fable storms she drives the clouds before;
 Then to the fields of fight her course she bore; 910
 There, in Æneas' shape, a figur'd shade
 Of light impassive air, the goddess made.
 A Trojan spear the spectre seem'd to wield,
 Wore a proud crest and imitated shield!
 And spoke with empty words, in vaunting strain, 915
 And, like the chief, came tow'ring o'er the plain.

(Such are the fleeting forms in visions bred,
 And such the gliding spectres of the dead.)
 The threat'ning phantom made his bold advance,
 On Turnus call'd, and shook his airy lance. 920
 The Daunian prince his sounding jav'lin threw;
 While with dissembled fear, the phantom flew.
 Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,
 Burn'd with new hopes, and thus, exulting, said:
 Flies then Æneas, to his fears resign'd, 925
 And leaves a princess' royal bed behind?—
 The land, for which he cross'd the stormy wave,
 This arm shall give—and here he finds a grave!
 Then shook his sword, and chas'd him thro' the war;
 But his short triumph soon was lost in air! 930

By chance a ship stood anchor'd by the shore,
 (Which late, from Clusium, king Ofinius bore)
 Close shelter'd by a rock, that breaks the tides;
 The planks were laid, to climb her lofty sides.
 Swift to her darksome hold the shade withdrew; 935
 As swift glad Turnus to the vessel flew.
 That instant Juno cut the cords away,
 Unmoor'd the bark, and launch'd her on the sea.
 Meantime Æneas seeks his absent foe,
 And sends whole squadrons to the ghosts below. 940
 No more for shelter now the phantom flies,
 But mounts aloft, and mixes with the skies.
 While Turnus far in open ocean sails,
 (The vessel wafted by the rising gales)
 Many a long look, back on the battle bends, 945
 And hears the cries of his forsaken friends:

On such hard terms abhors to live, and rears
His hands and voice, in anguish, to the stars :

What are my crimes, almighty Jove, that claim

This endless infamy to blast my name ? 950

This dreadful doom is too severe by far ;

This load of life is more than I can bear !

Whence came I here ? and whither am I borne ?

How could I fly ?—ah ! how shall I return ?

Oh ! with what eyes can I behold again 955

Yon regal walls, or yon deserted train ?

How will my friends pursue my name with hate ?

By me, their worthy chief, expos'd to fate !

Those friends (ye gods) I left on yonder plain,

In my curs'd cause and quarrel, to be slain ! 960

Ha !—now I see 'em fly, or bite the ground !—

I hear, I start at ev'ry dying sound,

What, what can now be done ?—on land or sea

What gulf will open for a wretch like me ?

O winds, ye storms, your pity I implore, 965

Drive, drive my bark on some rough rocky shore,

Where, nor my friends, nor fame, may ever find me
more ! }

This said ; the prince debates, by shame oppress'd,

Whether to plunge the faulchion in his breast ;

Or from the vessel leap amid the main, 970

Swim back and mingle in the fight again.

Thrice on each bold resolve his soul was bent ;

And thrice great Juno check'd the rash intent.

The goddess wafts him down, secure from harms,

And restores him to his father's arms. 975

Mezentius now, inspir'd by Jove's commands,
 Succeeds the chief, invades the Trojan bands.
 On him, and him alone the Tuscans ran,
 With all their darts ; an army on a man.
 But, like a rock, the dire alarms he stood ; 980
 A rock, whose sides project into the flood ;
 That hears, above, the furious whirlwind blow,
 And sees the frothy billows break below ;
 But stands unmov'd, majestically high,
 And braves the idle rage of ocean and the sky. 985

First Dolicaon's son the monarch flew ;
 Next on the trembling Latagus he flew ;
 Fierce in his hand a pond'rous stone he took,
 And on his visage dash'd the broken rock ;
 Then drove thro' Palmus knee the pointed steel : 990
 And left the warrior grov'ling where he fell.
 His glitt'ring arms young Lausus' shoulders spread,
 And the plum'd helmet nodded o'er his head.
 Next Evas bleeds beneath his vengeful spear,
 With Mimas, Paris' friend and bold compeer ; 995
 Theano bore him when the queen of Troy,
 Pregnant with flame produc'd the fatal boy ;
 Yet in his native land was Paris slain !
 But hapless Mimas on a foreign plain !

And as some mighty boar, who long has fed 1000
 High on the rough aërial mountain's head,
 Chas'd by the hounds, shoots down the hanging brow
 With speed impetuous to the vale below ;
 When on the toils the furious monster flies,
 O'er his bent back the starting bristles rise ; 1005
 Stopp'd

Stopp'd and entangled, now he foams with ire;
 Now his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
 The clam'rous hunters, cautious to engage,
 With shouts and darts a distant combat wage;
 He turns, he grinds his teeth; and, void of fear, 1010
 Shakes his huge fides, and sheds the scatter'd war.
 Thus (though inflam'd with just revenge they stand)
 None dare engage the monarch hand to hand;
 But from afar their missile darts they fling,
 And with loud shouts provoke the raging king. 1015

Acron, of Argive race, for fame had fled
 The joys of love, and left the spousal bed.
 In purple plumes he tow'r'd, with gaudy pride,
 Grac'd with the favours of his beauteous bride.
 The Tuscan king beheld him from afar, 1020
 Scattering the ranks, and glitt'ring through the war.

As when a lion, that, with hunger bold,
 Roams grimly round the fences of the fold,
 Spies a tall goat, the chief of all the train,
 Or beamy stag, high-stalking o'er the plain; 1025
 His horrid mane he rears, he runs, he flies,
 Expands his jaws, and darts upon the prize;
 The prize he rends, with a tremendous roar,
 And, growling, rages in a foam of gore:
 Thus, on th' embattled foes, Mezentius flew, 1030
 And Acron in the pride of beauty flew.

His gushing blood the broken dart distains,
 And, as he falls, he spurns the hostile plains.
 Now round the king the growing slaughter spread,
 Who scorn'd to kill Orodes as he fled; 1035

But, with preventive speed, Mezentius ran,
 Turn'd short, and bravely fought him, man to man;
 Then prefs'd him with his foot and lance; and cries;
 Behold, behold, my friends, no vulgar prize!
 Lo! vanquish'd by your king, the great Orodes dies. }
 A sudden transport fires the martial train, 1041
 And shouts of triumph echo round the plain.
 When thus the dying chief: insulting foe!
 Soon, like my own, shall thy proud head lie low.
 Vengeance is on the wing; black fate is nigh; 1045
 And here, e'en here, art thou fore-doom'd to die—
 However, die thou first! the king reply'd
 (All-grimly smiling with disdainful pride;) }
 And let your boasted Jove for me provide. }
 Then from the corse the bloody dart he drew; 1050
 The shades of death came hov'ring o'er his view.
 Slow, in dim mists, the heavy vapours rise,
 And in eternal slumber seal his eyes.

Now by brave Cædicus, Alcathous fell;
 Hydaspes sunk beneath Sacrator's steel; 1055
 His weighty spear the valiant Rapo threw,
 And mighty Orfes and Parthenius slew.
 Clonius the next by Neptune's son was slain,
 And Ericetes prefs'd the bloody plain:
 This, on the ground, the godlike hero kill'd; 1060
 That, his mad courser cast upon the field.

Next, Tuscan Valerus, as Agis strode
 Before the ranks, thy jav'lin drank his blood.
 Thy faulchion, Salius, pierc'd Atroni'us' side;
 The hapless victor by Neales dy'd, 1065
 Skill'd

Skill'd or to dart the lance, or bend the bow,
And reach from far the unsuspecting foe.

The god of war, in equal balance, held
The rage, the woes, and slaughters of the field.
Fix'd on the spot, the troops disdain to fly ; 1070
By turns, the vanquish'd and the victors die.
From realms of light, th' immortal pow'rs inclin'd
Their eyes, and mourn the havock of mankind !
Here heav'n's imperial queen, and Venus, there,
Lean forward from the sky to view the war ; 1075
While pale Tisiphone, with dire alarms,
Inflames the rising rage, and calls the hosts to arms.

Now his vast spear aloft Mezentius held ;
Haughty and high he moves, and blazes o'er the field.
So through mid ocean when Orion strides, 1080
His bulk enormous tow'rs above the tides :
So, when he grasps in his tremendous hand
Some mountain oak, and stalks along the land,
Above the clouds his ample shoulders rise,
And his huge stature heaves into the skies ! 1085

Æneas mark'd the hero from afar,
And through the ranks rush'd furious to the war.
The hero stands collected in his might,
Defies the godlike prince, and waits the fight.
Soon as he saw the mighty chief advance 1090
Within due distance of his flying lance,
Now, now, my spear, and conqu'ring hand, he cry'd,
(Mezentius owns no deity beside !)

Assist my vows ; succeed my martial toils,
To strip yon pirate of his bloody spoils. 1095
T 4 Thou,

Thou, Lausus! thou, Æneas' arms shalt bear,
 A living trophy of my deeds in war!
 He said, and hurl'd the jav'lin o'er the field,
 That sung and glanc'd obliquely from the shield;
 But held its furious course, and, turning wide, 1100
 Drove deep the point in great Antores' side:
 The great Antores (an illustrious name)
 Evander's guest, from ancient Argos came;
 Late in th' Arcadian court he made abode;
 Alcides' former friend, and partner of the god: 1105
 But now, unhappy!—by another's wound
 He bleeds, he falls, he welters on the ground;
 And, while he cast to heav'n his swimming eyes,
 Turns his last thoughts on Argos, as he dies!

Next, his strong lance the pious Trojan cast; 1110
 Swift through the shining orb the jav'lin past,
 Through linen plaits, a triple brazen fold,
 And three bull-hides, around the buckler roll'd;
 Deep pierc'd his groin, and there its fury stay'd—
 The streaming blood the chief with joy survey'd; 1115
 Then from the sheath the shining faulchion drew,
 And furious on the wounded monarch flew.

This sees brave Lausus, his illustrious son,
 Fears for his danger, and forgets his own;
 And, while grief, rage, and love, his bosom fire, 1120
 Sighs, weeps, and runs, to disengage his fire.
 Here then, if future times will credit give,
 Thy praise, heroic youth! shall ever live;
 Poor, pity'd youth!—in life's first early bloom,
 Snatch'd from the world, and hurry'd to the tomb! 1125

Incum-

Incumber'd by the spear that pierc'd the shield,
 With tir'd, slow steps, the monarch quits the field :
 Forth springs the son against the Trojan lord,
 And rush'd beneath the long-descending sword ;
 Flies to prevent the meditated blow, 1130

And guard his bleeding father from the foe.
 His friends, with darts, the prince at distance ply,
 And with their loud applauses rend the sky.
 The hero rages, as the jav'lins play'd,
 And lies collected in the buckler's shade. 1135

As when the rattling hail, impetuous, pours,
 And the wide field smokes with the rushing show'rs,
 To the safe shelving banks the swains repair,
 Or to some cavern'd rock ; and, shelter'd there,
 Wait till the furious tempest break away ; 1140
 And then renew the labours of the day.

So, ply'd by show'rs of jav'lins from afar,
 The chief sustain'd the tempest of the war
 On his broad shield ; and thus the godlike man
 Exhorts, and begs, and threats the youth in vain : 1145
 Whither, to death, ah ! whither wouldst thou run,
 And tempt a hand far mightier than thy own ?
 Ah ! yet, poor Lausus ! from the field remove ;
 You fly to ruin, urg'd by filial love.

He warn'd in vain ! the youth the prince defies ; 1150
 Till all his dreadful wrath began to rise ;
 The Fates prepare their sheers ; the Dardan lord
 Unsheaths, and whirls aloft the thund'ring sword :
 The thund'ring sword, with all his force apply'd,
 Furious he drove, and bury'd in his side. 1155

The

The thrilling point, with boundless rage impress'd,
 Pierc'd the light buckler, and the golden vest,
 Which his fond mother's hands embroider'd o'er;
 And his fair breast was stain'd with crimson gore:
 The pensive spirit leaves the corse behind, 116
 Flies to the shades, and mixes with the wind.

But, when the pious god-like prince of Troy
 Saw the pale visage of the hapless boy
 In death's last agonies; a groan he drew
 Deep from his heart, nor cou'd he bear the view. 116
 His soul now melts with stern Mezentius' woe,
 And in the wretched fire forgets the foe.
 Then to the boy he reach'd his hand, and said;
 To worth like thine, what honours can be paid?
 Lamented youth, too early lost! receive 117
 The sole reward a gen'rous foe can give:
 Lo! I restore thy arms, unhappy boy!
 Thy sword and buckler, late thy only joy:
 Yet, Lausus, ev'n in death, be this your pride,
 That by the great Æneas' hand you dy'd. 117
 Then round the corse he calls his social train,
 And rears himself the warrior from the plain.
 But ah! how chang'd!—with blood disfigur'd o'er;
 And his fair tresses all-deform'd with gore!

Meantime, retir'd to Tyber's flow'ry bounds, 118
 In the cool stream to bathe his glowing wounds,
 The wretched father (father now no more!)
 In sullen sorrow rested on the shore;
 Lean'd on an oak, with pain and anguish stung,
 And from a bough his brazen helmet hung. 118

His heavier arms lie scatter'd o'er the plain;
 Round the sad monarch wait the duteous train:
 As (o'er his breast his hoary beard declin'd)
 The chief enjoy'd the freshness of the wind;
 Much of his Lausus, asks the pensive fire; 1190
 Sends oft in vain, and warns him to retire.
 When lo! his soldiers bear him on a shield,
 Pale, stretch'd in death, and breathless, from the field.
 Deep in his side appear'd the grizly wound;
 His groaning friends attend, and mourn around. 1195
 Far off, that peal of groans the father knew,
 And dust o'er all his hoary locks he threw;
 To heav'n, in agonies of anguish, spread
 His hands; and, hov'ring o'er, embrac'd the dead:
 And oh! can life (he cry'd) such pleasure give? 1200
 And bleeds my Lausus, that his fire may live?
 Have I then lost thy life, and sav'd my own?
 Sav'd by the death of my dear murder'd son!
 In my defence could such a son expire?
 A son like him, for such a guilty fire! 1205
 Now, now, I feel an exile's woe; the smart
 Of this deep wound lies raging at my heart.
 'Tis keen, 'tis sharp, 'tis terrible at last!
 Nor half the bitterness of life is past!
 On thy fair fame, my son, I left a stain, 1210
 Driv'n by my people from my native reign;
 To them, to thee, my murder'd child! I owe
 All, all the deaths such guilt shou'd undergo.
 And yet I live, and see the golden light!
 But soon will leave it, for I loath the sight! 1215
 This

This said; with rage and valour boiling high,
 The monarch rear'd him on his halting thigh;
 And tho' his wound retards him in his speed,
 He calls impatient for the warrior steed;
 The steed, his pride, his solace and delight, 1220
 That bore him still victorious from the fight.
 Then, as he droop'd, and hung his pensive head,
 He clapp'd the gen'rous horse, and thus he said:
 Rhœbus, we long have liv'd (if length there be
 In mortal life)—'tis now too long for me! 1225
 Soon shalt thou bear me from the bloody fray,
 And bring Æneas' head and spoils away;
 With thy lov'd lord on yon detested plain,
 Avenge my son, my darling Lausus slain,
 And share together in the dire debate, 1230
 One common conquest, or one common fate.
 For thou wilt scorn, I trust, the rule abhorr'd,
 And the base burden, of a Phrygian lord.
 This said; the hero mounts the gen'rous horse,
 And to the foe directs his furious course. 1235
 High on his head the crested helm he wore,
 And in his hands the steely jav'lines bore.
 His conscious valour, his recoiling shame,
 Grief, wrath, and fury, set his soul on flame.
 Thrice on Æneas' name he calls from far, 1240
 Who hears the challenge, and accepts the war.
 So may great Jove, and he, the god of light,
 Inspire thy soul, to stand the proffer'd fight!
 The hero cry'd; then made his bold advance,
 Fierce o'er the field, and shook the flaming lance. 1245
 And

And why, reply'd the king, this vaunting strain?

The father perish'd, when the son was slain!

Strike then, and use thy present fortune:—strike—

Death, and the fabled gods, I scorn alike.

No more—I came to die; but first bestow 1250

This parting present on the murd'rous foe.

Swift as the word, the vengeful dart he sped;

Lance after lance, in swift succession, fled;

Then, in a spacious ring, he rode the field,

And vainly ply'd th' impenetrable shield; 1255

Thrice round the chief in rapid circles flew,

And at each flight a pointed jav'lin threw.

Collected in himself, the hero bears,

On the broad shield, a rising grove of spears.

But now the prince, impatient of delay, 1260

So long to tug dart after dart away,

Press'd and fatigu'd with such unequal fight,

(At length determin'd to display his might)

Springs forth; and aims his jav'lin's furious course

Betwixt the temples of the fiery horse. 1265

Stung to the brain the horse begins to rear,

Paw with his plunging feet, and lash the air.

Headlong at last, and madding with the steel,

Full on the shoulder of his lord he fell.

The hosts with clamours tempest all the skies. 1270

With his drawn sword the fierce Æneas flies:

And where is now the lofty strain (he cry'd)

Of stern Mezentius, and the scornful pride?

With half-recover'd life, the king replies

(And, as he speaks, stares wildly at the skies;) 1275

Why

Why, why, insulting foe, this waste of breath
 To souls determin'd, and resolv'd on death?
 In that fond hope to battle did I fly;
 And fought far less to conquer than to die.
 My son when slaughter'd in the martial strife, 1280
 Made no such contract for his father's life;
 A worthless gift to live at thy command!
 Nor wou'd I take it from his murd'rer's hand!
 But, if a vanquish'd foe this grace may crave,
 Oh! let me find the refuge of a grave! 1285
 Too well my subjects vengeance have I known;
 Then guard my corse; and lay me by my son.
 Grant, grant that pleasure, e'er I yield my breath,
 To share his dear society in death!
 This said; the willing warrior to the foe 1290
 Extends his throat, and courts the fatal blow.
 The sanguine stream his radiant armour dy'd;
 The soul came rushing in the purple tide.

End of the Tenth Book.

VIRGIL'S

V I R G I L ' s
Æ N E I D.

B O O K X I.

Â R G U M E N T.

Æneas erects a trophy of the spoils of Mezentius, grants a truce for burying the dead, and sends home the body of Pallas with great solemnity. Latinus calls a council to propose offers of peace to Æneas, which occasions great animosities between Turnus and Drances. In the meantime there is a sharp engagement of the horse; wherein Camilla signalizes herself; is killed; and the Latin troops are entirely defeated.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK XI.

NOW, o'er the waves, Aurora rais'd her head :
 The chief (though eager to inter the dead,
 And to the wretched father's arms to send
 The relicks of his dear departed friend)
 First to the gods discharg'd a victor's vows, 5
 And bar'd an oak of all her verdant boughs.
 High on a lofty point the trunk he plac'd,
 Which with Mezentius' radiant arms he grac'd ;
 The shiver'd lances that the monarch bore,
 The plummy crest that dropp'd with recent gore ; 10
 The cuirass next ; transfixt in ev'ry part
 By the keen jav'lin, or the flying dart.
 Then on the left, the brazen shield was ty'd ;
 And the dread sword hung glitt'ring at the side.
 Thus the rich spoils he rais'd aloft in air, 15
 A trophy sacred to the god of war.
 Then to his arms, a glad triumphant train,
 Assembled round their chief, the prince began :
 Dismiss your fears ; the high exploit is o'er ;
 The great, the stern Mezentius is no more ! 20
 Lo ! where an omen of success he stands !
 The glorious trophy of your leader's hands !

When heav'n permits, our standard to display,
 To yon proud town, intrepid, break your way;
 And let your eager hopes, devoid of care, 25
 Fore-run the happy fortunes of the war.
 Now let our slaughter'd friends in earth be laid,
 The last, last honours we can pay the dead!
 On those brave souls be fun'ral rites bestow'd,
 Who bought this country with their dearest blood: 30
 But first the cold remains of Pallas send
 To his sad father, our unhappy friend;
 Since the dire chance of war, in early bloom,
 Condemns the valiant hero to the tomb!

Then to the tent his hasty course he sped, 35
 Where old Acœtes sits, and guards the dead.
 Evander's 'squire of old, in fields he shone:
 A far less prosp'rous comrade to the son!
 His friends, his soldiers, and the menial train,
 With tears bemoan the blooming hero slain. 40
 With lamentable cries, and hair unbound,
 The Trojan dames in order stand around.
 Soon as Æneas past the lofty door,
 With louder groans the warrior they deplore:
 They beat their breasts; tears gush from ev'ry eye; 45
 The rich pavilions to their shrieks reply.
 His head now rais'd; the pious prince of Troy
 Saw the pale features of the hapless boy;
 Saw the wide wound amidst his ivory breast;
 And, with a flood of tears, the dead address'd. 50

Lamented youth! could fortune then intend
 To bless my arms, but rob me of my friend?

My

My friend, I hop'd, (but ah! that hope was vain!)
 Wou'd share the glories of my op'ning reign,
 And, gay with conquest, glad his fire again. 55 }

Far other promise to that fire I past!
 Nor thought thy first, first warfare was thy last:
 Then, when he sent me to my high command,
 The good old king, at parting, grasp'd my hand,
 And told, with all a friend's and father's care, 60
 With what fierce nations we must wage the war.

Now for his son, perhaps, he loads the shrine,
 And decks the fane of ev'ry pow'r divine;
 While, with vain pomp and many an empty rite,
 We bring him back his Pallas from the fight, 65
 Pale, stretch'd in death; and, in his latest hour,
 Disclaim'd by ev'ry ruthless heav'nly pow'r!

Now, for these triumphs, must thy mournful eye
 See the sad fun'ral of thy son go by!

Such, hapless monarch, are the spoils we send! 70

Such, the vain boast and promise of thy friend!

And yet he fell, by Turnus' arms oppress'd,

His wounds all fair, and honest, on the breast!

Better, than to prolong by shame his breath!—

Then hadst thou curs'd thy age, and wish'd for death! 75

Ah! what a chief have our confed'rate host,

And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost!

Thus, while a stream of tears he shed in vain,

He bids them raise the body of the slain.

A thousand warriors from the host he chose, 80

To wait the pomp, and share the father's woes,

The due funereal honours to complete ;
 A slender solace for a loss so great !
 Soft bending twigs they weave ; with care they spread
 The swelling foliage o'er the verdant bed, 85 }
 And decent on the bier dispose the dead.
 There like a flow'r he lay, with beauty crown'd,
 Pluck'd by some lovely virgin from the ground :
 The root no more the mother earth supplies ;
 Yet still th' unfaded colour charms the eyes, 90
 Two rich embroider'd robes Æneas brought,
 Robes, which of old the Tyrian princess wrought.
 One, round the body of the youth he spread,
 His last, last gift ! and one adorn'd his head,
 Drawn o'er his face, that when the flames aspire, 95
 With the fair locks may feed the crackling fire.
 Next, in a line, darts, helmets, and steeds, appear,
 Won by himself ; the prizes of the war.
 Then with their pinion'd hands the captives came,
 Unhappy youths !—devoted to the flame ! 100
 With fair inscriptions of the foes he slew,
 The noblest chiefs, his glorious trophies drew.
 Supported by his friends, with woes oppress'd,
 Accetes rends his locks, and beats his breast ;
 This moment, pauses ; then, in sorrow drown'd, 105
 Breaks from their arms, and grovels on the ground.
 All cover'd o'er with blood, succeeds a train
 Of hostile cars, in honour of the slain.
 Stripp'd of his trappings, and his head declin'd,
 Æthon, his gen'rous warrior-horse, behind, 110
 Moves

Moves with a solemn, slow, majestic pace ;
 And the big tears run rolling down his face.
 These, the young hero's lance and helmet bear ;
 The rest, the victor seiz'd, the spoils of war.
 The Trojan, Tuscan, and Arcadian train 115
 Trail their inverted jav'lins on the plain.
 The pomp all past ; thus good Æneas said,
 With a deep groan, low bending o'er the dead ;
 Hail, mighty spirit, hail !—with dire alarms,
 The Fates recal us to the rage of arms, 120
 And to new scenes of woe thy friends compel :—
 Farewel, brave prince, a long and last farewell.
 This said ; the mournful chief, without delay,
 Back to the lofty ramparts bent his way.

Now from the Latian court a train were sped, 125
 With wreaths of verdant olives on their head ;
 Who ask a truce, to search th' ensanguin'd plain,
 And decent in their graves dispose the slain :
 Beg, that his wrath in conquest may be laid,
 Nor wage a war, relentless, with the dead ; 130
 But spare their nation, late by social ties,
 By plighted love, and friendship, his allies.

The godlike hero grants their just request ;
 And in these words his gen'rous soul express'd :
 What fate, ye Latians, urg'd your minds so far, 135
 To shun our friendship, for this wasteful war ?
 Glad would I grant the truce, you ask for those
 Who dy'd in fight, to my surviving foes.—
 Had not the Fates assign'd these realms before,
 I had not fail'd to your Hesperian shore ; 140

I wage the war but in my own defence ;
 Not with your people, but your perjur'd prince.
 First, from his league, perfidious he withdrew ;
 Then to proud Turnus' arms for refuge flew.
 But let proud Turnus stand ('tis just and right) 145
 The terrors of this arm in single fight.
 Would he repel the Trojans from the land ?
 Ev'n let him meet their gen'ral hand to hand !
 Soon would be known, in combat when we strive,
 Which heav'n ordains to perish, or survive. 150
 Go then, and burn your slaughter'd friends, that spread
 The purple fields ; I war not with the dead.

Struck with the gen'rous speech, they stood amaz'd,
 And on each other, fixt in wonder, gaz'd ;
 When Drances, senior of the rev'rend train, 155
 Th' inveterate foe of Turnus, thus began :
 How shall my tongue so great a prince proclaim,
 Whom fame renowns ; whose deeds transcend his fame !
 Whose force and wisdom, or in war or peace,
 Thought scarce can equal ; and no words express ! 160
 Thy answer will we soon report, and bring
 To thy alliance our deluded king.

And let rash Turnus other courts implore
 His sinking cause and int'rests to restore ;
 While we will lend our lab'ring hands with joy, 165
 To raise this fated town, this second Troy.

He said ; the rest assent with equal praise,
 And fix the truce for twelve succeeding days.
 Meantime the Latins and the Trojans rove
 Safe o'er the hills, and mingle in the grove. 170

Now the tough ash the founding axes ply ;
 Th' unrooted pines turn upward to the sky :
 The wedge divides, with many a vig'rous stroke,
 The scented cedar, and the pond'rous oak.
 And, nodding o'er the cars, (a mighty load !) 175
 The length'ning elms roll lumb'ring down the road.

Now fame, the messenger of sorrow, bears
 The death of Pallas to the father's ears ;
 That on triumphant wings with pride, before,
 The glorious tidings of his conquests bore. 180

Strait rushing through the gates, the people stand
 In ranks, a fun'ral torch in ev'ry hand.

The mingling blaze a dreadful splendor yields,
 Flames to the skies, and lightens all the fields.

The Phrygian train approach, a solemn show ! 185
 And join the mourners in the public woe.

Loud shriek the matrons, as the corse appears,
 And the whole city seems one scene of tears.

But nought the wretched father can restrain :
 He breaks, all-frantic, through the parting train ; 190

Then on the bier his aged body threw,
 And kiss'd his son, as to the corse he grew :

While from his eyes the gushing sorrows flow,
 Fixt in a long dumb agony of woe.

A thousand things in vain he strove to say, 195
 But scarce could these for anguish find their way :

Is this thy promise then, my child, with care
 And cool reserve, to mingle in the war ?

Too well, alas ! I knew how honour's charms
 Wou'd fire thy youth to seek the rough alarms, 200 }

In these thy first essays, and rudiments of arms ! , }
 Oh !

Oh! dire essays!—too fond was thy delight
 To learn the dreadful lessons of the fight!
 Where now are all my vows (my Pallas) where?
 Ah! the stern gods grew deaf to ev'ry pray'r! 205
 How blest art thou, dear partner of my bed,
 Free from this stroke, among the happier dead!
 Thee, heav'n in mercy snatch'd to shades below;
 Thee, death deliver'd from this scene of woe!
 I, in the dregs of age, O cruel doom! 210
 Usurp on nature, and defraud the tomb;
 Still live, and drag a load of sorrows on!
 Live—and (more terrible!) survive my son!
 Me, in the battle, if the foes had slain,
 When, with my force, I join'd the Trojan train, 215
 I (as I should) had perish'd; and this state
 On the dead father, not the son, shou'd wait!
 Nor yet will I impute my murder'd boy
 To you, O warriors! or my leagues with Troy:
 'Twas not your crime, my friends, he fell so young; 220
 No!—'tis the father's, who has liv'd so long,
 With his slain son to blast his closing eye,
 And wish, in bitterness of soul, to die.
 Yet, though before his time the Fates requir'd
 My dear, dear boy; he gloriously expir'd! 225
 Yet to the destin'd shore his friends he led,
 And pil'd the ground with mountains of the dead:
 Ye gods! I'm satisfy'd—he perish'd well!
 His father thanks you; for in fight he fell!
 Nor will I add more honours to the boy, 230
 Than those design'd him by the prince of Troy,
 Those,

Those, the bold Tuscan hosts and heroes gave,
To wait the corse triumphant to the grave:
With those, his own bright trophies be his share,
Trophies of chiefs, he vanquish'd in the war. 235

Ah! to thy years, proud Turnus, had he ran,
Till age confirm'd the hero in the man,
Ev'n thou hadst stood conspicuous to the fight,
The most distinguish'd trophy of the fight.

But why with tears so long have I with-held 240
(Wretch that I am!) the soldiers from the field?

Go—tell your prince, that yet I breathe below,
And bear the world, a spectacle of woe!

(Robb'd of my age's pride, my only joy!)
'Tis, that I wait his vengeance for my boy, 245

His vengeance on proud Turnus' guilty head,
Due to the sad survivor and the dead.

'Tis all, himself, or fortune, now can give;

'Tis for that only, I endure to live.

Life has no joys for me; but I should go 250
Pleas'd with these tidings to my boy below!

And now, to wretched men, the dawning ray
Restor'd their round of labours, and the day.

The Tuscan chief and Trojan prince command,
To raise the fun'ral structures on the strand. 255

Then to the piles, as ancient rites ordain,
Their friends convey the relicks of the slain.

From the black flames the fullen vapours rise,
And smoke in curling volumes to the skies.

The foot thrice compass the high-blazing pyres; 260
Thrice move the horse, in circles, round the fires.

Their

Their tears, as loud they howl at ev'ry round,
 Dim their bright arms, and trickle to the ground.
 A peal of groans succeeds; and heav'n rebounds
 To the mixt cries, and trumpet's martial sounds. 265
 Some, in the flames, the wheels and bridles throw,
 The swords and helmets of the vanquish'd foe.
 Some, the known shields their brethren bore in vain,
 And unsuccessful jav'lins of the slain.
 Now round the piles the bellowing oxen bled, 270
 And bristly swine; in honour of the dead,
 The fields they drove; the fleecy flocks they slew,
 And on the greedy flames the victims threw.
 Around their friends the pensive warriors stand,
 And watch the dying fires along the strand; 275
 Many a long look they cast with streaming eyes,
 And wait till dewy night had spangled o'er the skies,
 Nor with less toil the busy Latian train
 Erect unnumber'd structures for the slain;
 Some, to their graves, with pious care commend; 280
 Some to their native coasts and cities, send.
 Some, of distinguish'd rank and high renown,
 Are borne with fun'ral trophies to the town;
 The rest, unhonour'd, to the fires they yield;
 The huge promiscuous carnage of the field! 285
 From the thick piles, the streaming flames arise,
 Blaze o'er the fields, and kindle half the skies.

When the third morn disclos'd the dawning day,
 They search'd the heaps, and bore the bones away:
 In the warm ashes their remains they found, 290
 Quench'd with their tears, and bury'd in the ground;
 Then o'er the relicks rais'd a lofty mound.

But more tumultuous shrieks and clamours ring
Through the wide town, and palace of the king:
Boys, mothers, wives, and sisters, there complain 295
For fathers, children, lords, and brothers, slain.

All with one gen'ral voice the war abhorr'd,
And the dire nuptials of the Daunian lord.
Let him, whose boundless and ambitious pride
Aspires to gain a crown, and regal bride, 300

Let Turnus (they exclaim) in arms appear,
And with his single sword decide the war.
This, Drances still inflames; and adds, with spite;
His godlike foe has dar'd him to the fight.

But Turnus to his side a number draws, 305
Who warmly plead the blooming hero's cause:
He stands supported by his former fame;
And the queen's favour shades his injur'd name.

'Midst these debates the pensive envoys bring
The final answer of th' Ætolian king— 310
Nor pray'rs, nor gifts, avail; but all the cost,
With all the fruitless embassy, was lost.

New succours must be sought; or peace implor'd,
In terms submissive, of the Trojan lord.

The Latian king, surrounded by his foes, 315
Sinks in despair, and bends beneath his woes.

The wrath of heav'n, the recent tombs, that spread
The fields o'er-charg'd and peopled with the dead,
Point out the Trojan chief, ordain'd by fate
To sway the sceptre of the Latian state. 320

He calls a council; at the sov'reign's call
The peers, assembled, croud the regal hall:

There

There, 'midst the rev'rend fathers of the state,
 With mournful looks the hoary monarch fate;
 The monarch bids th' ambassadors report,
 Distinct, their answer from th' Ætolian court.
 Then, while attention held the solemn train,
 With rev'rence due, sage Venulus began:

Ye peers, a length of lands and perils past,
 We saw the royal Diomede at last;
 And touch'd, with wonder and respectful joy,
 The mighty hand that rais'd imperial Troy.
 There, blest with ease, the happy victor builds
 A second Argos in the Gargan fields.

Strait to the court admitted, we begun,
 And in submissive terms address'd the throne;
 Present our gifts, our names and land disclose;
 What war required his aid; and who his foes.
 When, with soft accents and a pleasing look,
 Thus, in return, the gracious monarch spoke:

Ye blest Ausonians! blest, from times of old,
 By righteous Saturn, with an age of gold!
 What madness rous'd you now with vain alarms,
 From long hereditary peace, to arms?
 All, all our Argive kings, who dar'd employ
 Their swords to violate the tow'rs of Troy
 (Those chiefs I pass that under Ilion dy'd,
 Or Simois whelm'd beneath his roaring tide)
 Toss'd round the world, in ev'ry distant clime,
 Atone the guilt of that presumptuous crime.
 From that dire war our desp'rate course we bore,
 Each driv'n by tempests on a diff'rent shore.

Such scenes of sorrow not a foe cou'd hear,
 Nor Priam's self relate without a tear.
 This truth Minerva's vengeful storm can tell, 355
 When on Caphareus' rocks Oïleus fell.
 The * Spartan lord, a banish'd wretch, was hurl'd
 To † Proteus' pillars, in a distant world.
 Ulysses, on the dread Sicilian coast,
 Saw the grim Cyclops; and his comrades lost. 360
 From Crete, Idomeneus, an exile, fled;
 In his own realm, unhappy Pyrrhus bled.
 To Libyan shores, the Locrian squadrons fly;
 To flaming suns, that scorch the mid-day sky.
 The ‡ king of kings, ill-fated! lost his life, 365
 Stabb'd in his palace, by his traitress wife.
 There the great victor of all Asia bled;
 The proud adult'rer mounts his throne and bed.
 Then, what long woes were mine? by heav'n deny'd
 To see my native realm, and beauteous bride? 370
 For that blest sight, sad omens shock my eye;
 Transform'd to birds, my comrades mount the sky.
 Oh dire inflictions!—Now they wander o'er
 The fishy floods, or scream along the shore.
 From that curs'd moment all these woes were due, 375
 When, fir'd with rage, against the gods I flew;
 And, in the fight, my daring lance profan'd
 (Mad as I was) immortal Venus' hand,
 When Ilion fell, my vengeance then was o'er;
 And with her ruins will I war no more. 380

* Menelaus.

† Egypt.

‡ Agamemnon.

My

My soul, now calm, no longer dwells with joy
 On those misfortunes which we brought on Troy.
 Bear back the presents, and the gifts you bring,
 ('Tis far, far safer) to the Trojan king.
 For well, too well, the mighty chief I know, 385
 And met in rigid fight the god-like foe;
 Dreadful in arms he tow'r'd before the host;
 Heav'ns! with how fierce a spring the lance he tost!
 How, like a whirlwind, hurl'd it o'er the field!
 How high he shook the sword, and rais'd the pond'rous
 shield!

Had Troy produc'd two more of equal fame, 391
 Their conduct, courage, strength, and worth, the same;
 All Greece had trembled thro' her hundred states;
 Troy, with a tide of war, had turn'd the Fates;
 Pour'd o'er her plains, and thunder'd at her gates. 395
 His conqu'ring sword, and Hector's valiant hand,
 So long of old repell'd the Grecian band:
 Their single valour sav'd their native wall,
 And ten whole years suspended Ilion's fall.
 Æneas shone his equal in the field; 400
 But in his rev'rence to the gods excell'd.
 Make peace, my Latian friends; but oh! forbear
 To tempt so terrible a foe to war.—
 This is the sum, great king, of what he said,
 And this th' advice of royal Diomede. 405

Thus, of their charge, the legates made report;
 Strait ran a mingled murmur through the court.
 So when by rocks the torrents are withstood,
 In deep hoarse murmurs rolls th' imprison'd flood;

Beats

Beats on the banks ; and, with a fullen sound, 410
Works, foams, and runs in circling eddies round.

Soon as the noise was silenc'd from the throne,
(Heav'n first invok'd) the hoary prince begun ;
I wish, O rev'rend fathers, we had fate,
Before these perils, on th' endanger'd state : 415
Far better than a council now to call,

When Troy's embody'd pow'rs surround our wall !
An host of heroes to the fight we dare,
And wage with demigods a fatal war.
No toils their fiery ardor can restrain ; 420

Though vanquish'd, strait they fly to arms again.
Our hopes of great Tydides' aid are flown ;
And now must centre in ourselves alone :
Nor these how slender, need I here relate,
Since your own eyes behold our dang'rous state. 425

Not but, I grant, all fought with all their pow'r ;
Arms, strength, and courage, could perform no more.
In the dire war, has labour'd ev'ry hand,
With the whole force and numbers of the land,
But still in vain our efforts have we try'd ; 430

Heav'n fights for Troy, and combats on her side.
Then hear attentive what my thoughts suggest—
A length of lands, far-stretching to the west,
Against Sicania, near the Tyber, lies ;
Where, high in air, the tow'ring hills arise. 435

These tracts, th' Auruncians and Rutulians plough,
And feed their flocks along the bending brow.
These, with their woods, the Trojans shall possess,
And both the nations join in leagues of peace.

Since

Since such their wish, ev'n let the warlike band 440
 Raise a new town, and settle in the land.
 But wou'd they leave our Latian shores again,
 And for some other region cross the main,
 Twice ten strong vessels let us build, or more
 (For thick the forests grow along the shore): 445
 The form and number let themselves assign;
 The work, the rigging, and the cost, be mine.
 Yet more;—with peaceful olive in their hand,
 An hundred peers and princes of the land,
 To firm the sacred league, in solemn state, 450
 With ample presents on their prince shall wait;
 Rich gifts of gold, and polish'd ivory bear,
 The robe of purple, and the regal chair.
 Ye peers! with freedom these high points debate;
 Speak, speak your minds, and save the sinking state. 455

Then Drances rose, a proud distinguish'd name,
 With envy fir'd at Turnus' spreading fame.
 His mother's blood illustrious splendors grace,
 By birth as gen'rous, as his fire was base.
 Potent and rich, in factious counsels skill'd; 460
 Bold at the board; a coward in the field;
 Loud he harangu'd the court; and, as he rose,
 These vile reproaches on the warrior throws:

What you propose, great monarch, is so plain 465
 To all the synod, that replies are vain.
 But none dares speak; though all can understand
 The sole expedient our affairs demand.
 Let him, by whose unhappy conduct led,
 For whose curs'd cause, so many chiefs have bled,

440 So many princes of our land lie low, 470
 Till our whole city wears one face of woe,
 Him, who pretends to storm a host, but flies,
 While the proud boastful coward braves the skies;
 Let Turnus (for I must, I will, pursue
 445 The public good, though death is in my view) 475
 Grant that high favour to this rev'rend train,
 At least, of these our suff'rings to complain!
 O king! to those rich gifts design'd before
 For the great Trojan, add one present more:
 450 One that your duteous senate must request, 480
 And one he values more than all the rest.
 By fear or violence no longer sway'd
 Give to so brave a prince th' imperial maid;
 By that sure pledge a lasting peace obtain;
 455 Or know, the peace, without the pledge, is vain. 485
 But should our king so bold a step disclaim,
 Aw'd by the terrors of his rival's name;
 To dreadful Turnus we prefer our pray'r
 For his permission, to bestow the fair,
 460 And to our prince and country to restore 490
 Their rights, and bluster on the throne no more.
 Why, for thy pride, our lives should we expose,
 O fatal chief! the source of all our woes?
 'Tis a destructive war; but, to be free
 465 From these long ills, we humbly sue to thee; 495
 To thee, for peace are all our pray'rs apply'd;
 And, the sole pledge of peace, the royal bride.
 And first, myself, thy fancy'd foe (a name
 I scorn alike to own, or to disclaim)

Ev'n I, a suppliant, beg thy grace, to spare
 Our bleeding country, and forsake the war.
 In pity, prince, this wond'rous favour yield :
 'Tis time, when routed, to renounce the field !
 Too long have we bemoan'd our slaughter'd hosts,
 Our lands dispeopled, and our wasted coasts.
 If love of glory has thy soul possess'd,
 If fame inspires, or courage warms thy breast;
 If none can please thee, but a princess—go—
 Meet in the list'd field thy gen'rous foe.
 Sure ! if our worthy chief a queen can gain,
 For us — no matter—we may well be slain !
 Unwept, unbury'd ; to the fowls resign'd ;
 The world's last dregs ; the refuse of mankind !
 We, worthless souls ! were born for him alone,
 And, from our necks, he mounts into the throne !
 But go, proud warrior, if one spark remains
 Of courage in thy soul, and warms thy veins ;
 Go—meet thy rival—answer his demand—
 Go—fight the Trojan hero, hand to hand.
 Yet the vain boaster soon, I trust, will fly,
 Nor stand the terrors of that deathful eye !

These scornful words the haughty youth engage
 In all the fiery violence of rage ;
 Then, while a groan of indignation broke
 Deep from his heart, the wrathful hero spoke :

Drances, that tongue a stream of words can yield ;
 Then, when our hands are wanted in the field,
 First in debate ! but sure 'tis safer far
 With words to flourish, than to wage the war ;

To deal in long harangues, while walls inclose 530
 Thee and thy fears; and guard thee from the foes.
 Remov'd from danger, you can talk aloud,
 And mouth and bellow to the list'ning croud.
 Proceed then, dastard, in thy wonted strain;
 Throw forth a storm of eloquence again: 535
 With all thy malice, all thy art, declaim,
 And brand with cowardice my injur'd fame!
 Since the full triumphs of the day are thine,
 And thy own trophies stand as high as mine!
 Try, try, this hour, thy courage; see! the foes 540
 Advance, approach us, and our walls inclose:
 Lo! in the battle all the troops are join'd!
 Why halts the fiery Drances yet behind?
 Shall all thy valour, wretch! consist so long
 In those swift feet, and in that swifter tongue? 545
 I routed, monster! and compell'd to fly?—
 Who but thyself could forge that shameless lye?
 Say, was I routed on yon deathful plain,
 When Tyber's streams ran purple to the main?
 Where, wretch, didst thou sit brooding o'er thy fear, 550
 When Pallas bled beneath my vengeful spear?
 When, all in heaps, his vanquish'd troops retir'd
 Before this arm, or round their lord expir'd.
 Or where?—when both the giant brethren fell;
 When thousands more my faulchion plung'd to hell 555
 In one victorious day, tho' compass'd round
 With foes, and press'd within the hostile mound?
 All, all, but thou, stood witness to the fight!
 Nor didst thou dare look out upon the fight!

'Tis a destructive war—Go, dastard, go,
 And preach that rule you practice, to the foe;
 At once avow that int'rest you embrace:
 Go, and alarm our friends, our arms disgrace;
 But praise and honour a twice-vanquish'd race.
 Tell, tell the croud, how ev'ry Argive lord
 And monarch trembled at the Phrygian sword;
 That Tydeus' son, that Peleus' baffled heir,
 Retir'd from Hector, nor cou'd stand his war;
 That Ausidus himself, with sudden dread,
 When on his banks Æneas rais'd his head,
 Ran back, astonish'd, to his native bed.
 Such are his base suggestions, which appear
 False as himself; or his dissembled fear
 Of my revenge: that vanity resign;
 Such blood shall never stain a sword like mine!
 Still may thy soul dismiss that idle care,
 Lurk in that abject breast, and tremble there!—
 But to resume, O king! our great debate
 (Your dread commands) the solemn cares of state:
 Since on our arms no farther stress you lay,
 But lose at once all courage, with the day;
 If, on this one defeat, our hopes are o'er;
 If all our future prospects are no more;
 Gods! let us raise these coward hands, to gain
 Peace, pardon, life; and court the victor's chain!
 Yet, O ye princes! did the least remains
 Of our bold fathers courage warm our veins;
 Those I shou'd ever deem the truly great,
 Those, who in fields of battle brave their fate;

Those

Those, who, to 'scape that shame, with glory fir'd, 590
Bled; and, at once, triumphantly expir'd!

But since a yet-unbroken force we find,
Confed'rate towns, and nations still behind;
Since Troy, so nobly by our troops withstood,
Has bought her glory with her dearest blood; 595

Since, in their turn, the tempest threatens all;
Since, with the vanquish'd, the proud victors fall;
Why, on our first attempt, this low despair?

This flight, before the trumpet calls to war?
Time oft has succour'd an endanger'd state 600

By some new change, and snatch'd her from her fate!

Some kingdoms strange vicissitudes sustain;
Now crush'd by fortune, and now rais'd again!

What though th' Ætolian monarch has deny'd
To arm, and bring his forces to our side, 605

Yet, with Messapus, on our part appears
Tolumnius, still successful in the wars;

And many a glorious chief who lead their bands,
Impatient for renown, from distant lands.

Besides our Latian youth, of matchless might, 610

With glory fir'd, and eager for the fight,
The Volscian princess leads her valiant train,
All sheath'd in brazen armour, to the plain.

But since my foes and friends the fight demand;
The public peace no longer I withstand: 615

Full well the way to victory I know;
In that high hope, I'll dare this dreaded foe,

This new Achilles to the list'd field,
In all his heav'nly arms, and huge Vulcanian shield!

Nor shall my deeds my ancestry disgrace, 620
 Nor once degen'rate from my glorious race.
 For you, O king! for you, my friends, for all,
 Behold your self-devoted Turnus fall!
 Me does my rival to the fight demand?
 Grant, O ye gods! the challenge still may stand; 625
 Nor let yon wretch, however you decide
 My fate, the danger or the fame divide.

Meantime Æneas, midst the high debate,
 Leads on his eager troops to seize the gate.
 The Trojan squadrons, and the Tuscan train, 630
 March from the flood, embattled, o'er the plain.
 Before the godlike prince, the loud report
 Flew swift, and scar'd the city and the court;
 The crouds all kindle at the dire alarms,
 And, fir'd with martial fury, fly to arms. 635
 The youth rush forth to war; the fires complain,
 And strive to stop the growing rage in vain.
 From either side the diff'rent murmurs rise,
 And their tumultuous clamours rend the skies,
 So ring the forests with the feather'd brood, 640
 A thousand notes re-echoing through the wood:
 So scream the swans on fair Padusa's bounds;
 And down the waters float the mingling sounds.
 Is this an hour, cool methods to devise,
 And talk of peace? the fiery Turnus cries; 645
 Declaim, ye dastards, talk, ye triflers, on,
 While the proud Trojan arms, and storms the town!
 He said; and rush'd impetuous to the plain;
 Lead, lead, brave Volusus, our Ardean train,

And

And summon to the fight the Volscian force ; 650

Thou, thou, Messapus, range th' embattled horse,

And join great Coras, and his brother's care,

Wide o'er the field to spread the op'ning war.

All, all, be ready ; with divided pow'rs

Guard you the passes ; you defend the tow'rs. 655

Bend you to battle ; and, in firm array,

Attend your gen'ral where he leads the way.

The troops obey ; and, gath'ring at the call,

Pour in tumultous heaps to guard the wall.

The pensive father of the Latian state 660

(Confus'd, amaz'd) suspended the debate ;

And his own conduct blames, that he resign'd

To the queen's counsel his compliant mind ;

On such wrong motives rais'd an impious war,

And robb'd the Trojan of the promis'd fair. 665

To sink a trench before the gates, they run,

Fix the strong pile, and roll the pond'rous stone.

Alarm'd, and summon'd by the trumpet's sound,

Boys, maids, and matrons, croud the ramparts round.

All aids these dire extremities demand, 670

Fire ev'ry heart, and strengthen ev'ry hand.

Now, with the queen, the matrons in a train

Ride with large presents to Minerva's fane :

Lavinia grac'd her side ; the royal fair ;

The guiltless cause of this destructive war. 675

To earth her streaming eyes the maid inclin'd ;

In sad procession move the croud behind.

They burn rich odours at the sacred shrine,

And seek, with suppliant pray'r, the pow'rs divine :

Against the Phrygian pirate, lend thy aid,
 O queen of battles ! great Tritonian maid !
 Break, break his jav'lin ; let him meet his fate,
 And grind the dust beneath our lofty gate !

680

Meanwhile in arms the furious Turnus shone :
 First, the brave hero drew the corslet on ;
 Thick scales of brass the costly work infold :
 His manly legs he cas'd in greaves of gold.
 Bare was his face ; and, with a martial pride,
 The starry sword hung glitt'ring at his side.
 Bold and exulting, with a dauntless air,
 The mighty chief anticipates the war ;
 In his fond hopes already has he won
 The field, before the battle is begun.
 The golden splendors, dazzling to the view,
 Flash'd from his arms, and lighten'd as he flew.

685

690

695

So the gay pamper'd steed, with loosen'd reins,
 Breaks from the stall, and pours along the plains ;
 With large smooth strokes he rushes to the flood,
 Bathes his bright sides, and cools his fiery blood ;
 Neighs as he flies ; and, tossing high his head,
 Snuffs the fair females in the distant mead ;
 At ev'ry motion, o'er his neck reclin'd,
 Plays his redundant mane, and dances in the wind.

700

Him, at the gate, thus issuing to the plain,
 Camilla meets with all her female train ;
 Leaps in a moment from her gen'rous steed ;
 The beauteous band alight with equal speed :
 Prince, if the bold and brave (she cries) may dare
 Trust their own valour for success in war ;

705

Myself,

680 Myself, with these, will stand the Trojan force; 710

Myself will vanquish all the Tuscan horse.

Guard thou the city; be that province thine;

But let the dangers of the field be mine.

O queen! thy country's pride, the chief replies

685 (And on the dread virago fix'd his eyes); 715

To such uncommon worth, heroic maid!

What thanks are due? what honours can be paid?

Since those, and death, you scorn with equal pride,

With me, the labours of the day divide.

690 The Trojan bent his fraudulent scheme to frame 720

(In this my spies confirm the voice of fame),

Has sent, before, his active troops, who wield

The lighter arms, to scour along the open field.

Meantime himself, along the lofty crown

695 Of yon steep mountain, hastens to the town. 725

But, in the wood, an ambush I prepare,

And try to foil him in the wiles of war.

He lies imprison'd in that narrow streight;

And, if he moves, he rushes on his fate.

700 Go thou, supported by our Latian force, 730

Go—with spread ensigns meet the Tuscan horse,

Great Tybur's brothers, both renown'd in might,

With brave Messapus, wait thee to the fight.

Beneath thy care, shall march the martial band,

705 Fir'd by thy high example and command. 735

This said; each chief he rous'd to arms, and goes

With eager speed to circumvent the foes.

A winding vale there lay, within the shade

Of woods, by nature for an ambush made.

To

To this, a rough and slender passage led ; 740
 Above, a smooth and level plain was spread,
 Unknown, and stretching o'er the mountain's head. }
 There safe, the soldier, to the left or right,
 May dare th' ascending war, and urge the fight;
 Roll rocky fragments from the craggy brow, 745
 And dash the pond'rous ruins on the foe,
 Hither the prince (for well he knew the way)
 Flew, seiz'd the post, and close in ambush lay.

But now Latonia, in th' ethereal sphere,
 For her Camilla touch'd with anxious fear, 750
 Bespoke swift Opis, in a mournful strain,
 A nymph, and one of her own virgin train:
 Alas! dear Opis, my Camilla goes
 To seek the fatal war, and brave the foes;
 See! where she rushes to the deathful plain, 755
 And proudly wears Diana's arms in vain!
 Still from my soul the darling maid I lov'd;
 And time the growing fondness has improv'd;
 E'er since stern Metabus, her hapless sire,
 Forc'd by his rebel subjects to retire, 760
 Fled from Pivernum, his imperial town,
 And lost his old hereditary crown.
 Safe he convey'd, through crouds of raging foes,
 His babe, the dear companion of his woes,
 And call'd Camilla, from her mother's name; 765
 And in his flight through wilds and deserts came;
 The savage hills and woods he wander'd o'er,
 And in his arms the lovely burthen bore;

While

While with their jav'lins, in an endless tide,
 The Volscians press'd their prince on ev'ry side: 770
 When lo! old Amasenus' streams delay
 His course, and foam across the warrior's way:
 For late, the flood, increas'd with sudden rains,
 Had burst the banks, and floated half the plains:
 First he resolves to swim, and gain the shore; 775
 But love retards him, and the charge he bore.
 Thus, while a thousand schemes divide his breast,
 Sudden, on this, he fixes as the best:
 His mighty pond'rous spear, of knotted oak,
 Long harden'd in the flames, the monarch took; 780
 To this strong lance the tender babe he bound,
 With cork and pliant osiers wrapt around,
 Then pois'd the loaded spear, in act to throw;
 But for my favour first address'd his vow:
 To thee, chaste goddess of the forest wild, 785
 Behold! a father dedicates his child;
 She flies for refuge to thy pow'r divine,
 And the first weapons that she knows are thine.
 Thus then I send, to thy protecting care,
 Thy little suppliant through the fields of air. 790
 This said; with all his force the lance he threw;
 High o'er the roaring waves Camilla flew;
 Then the bold warrior, press'd on ev'ry side
 By his fierce foes, plung'd headlong in the tide,
 The flood surmounted, and the jav'lin tore, 795
 Charg'd with the sacred infant, from the shore.
 Each town with stern unhospitable hate,
 Against the wand'ring monarch shut her gate:

Nor

Nor could he bear (his scorn was grown so high)
 To stand distinguish'd by the public eye. 800
 From all society of men he fled;
 A shepherd's life among the mountains led;
 There with his daughter past the hours away,
 In dens of beasts and savages of prey;
 Sought ev'ry foster-mother of the wood, 805
 And in her lips distill'd the milky food.
 Soon as the little Amazon could go;
 He on her shoulders hung a slender bow:
 A small light quiver at her side she wore,
 And in her hand a pointed jav'lin bore: 810
 No rich embroider'd robes her limbs enfold,
 Nor were her waving locks adorn'd with gold.
 The spoils of some fierce tyger wrapt her round,
 That, from her head, hung trailing to the ground:
 Ev'n then her tender hand the dart could fling, 815
 Or whirl the pebble from the sounding sling,
 Strike the long crane, or snowy swan, on high,
 And fetch the tow'ring quarry from the sky.
 Her charms surpris'd the Tuscan matron train,
 Who court the huntress for their sons in vain. 820
 Not all their courtship, nor their pray'rs, could move
 The maid, from sworn virginity, to love.
 With Dian's love content, she keeps her vow;
 She shoots my arrows, and she bends my bow.
 Ah! from my soul I wish, the hapless fair 825
 Had never mingled in the direful war!
 Then still my darling might the maid remain,
 The pride and glory of my virgin train!

But,

But, since her doom is seal'd, her fate is nigh,
 Descend, my nymph, this instant from the sky. 830
 To yonder plain, impetuous, bend thy flight,
 Where, see! in arms she rushes on the fight.

Here, take my bow; and, from this dreadful sheath,
 Draw forth the winged messenger of death.

And, who the sacred virgin shall destroy, 835

Or of the Latian bands, or sons of Troy,
 With this keen arrow make my vengeance good;
 Let him atone the sacrilege with blood.

Then will I bear the breathless maid away,
 Her spoils and body in a cloud convey, 840

To the dark grave commend her dear remains,
 And safe dispose 'em in her native plains.

The goddesses said; the nymph obedient flies,
 Wrapt in a sounding whirlwind down the skies.

Now to the walls (a close-embod'd force) 845

March the swift Trojan and the Tuscan horse;
 Beneath their valiant chiefs, in thick array,
 The troops embattled urge their fiery way.

Aloft the foaming couriers prance and bound,
 Press on the rein, and proudly paw the ground. 850

Trembling for joy, they hope the dire alarms;
 The fields gleam dreadful with their waving arms.
 Spears, nodding helms, and shields, with mingled rays,
 Flame round, and set the region in a blaze.

Nor with less speed, beneath Messapus' care, 855

The Latian troops pour furious to the war.

Fall in the front the mighty Coras came,
 With bold Catillus, to the field of fame.

O'er

O'er all distinguish'd in the martial scene,
 Rode with her female train the Volscian queen. 860
 Fierce to the fight the valiant troops advance,
 Protend, and poise, and shake the flaming lance.
 Thick clouds of dust their trampling feet excite;
 Th' impatient courfers neigh, and snuff the distant fight.

At length, within a jav'lin's reach appear 865
 Both hosts; and, shouting, join the horrid war;
 Rouse to the fight their gen'rous steeds, and pour
 Their darts incessant, in a rattling show'r.
 In one dark storm the sounding lances fly,
 Shade the bright sun, and intercept the sky. 870

First horse to horse, and man to man, oppos'd
 The bold Aconteus and Tyrrhenus clos'd;
 Each eager warrior hurl'd the pointed spear,
 And urg'd his courser in a full career;
 The steeds, encount'ring with a thund'ring sound, 875
 Shock; and Aconteus tumbles to the ground.
 Swift, as discharg'd from the loud engine flies
 The glowing stone, or lightning from the skies;
 So swift the warrior, from his courser far, 879
 Shoots with a spring, and breathes his fiery soul in air.

Now all the Latian horse disorder'd run,
 (Their shields slung back) tumultuous, to the town,
 The chace with cries the joyful Trojans led,
 With great Asylas thund'ring at their head.
 Soon as they reach'd the walls, the rallying train 885
 Rein round their steeds, and face the foes again.
 Then, in their turn, the vanquish'd Trojans wheel'd,
 And, pale with terror, measur'd back the field.

Thus

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. BOOK XI. 319

Thus, in alternate tides, o'er all the strand
 Swells the vast ocean, and invades the land. 890
 Wave after wave, the waters mount on high,
 Till o'er the rocks the foamy surges fly.
 Then headlong, in her turn, the roaring main
 Rolls back, impetuous, to her bounds again ;
 865 Rolls back, as rapid as she came before, 895
 With all the floating trophies of the shore.
 Twice the Rutulians to the city flew ;
 And twice they rally, and the foes pursue.
 Till in the third assault the hosts engage ;
 870 Then burns the fight with unextinguish'd rage. 900
 All, man to man, and breast to breast, oppos'd,
 In one dire shock the charging squadrons clos'd.
 Then bled the battle ; and a load of slain,
 Shields, helms, and jav'lins, cover'd wide the plain.
 875 In a red deluge all the fields lie drown'd ; 905
 And cries and agonizing groans resound
 Of wounded warriors, lab'ring out their breath,
 And coursers plunging in the pangs of death.
 879 With cautious eyes, Orsilochns from far
 Observ'd strong Remulus, and mark'd for war ; 910
 Nor durst approach the chief ; but hurl'd the spear,
 n, With all his strength, beneath his courser's ear.
 Strung with the stroke, and madding with the wound, }
 He rears and paws in air, with many a bound, }
 885 And casts his hapless master on the ground. 915 }
 Next bled Iolas by Catillus' steel ;
 By the same hand the huge Herminius fell :

All

All pale in death the mighty hero lies ;
 Vain were his giant arms, and giant size ;
 Th' intrepid chief (his head and shoulders bare, 920
 Tall, and distinguish'd by his golden hair)
 Tow'r'd in the front, the mark of all the war !
 Through his broad shoulders past, the deadly wound
 Contracts, and bends him double to the ground.
 Now all the fields with crimson streams are dy'd ; 92
 And the vast carnage smokes on ev'ry side.
 The charms of honour ev'ry bosom fire,
 To win the day ; or gloriously expire.

Her breast half-naked, through the direful scene
 Of blood and slaughter flew the Volscian queen. 93
 The shafts and quiver at her side appear,
 The polish'd bow, and all Diana's war.
 Now the swift dart with matchless might she cast ;
 Now with her axe she laid the battle waste :
 Ev'n when she flies, she bends the backward bow, 93
 And sends the winged vengeance at the foe.
 Around, in pomp, her sister warriors ride,
 All-bright in arms, and combat side by side.
 Her brazen pole-axe, there, Tarpeia wields ;
 And, here, Larina glitters o'er the fields ; 94
 Italian virgins ; her supreme delight ;
 In peace her friends ; her comrades in the fight.

So round their queen, Hippolyte the fair,
 Or bold Penthesile's refulgent car,
 Move the triumphant Amazonian train, 94
 In bright array, exulting, to the plain.

Proudly

Proudly they march, and clash their painted arms,
 And all Thermodoon rings with proud alarms;
 With female shouts they shake the sounding field;
 And fierce they poise the spear, and grasp the moony
 shield, 950

Who first, who last, by thy victorious hand,
 Heroic maid! sunk breathless on the sand?
 First, Clytius' son, the great Eumenius, dies;
 Through his broad breast the quiv'ring jav'lin flies:
 Grimly he grinds the dust, distain'd with blood, 955
 And rolls and welters in the crimson flood.

Liris and Pegasus at once are kill'd,
 And both, transfix'd, fall headlong on the field;
 One stoop'd, to reach his wounded courser's rein;
 One flew, to prop his sinking friend, in vain! 660

Now Hippos' brave son Amastrus fell;
 And now she threatens, with the pointed steel,
 Tereus the swift, Harpalycus the strong;
 And drove in heaps the hostile chiefs along.
 Demophoon, Chromis, fled her dreadful spear; 965
 She pours, and hangs tempestuous in the rear.

Thus through the ranks of war she rag'd, and slew
 A Phrygian foe with ev'ry dart she threw.
 The mighty hunter, Ornytus, from far,
 On his Apulian courser fought the war: 970

A bull's black hide his ample shoulders spread;
 A wolf's rough spoils grinn'd horrid o'er his head:
 A bended spear he brandish'd in his hand,
 And tow'r'd conspicuous o'er the martial band.

With ease, as all the troops confus'dly fled,
 She slew the foe, and thus insults the dead: 975
 Me, Tuscan, didst thou deem thy destin'd prey,
 Like hunted game, the fortune of the day?
 Lo! by a woman's arm, this fatal hour,
 That boast is answer'd, and thy vaunts no more! 980
 Go!—let thy fire the glorious tidings know;
 Camilla sent thee to the shades below!
 Then on two Trojan chiefs, of giant size,
 Butes, and tall Orsilochns, she flies.
 But Butes, face to face, she brav'd in war; 985
 Swift through the neck she drove the pointed spear,
 Where the bright helm and corset left a part,
 To let in fate, wide-open to the dart.
 From fierce Orsilochns the virgin wheel'd
 At first, in flight dissembled, round the field: 990
 But, in a ring still lessening, to delude
 The furious chief, she fled, till she pursu'd:
 Then while, in vain, her circumvented foe
 Implores his life; high-rising to the blow,
 Cleaves his broad front with a redoubled wound; 995
 The blood and brains rush smoking on the ground.

The son of Aunus cross'd her in her way,
 And for a while stood trembling in dismay;
 A wretch, that, like his own Ligurian line,
 Could cheat, while fortune favour'd the design. 1000
 Soon as he found it vain to shun by flight
 The female warrior, or maintain the fight;
 Resolv'd to circumvent the hostile maid,
 Thus to the queen the low dissembler said:

Where

Where is the mighty praise, to vaunt the force, 1005

And trust the swiftneſs, of your rapid horſe ?

Diſmiſs your ſteed, vain maid ! and let us ſtand

Engag'd in ſingle combat, hand to hand.

Soon ſhall be known, proud princeſs, what you can,

When, on theſe terms, a woman fights a man. 1010

Thus he :—the queen ſprings furious on the plain

From her fleet ſteed, and gives him to the train.

On foot ſhe dares the daſtard to the field,

Draws her bright ſword, and grasps her maiden ſhield.

Flash'd with gay hopes, to find his fraud ſucceed, 1015

He turns, he flies, and, to his utmoſt ſpeed,

With goring ſpurs provokes his ſmoking ſteed.—

Deluded fool ! (ſhe cries, in lofty ſtrain)

On me thy little arts are try'd in vain ;

Nor hence, ev'n yet, in ſafety ſhalt thou run, 1020

To pleaſe thy fire with falſhoods like his own.

She ſaid ; and, ſpringing with a fiery courſe,

The raging maid out-ſtripp'd the flying horſe ;

Turn'd, ſeiz'd the reins ; oppos'd in battle ſtood ;

Then gluts her vengeance with his reeking blood. 1025

Not with more eaſe the falcon, from above,

Shoots, ſeizes, gripes, and rends, the trembling dove ;

All ſtain'd with blood, the beauteous feathers fly,

And the looſe plumes come flutt'ring down the ſky.

Meantime th' almighty fire of men and gods, 1030

Inthron'd in high Olympus' bright abodes,

Surveys the war ; the Tuſcan chief inſpires

With gen'rous rage, and fills with martial fires.

Through all the cleaving ranks, with eager speed,
 Flies the bold Tarchon on his rapid steed ; 1035
 Calls on each chief by name ; adjures the train,
 Leads, rallies, and inflames the troops again.

Ye scandal of your race, your country's shame !
 Warm'd with no honour, no regard of fame !
 What fear, ye cowards, ev'ry breast controls, 1040
 Un-nerves your limbs, and chills your trembling souls ?
 Thus then, from one flies all our scatter'd band !
 Gods !—but from one, and from a female hand !
 Oh ! cast away the sword, the shield and spear ;
 The idle pomp and pageantry of war !— 1045
 Yet were you never recreants to delight,
 Nor to the softer battles of the night !
 When pipes proclaim the sacred revels nigh,
 How swift, how eager, to the feast you fly !
 In the full bowls you centre all your love ; 1050
 Pleas'd, when the priest invites you to the grove,
 You run, and riot in the rich repast ;
 The first in banquets, but in fights the last !

He said ; and, bent on death, in deep despair,
 Rush'd on his steed amidst the thickest war : 1055
 Then urg'd at Venulus his furious course,
 Seiz'd him at once, and snatch'd him from his horse,
 Thus in his arms, with matchless strength, he bore,
 Fierce as he rode, the hapless chief, before.
 His troops behold the scene with strange surprise, 1060
 And peals of shouts run rattling round the skies ;
 While with his captive, all in open view,
 O'er the wide field the fiery hero flew.

The point then breaking from the warrior's dart,
The chief explores a penetrable part, 1065
And meditates the wound ; the struggling foe
Defends his throat, and disappoints the blow.

As when th' imperial eagle soars on high,
And bears some speckled serpent through the sky :
While her sharp talons gripe the bleeding prey, 1070

In many a fold her curling volumes play ;
Her starting brazen scales with horror rise ;
The sanguine flames flash dreadful from her eyes :

She writhes, and hisses at her foe, in vain,
Who wings at ease the wide ærial plain ; 1075

With her strong hooky beak the captive plies, [skies.
And bears the struggling prey, triumphant through the
So with the chief the mighty Tarchon flew ;

And, kindling at the sight, the troops their prince pursue.

Now Aruns on the Volscian princess waits 1080
(Aruns the destin'd victim of the Fates ;)

Wheels round, and seeks with ev'ry wily art
The favouring moment to discharge the dart.
Where-e'er the furious maid her steps inclin'd,

The wretch in silence follows close behind : 1085

When from the conquer'd foes she bends her course,
Thither th' insidious warrior turns his horse ;

Oft shifts his place ; runs anxious to and fro ;
Flies round the circuit ; and, in act to throw,
Aims his sure jav'lin at the beauteous foe. 1090 }

Chloreus, the priest of Cybele, from far
Shone in bright arms amid the crouded war.

Magnificently gay, he proudly pres'd
 A prancing steed, in stately trappings dress'd ;
 Rich scales of brass and gold, inwrought with art, 1095
 Grac'd with a mimic plumage ev'ry part.
 Himself, in purple clad, amid the foe
 Sent his swift arrows from a Lycian bow.
 Gold was the bow, that from his shoulder sounds,
 And gold the helmet, that his head surrounds. 1100
 His robes, with many a rustling silken fold,
 With care were gather'd, and confin'd in gold :
 His crimson tunic was embroider'd o'er ;
 And purple buskins on his legs he wore.
 This chief she singles from the warring crew, 1105
 And, blind to danger, through the squadrons flew ;
 With the rich spoils to deck Diana's shrine ;
 Or that herself in Trojan arms may shine.
 All, all the woman in her bosom rose !
 For this bright prize, she plung'd amid the foes ! 1110
 When, from his covert, Aruns launch'd his spear ;
 But first to heav'n preferr'd his suppliant pray'r :
 O Phœbus ! guardian of Soracte's woods,
 And shady hills ; a god above the gods !
 To whom our natives pay the rites divine, 1115
 And burn whole crackling groves of hallow'd pine ;
 Walk o'er the fire, in honour of thy name,
 Unhurt, unsing'd, and sacred from the flame ;
 Give to my favour'd arms, to clear away
 The deep dark stains of this disgraceful day. 1120
 Nor spoils nor trophies from the maid I claim ;
 No—to my future life I trust for fame.

If

If by my hand this raging pest be slain,
 I ask no honour ; but retire again,
 Pleas'd, tho' inglorious, to my native plain. 1125 }

The god consents to half his warm request,
 But in the fleeting winds dispers'd the rest.
 Camilla's death was granted to his pray'r ;
 His safe return was lost in empty air.

Now as the jav'lin sings along the skies, 1130
 All to the Volscian princess turn their eyes.
 The fair rush'd on, regardless of the sound,
 Till in her pap she felt the fatal wound.
 Deep, deep infix'd, the pointed weapon stood
 Full in her heart, and drank the vital blood. 1135
 Swift to her succour fly her female train,
 And in their arms the sinking queen sustain ;
 But far more swift affrighted Aruns fled,
 With fear and joy, nor turn'd his guilty head :
 Back he retires, all-trembling and dismay'd ; 1140
 Nor cou'd he bear, in death to view the dreadful maid.

As when a prowling wolf, whose rage has slain
 Some stately heifer, or the guardian swain,
 Flies to the mountain with impetuous speed,
 Confus'd, and conscious of the daring deed, 1145
 Claps close his quiv'ring tail between his thighs,
 Ere yet the peopled country round him rise :
 Nor less confus'd, pale Aruns took his flight ;
 Shunn'd ev'ry eye, and mingled in the fight.

The dying queen, in agonizing pain, 1150
 Tugs at the pointed steel, but tugs in vain.

Deep-riveted within, the rankling dart
 Heav'd in the wound, and panted in her heart.
 She sinks, she swoons, she scarcely draws her breath,
 And, all-around her, swim the shades of death. 1155
 The starry splendors languish in her eyes,
 And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies.
 A maid she calls, the partner of her cares,
 Her friend in peace; her sister in the wars.
 Acca; no more:— for mortal is my wound; 1160
 A dizzy mist of darkness swims around:
 The victory was mine; but ah! 'tis past!
 This hour, this fatal moment, is my last!
 Go, and my dying words to Turnus bear;
 Bid him, this instant to the field repair; 1165
 This instant, from the town the foe repel:—
 And now, dear friend, a long and last farewell!

With that the queen, expiring, dropp'd the rein,
 And from her courser sunk upon the plain.
 In thick short sobs the vital spirit flies, 1170
 Her head declin'd, and drooping as she dies!
 Her radiant arms bestrew the field of fight:
 Her soul, indignant, fought the realms of night.

Then, from the hosts the doubling clamours rise,
 And shouts tumultuous echo to the skies. 1175
 The Trojan band, a firm determin'd force,
 The Tuscan chiefs, with all th' Arcadian horse,
 Rush furious to the field; the slaughter spread;
 The tumult deepen'd, and the combat bled.

Meantime fair Opis, from a mountain's brow, 1180
 A while unmov'd survey'd the fight below.

But when from far she saw Camilla slain,
 And, round the corse, the shouting hostile train,
 Deep from her heaving ivory bosom broke
 A mournful groan, and thus the goddess spoke: 1185
 Too, too severely, much lamented maid,
 For warring with the Trojans, thou hast paid!
 In vain made sacred by thy virgin vow
 To Dian's name, and grac'd with Dian's bow!
 Nor yet in death thy goddess will disclaim 1190
 Her favour'd maid, but crown with endless fame!
 Thy praise shall round the nations be display'd,
 And to thy fate due vengeance shall be paid.
 This moment will I make that vengeance good;
 The guilty wretch shall render blood for blood. 1195

Beneath a hill, Dercennus' tomb appears,
 A potent Latian lord in former years;
 A grove of venerable oaks display'd,
 Wide round the monument, a gloomy shade.
 Hither the goddess took her rapid flight, 1200
 And spy'd gay Aruns from the tow'ring height.
 There as the youth exults, and swells with pride,
 Whither, poor dastard, wouldst thou fly? (she cry'd)
 Turn, wretch—this moment for thy guilt atone;
 And for Camilla's death receive thy own. 1205
 Go—to the shades of hell, her victim, go—
 A prize unworthy of Diana's bow!

She said; and instant from the golden sheath
 Drew forth the feather'd messenger of death.
 Fierce in her rage, the circling horns she bends 1210
 To the full stretch, and joins the doubling ends.

One hand approach'd the point; one drew the bow,
 And to her breast strain'd the tough nerve below.
 At once the murd'rer heard the sounding dart,
 And felt the steely vengeance in his heart. 1215
 He lies deserted by his social train,
 Pale and expiring on a foreign plain!
 While, from the field, triumphant Opis flies,
 And on spread pinions mounts the golden skies.
 First fled Camilla's band (their princess kill'd); 1220
 Then the Rutulians, routed, quit the field.
 Atinas' self, the chiefs, and armies, run,
 And spur their smoking coursers to the town.
 Nor can the troops sustain, nor dare oppose
 The slaught'ring swords of their victorious foes; 1225
 Athwart their backs th' unbended bows they flung;
 And with their trampling steeds the sounding champain
 The city now th' advancing host appalls: [rung.
 A cloud of dust, thick-gath'ring to the walls,
 From the tall tow'rs the trembling matrons spy; 1230
 And female shrieks, tumultuous, rend the sky.
 Mixt with their foes, rush headlong through the gate
 The Latian squadron, nor can shun their fate;
 In vain for shelter to their houses fly;
 Ev'n there transfixt, in heaps the wretches die. 1235
 Some close the gates, exclude their social train,
 Who beg admission to the town in vain.
 While these defend th' endanger'd posts, and those
 Rush on their swords, a dreadful slaughter rose.
 With piercing shrieks, and lamentable cries, 1240
 The children bleed before their parents eyes.

While

While close behind advanc'd the thund'ring foe :
Some leap down headlong to the trench below ;
Some with loose reins, abandon'd to their fate,
Spurr'd their impetuous steeds against the gate. 1245

But, when Camilla's corse appear'd in view,
Warm'd by their country's love, the women flew, }
And from the walls a storm of jav'lines threw.
With harden'd clubs th' advancing foe they dare,
And with tough staves repel the rising war. 1250

Fierce they rush on : they glow with martial fire,
And for their native walls with joy and pride expire.

Meanwhile to Turnus, ambush'd in the shade,
The careful nymph the dismal news convey'd ;
That in the fight the Volscian queen was slain ; 1255
That the proud foe pursu'd the vanquish'd train,
Who, flush'd with full success, rush'd furious on,
And spread the growing terror to the town.

The chief, (for so his adverse fates requir'd!)
Struck with the tidings, and with anger fir'd, 1260
All headlong leaves the guarded hills again ;
But scarce descended to the subject plain,
Ere the great Trojan seiz'd the vacant road,
Climb'd the tall hill, and issu'd from the wood.

By the black clouds of dust, Æneas found 1265
The Latian host embattled wide around :
And Turnus knew the Dardan chief was near,
From the loud shouts, that thicken'd on his ear ;
Perceiv'd the footsteps of the trampling foe,
And heard distinct the fiery couriers blow. 1270

Soon

Soon had the heroes join'd the horrid fight;
But now the sun roll'd down the rapid light;
And plung'd, beneath the red Iberian sea,
The panting steeds that drew the burning day.
Before the city, camp th' impatient pow'rs;
These to defend; and those to storm the tow'rs.

1275

End of the Eleventh Book.

VIRGIL'S

Æ

275

V I R G I L's

Æ N E I D.

B O O K XII.

L's

A R G U M E N T.

Turnus challenges *Æneas* to a single combat. Articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutulians, who wound *Æneas*. He is miraculously cured by *Venus*, and forces Turnus to a duel; with whose death the poem concludes.

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VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK XII.

WHEN Turnus saw the Latians, in despair,
Sink with the weight of unsuccessful war,
Himself the object of the public spite
Mark'd out, and summon'd to the promis'd fight;
The furious prince the single combat claims, 5
And conscious courage sets his soul in flames.

As, pierc'd at distance by the hunter's dart,
The Libyan lion rouses at the smart;
And loudly roaring traverses the plain;
Scourges his sides; and rears his horrid mane; 10
Tugs furious at the spear; the foe defies;
And grinds his teeth for rage, and to the combat flies:
So storm'd proud Turnus; and in wrathful strain,
Thus to the king th' impetuous chief began:
Where is this Trojan foe, so bold and brave? 15
Would he retract the challenge that he gave?
My soul can brook no more delays; I yield
To his own terms, and dare him to the field.
Renew the truce, perform the sacred rite;
This hour, this moment, I demand the fight. 20
This hand shall wipe our late disgrace away
(Our hosts may sit spectators of the day!)

This

This trusty sword the dastard shall destroy,
And plunge to hell that fugitive of Troy.
If not—I'll own him victor of the war,
And to his arms resign the royal fair.

25

So spoke the furious prince, with scornful pride.
The king with mild benevolence reply'd :
The more, brave youth, thy try'd, distinguish'd might
And valour drive thee headlong to the fight,
The more it should concern our royal care,
To weigh the perils and events of war;
This fond and youthful ardor too assuage
With the cool caution of confid'rate age.
How many vanquish'd cities are thy own,
Besides a fair hereditary throne !
Me too these wealthy warlike lands obey :—
Thus both may reign with independent sway.
Our realm, brave Turnus, other virgins grace,
Of blooming features, and illustrious race.
Then undisguis'd, this truth with patience hear,
Though harsh and wounding to a lover's ear.
All pow'rs forbid, the human and divine,
To match our daughter in the Latian line.
Won by thy birth, my consort's tears and cries,
And my own love, I broke all sacred ties;
Robb'd the great Trojan of the plighted fair;
Then flew to arms, and wag'd an impious war.
From that dire source to tell what mischiefs flow,
Would be to mention, what too well you know :
Fights, deaths, defeats, that speak the wrath divine;
Where all the sad pre-eminence is thine.

30

35

40

45

50

In

In two fierce battles routed and o'erthrown,
 Scarce our last hopes are shelter'd in the town :
 25 Huge heaps of bones still whiten all the shore, 55
 And the full streams of Tyber smoke with gore.
 Where am I borne, irresolute and blind ?
 What changeful phrensy turns my wav'ring mind ?
 If, on thy death, the Trojan is my friend,
 30 Sure in thy life the stern debate may end ! 60
 How would all Italy my name disgrace !
 How all my kindred of thy royal race !
 Shouldst thou (which heav'n avert !) by me be led
 To death, the victim of my daughter's bed !
 35 If I should hasten to so sad an end 65
 My child's fond lover, and my gen'rous friend !
 Think on the turns of fate, and chance of wars ;
 Pity thy rev'rend father's silver hairs,
 Who mourns thy absence in thy native town,
 40 Nor knows the danger of so dear a son ! 70
 But no success these warm intreaties found :
 The proffer'd med'cine but inflam'd the wound.
 Scarce cou'd he speak for rage, disdain, and pride,
 But thus at length the fiery youth reply'd :
 45 O best of fathers ! all this needless care 75
 For Turnus' life, at his request, forbear.
 Life is a trifle I with scorn disclaim,
 For the bright purchase of immortal fame.
 This hand, these weapons too, are fatal found ;
 50 And the blood flies, where Turnus deals the wound. 80
 Nor in this combat shall his mother shroud
 The recreant Trojan in an airy cloud.

Nor shield the coward with her aid divine:—
This day, ye gods! this glorious day, is mine.

But now the frantic queen, on these alarms, 85
Half-dead with fear, hung trembling on his arms:
Oh! grant me, Turnus, grant this one request;
If ever love or rev'rence touch'd thy breast
For lost Amata, to these sorrows yield!
Nor meet thy rival in the fatal field. 90

Regard, dear youth, regard my streaming tears,
Thou only prop of my declining years!
Our sinking house relies on thee alone;
On thee, our fame, our empire, and the throne.
In thy misfortune must Amata join; 95
Her fate and welfare are involv'd in thine.
With thee to death, for refuge, will I run,
Nor live a captive to a Trojan son.

With pity touch'd, the fair Lavinia hears
Her mother's cries, and answers with her tears. 100
A lovely blush the modest virgin warms,
Glow in her cheek, and lights up all her charms.
So looks the beauteous iv'ry, stain'd with red:
So roses, mixt with lillies in the bed,
Blend their rich hues—Then, gazing on the fair, 105
The hero rag'd, more eager for the war.
And thus—O royal mother! cease your fears,
Nor send me to the fight with boding tears.
'Tis not in me, if heav'n has fixt my date,
To check th' unalterable course of fate. 110
Go, faithful herald, go! and instant bear
This dreaded message to the Phrygian's ear:

Soon

Soon as Aurora's rays the mountain gild,
He need not lead his forces to the field :
Our single valour shall dispute the day 115
(The hosts in peace the combat shall survey).
Thus shall his death or mine the war decide,
And the proud victor gain the royal bride.

He said ; and furious to the palace speeds ;
There, at his call, rush forth the fiery steeds, 120
Of matchless spirit, and immortal kind,
White as the snow, and swifter than the wind.
Of old, to great Pylumnus, bold and brave,
The fires of these Erectheus' daughter gave.
Before their lord the gen'rous courfers bound, 125
Neigh, foam, and fly, and paw the trembling ground ;
The grooms with combs their flowing manes divide,
And gently stroke their chests, and sooth their noble pride.

Meantime the hero drew his armour on ;
With gold and burnish'd brass the cuirass shone. 130
The glitt'ring helmet, next his temple spread ;
The crimson crest plays dreadful o'er his head ;
He grasps the pond'rous shield, and flaming blade,
The sword that Vulcan for his father made,
Of matchless temper ; which the fiery god 135
Had plung'd red-hissing in the Stygian flood.
Last the bright spear he seiz'd, large, strong, and tall,
Propp'd on a column 'midst the lofty hall ;
The mighty Actor's spoil. The hero shook
The beamy jav'lin ; and with fury spoke : 140
My trusty spear, still faithful to my hand !
Still wing'd with death, to answer my command :

Which once brave Actor's arm was wont to wield !
 And mine now throws ; the terror of the field !
 In this great moment fly, nor fly in vain, 145
 But stretch yon Phrygian eunuch on the plain :
 Oh ! give me, through his heart thy point to thrust,
 And soil his scented tresses in the dust,
 The costly cuirass from his breast to tear,
 And by one noble stroke to terminate the war ! 150

Thus, fir'd with fury, to the fight he flies ;
 Keen flash the flames, and lighten from his eyes.
 So the fierce bull, collected in his might,
 Roars for his rival, and demands the fight ;
 Impatient for the war, with fury burns, 155
 And tries on every tree his angry horns ;
 Bends his stern brows, and pushes at the air ;
 And paws the flying sands, the prelude of the war.

As fierce and eager for the dire alarms,
 The Trojan blazes in celestial arms ; 160
 To meet his rival in the field prepares,
 Pleas'd with the fight to terminate the wars.
 He sets his sorrowing friends and son at ease ;
 Expounds the Fates' unchangeable decrees ;
 And instant bids the messengers report 165
 The terms of combat to the Latian court.

Scarce had the morn (all beauteous to behold !)
 Tipt the blue mountains with a gleam of gold ;
 The sun's fierce steeds, high-bounding o'er the sea,
 From their wide nostrils snort the beams of day ; 170
 When for the chiefs they drew a line around,
 And in just limits close the list'd ground :

Then

Then verdant altars raise to all the pow'rs
Of earth or heav'n, whom either host adores.
In linen robes, with vervain crown'd, they bring 175
The sacred fire, and water from the spring.

Here, with bright lances, all the Ausonian train
Pour through the op'ning portals to th' plain:
The Trojans there, and 'Tuscans in array,
And ranks embattled bend their eager way. 180
Amid the thousands with a grace divine,
In gold and purple gay, the leaders shine.
Here, tow'ring o'er the troops Afylas stood;
Great Mnestheus there, of Troy's imperial blood;
There, brave Messapus, of immortal strain, 185
Sprung from the mighty monarch of the main.
The sign now giv'n through each impatient host,
Each chief retires to his appointed post.

At ease the soldiers fall their pond'rous shields,
And pitch their idle jav'lins in the fields. 190
Old fires and matrons, with the vulgar throng,
Lean'd o'er the walls, and from the turrets hung.
With longing eyes the great event they wait,
And crouds on crouds press forward through the gate.

But from the fam'd Albano's shady brows, 195
(Though then without a name the mountain rose)
The queen of heav'n the Latian town beheld,
The hosts embattled, and the crouded field.
Then to brave Turnus' sister, who presides
O'er lakes and streams, and awes the roaring tides, 200
(On the fair nymph, that province was bestow'd
For her lost honour, by the thund'ring god)

Her fears the goddesses of the skies express'd;
And thus the regent of the floods address'd:

Queen of the founts and streams, and far above 205
The race of Latian nymphs in Juno's love,
Those nymphs, who, by my wand'ring lord misled,
Presum'd to mount our own imperial bed;
Yet thee I suffer'd in his grace to rise,
And share th' immortal honours of the skies. 210

With deep concern sad tidings must I bear,
What I must grieve to speak, and you to hear.
The Latian state and Turnus, in the war,
While fortune favour'd, were my constant care.

Now his inevitable hour draws nigh; 215
On terms unequal is he doom'd to die.
But from the fatal field, th' appointed fight,
Lo! I retire; nor can I bear the fight.

If thou can'st save him yet from death, descend: }
Some better fate thy efforts may attend; 220 }
Fly—and exert the sister and the friend.
She said; Juturna wept, by grief oppress'd,
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her iv'ry breast.

Fly, Juno cries, and stop the dire debate,
Fly, fly, and snatch him, if you can, from fate. 225
Nor waste the hours in tears, and vain despair;
Break, break the truce, and wake the slumb'ring war.
On me discharge the crime.—The goddesses said;
And left involv'd in doubts the mournful maid.

Now came the kings: four stately courfers bear, 230
In pomp, the Latian lord's imperial car.

Twelve

Twelve golden rays around his temple shone,
 To mark his glorious lineage from the sun.
 Young Turnus next appear'd; two spears he held,
 And two white courfers drew him to the field. 235

Æneas then advanc'd, with grace divine,
 Th' illustrious father of the Roman line;
 High in his hand the starry buckler rais'd;
 And in immortal arms the hero blaz'd.
 With him his son Ascanius took his place, 240
 The second hope of Rome's majestic race.

Slow the procession moves: the sacred priest
 Stood by his altar, in the linen vest;
 A tender lamb for sacrifice preferr'd,
 And a young victim from the bristly herd. 245

They turn their faces to the dawning day;
 The salted cakes with solemn rev'rence pay;
 The victims sign'd; the foremost hairs they drew,
 And on the hearth the first libations threw.
 Then the great Trojan prince unsheath'd his sword, 250
 And thus with lifted hands the gods ador'd.

Thou land, for which I wage the war, and thou,
 Great source of day, be witness to my vow!
 Almighty king of heav'n, and queen of air
 (Propitious now, and reconcil'd by pray'r); 255

Thou Mars, inthron'd on great Olympus' height,
 Lord of the field, and master of the fight;
 Ye springs, ye floods, ye various pow'rs who lie
 Beneath the deeps, or tread the golden sky;
 Hear, and attest! if, victor in the fray, 260

The Daunian leader gains the glorious day,
 Z 4 My

My son his claim of empire shall release ;
 My Trojan subjects shall depart in peace.
 But should the conquest prove my happy lot,
 (For so I think, and heav'n confirm the thought !) 265
 The Latians never shall my rule obey ;
 Already I disclaim th' imperial sway.
 From fight let each unconquer'd nation cease,
 And join in leagues of everlasting peace.
 To king Latinus I resign the care, 270
 The pomp of state, with all concerns of war,
 And ev'ry regal claim :—the rites divine,
 And the religious province, shall be mine.
 For me my Trojan friends a town shall frame,
 And grace the tow'rs with fair Lavinia's name. 275
 Thus he. Then old Latinus lifts his eyes,
 And his right hand, with rev'rence, to the skies.
 By the same oath, by heav'n, and earth, and main,
 And all the pow'rs, that all the three contain ;
 Latona's twins, that grace the bright abode ; 280
 Janus, the mighty, double-fronted god !
 Th' infernal monarch, and the fiends below,
 And Jove, whose bolts avenge the broken vow !
 To sanctify my word, behold ! I stand,
 And on these hallow'd altars lay my hand : 285
 What'er ensues, misfortune or success,
 No time shall break this solemn league of peace,
 Nor shake my purpose ; but intire, and whole,
 I'll keep the sacred tenor of my soul ;
 No art shall win me, and no pow'r compel ; 290
 Not, though the golden skies should plunge to hell ;

Yon

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. BOOK XII. 345

Yon starry splendors from their spheres should fall,
 And ocean spread his waters o'er the ball.
 Firm is the sword, and sure the oath I swore ;
 Sure, as this sceptre ne'er shall flourish more ; 295
 No more its verdant honours shall renew,

Lopt from the mother-tree where once it grew ;
 Now by the artist's hand adorn'd with brads,
 And worn successive by our regal race !

The princes thus the solemn compact bound 300
 By mutual oaths, with all the peers around.

The priests before the fires the victims slay ;
 Eager the smoking entrails rend away ;
 And, on the altars rang'd, the loaded chargers lay. }

But the Rutulians griev'd, by fears oppress'd, 305
 And various tumults work'd in ev'ry breast.

Long since they saw their prince o'er-match'd in might.
 And curs'd the terms of such unequal fight.

Their dread increases, as the chiefs draw near,
 And Turnus' looks augment the gen'ral fear. 310

Trembling, aghast, he moves with silent pace :
 A deadly paleness spreads o'er all his face.
 Close by the altar's side, in care profound,
 His pensive eyes he fixt upon the ground.

Soon as the sister saw the giddy croud 315
 Had chang'd their minds, and spoke their fears aloud ;
 In great Camertes' form, of high renown

For birth, his father's valour and his own,
 Her flight amidst the murm'ring bands she took,
 Inflam'd their rage, and thus the host bespoke : 320

What

What shame, Rutulians, valiant as we are,
 On one to lay the whole success of war !
 Behold the utmost force the foe can boast,
 The few poor relicks of their shatter'd host. 324
 Heav'ns !—can we shrink from such a slender pow'r !
 Are not our men the same ? our numbers more ?
 Should our whole army to the fight repair,
 Scarce all their troops would half employ our war !
 'Tis true, your hero to the gods shall rise,
 A self-devoted victim to the skies. 330
 Yet the brave chief eternal praise shall claim,
 And live for ever in a length of fame :
 While we, O shame ! a base degen'rate host
 Look tamely on, and see our country lost !
 Stretch our vile hands to servitude abhor'd, 335
 And court the bondage of a foreign lord !

This fiery speech inflam'd the list'ning train ;
 Through all the host the gath'ring murmur ran.
 Now chang'd, the Latians wish for peace no more,
 But long to break the league they fought before. 340
 They pity Turnus' fortune, and prepare
 With eager ardor to renew the war.

His sister sent (the tumult to improve)
 A false delusive omen from above.
 In pomp a tow'ring eagle soars on high, 345
 And sudden, shooting from th' ethereal sky,
 Drives a vast flock of wat'ry fowls before,
 On founding wings, along the winding shore ;
 Then, where the floods in soft meanders ran,
 In his huge talons truss'd a silver swan. 350

Th' astonish'd Latian bands in courage rise,
 When lo! the flock (more wond'rous to their eyes) }
 Turn, and pursue the victor through the skies.

Prest by the foe, incumber'd with the prey,
 He drops the prize, and wings th' aerial way; 355
 With shouts the Latians hail th' auspicious fight,
 Range all their troops, and hasten to the fight.

'Tis what I wish'd, the long-expected sign,
 (Tolumnius cry'd) I thank the pow'rs divine.
 Rise, follow me, my friends, your aid supply, 360
 Forc'd by the foe, like yonder birds to fly;
 While through your wasted shores the victor sweeps;
 Who now shall soon rush headlong to the deeps.
 Haste; save your leader from the fatal fray;
 Close, close your ranks; engage; and win the day. 365

He said; sprung forth; and 'midst the Trojans threw
 His furious dart, that whistled as it flew.

Tumultuous shouts pursue the parting spear,
 And all now grow more eager for the war.

Nine brave Arcadians at their squadrons head, 370
 Gilippus' offspring by a Tuscan bed,

Shone in the front; the spear impetuous flew
 Amidst the brothers, and the youngest flew;
 A lovely blooming youth; with fury cast,
 Beneath the belt the steely jav'lin past, 375

Transfix'd the stripling with a deadly wound,
 And stretch'd him pale and gasping on the ground.

All fir'd with vengeance for their brother slain,
 Fierce to the combat fly the martial train.

Some

Some draw the glitt'ring sword, and some advance 380
With the broad spear, and shake the flaming lance.

With equal speed, their ardor to oppose,
Pour forth in endless tides the Latian foes.
As swift th' Arcadian troops, with sculptur'd shields,
Rush'd on with Troy, and delug'd all the fields. 385
Strait to their ensigns the bold bands repair,
Impatient to decide the great event by war.

The madding croud the sacred rites confound;
Strip the bright altars; tofs the fires around;
And seize the goblets: while the jav'lines fly 390
In iron storms, and tempest all the sky.

The good old king, affrighted, from the plain
Bears back his violated gods again.
Some yoke the courfers to the car with speed,
Some vault, impetuous, on the snorting steed. 395
Some to the field the kindling troops excite,
Draw their bright swords, and headlong rush to fight.

Eager to break the peace, with all his force,
The fierce Meſſapus spur'd his thund'ring horse
Full on Aulestes, with a furious spring, 400
Who wore the royal ensigns of a king:
O'er the high altars as the chief gave way,
Headlong he plung'd in dust, and grov'ling lay.
There at his length, extended on the plain,
He pleads for mercy; but he pleads in vain! 405
Th' impetuous victor flew with rapid speed,
Shook his huge spear, and, bending from the steed,
Transfixt the monarch; then, insulting, cries;
He bleeds!—this victim sure must please the skies!

The

The joyful Latians, eager for the prey, 410
 Strip the warm corse, and bear the spoils away.
 Then, as the mighty Ebusus drew near,
 And at bold Chorinæus shook the spear,
 He rush'd against him with a furious pace,
 Snatch'd a red brand, and dash'd it on his face. 415
 Through ambient air a noisome scent expires,
 As the long beard shrunk crackling in the fires.
 Stunn'd as he stood with sudden darkness round,
 The raging victor drags him to the ground;
 Then seiz'd his locks; his forceful knee apply'd, 420
 And plung'd the vengeful faulchion in his side.

From Podalirius, eager to pursue,
 Through the first ranks, the shepherd Albus flew;
 Then turn'd, and, with his axe descending full,
 Cleaves at one dreadful stroke his shatter'd skull. 425
 With blood and brains his arms are cover'd o'er;
 The thirsty sands are drench'd with streams of gore.
 An iron sleep came swimming o'er his sight,
 And wrapt the warrior in eternal night.

But the just Trojan prince, amidst the band, 430
 Without his helmet rush'd, and stretch'd his hand:
 Whither, my friends, ah! whither wou'd you run?
 The terms stand fixt; the combat is my own.
 Dismiss your fears; nor my revenge pursue;
 For Turnus, Turnus is your gen'ral's due. 435
 That victim, these religious rites demand,
 Already sacred to this conqu'ring hand.

While yet he spoke; loud-hissing through the skies,
 With thirsty rage, a feather'd arrow flies;

And

And reach'd the hero with a certain aim;
 But from what hand, was never told by fame.
 None knew, what fortune, or assisting god,
 So proud a triumph on the foe bestow'd,
 Nor one in all the mighty host was found,
 Who claim'd the merit of so base a wound.

440

The chiefs astonish'd, Turnus now beheld,
 And the brave prince retiring from the field:
 High hopes of conquest in his bosom rise;
 Strait for his coursers, and his arms, he cries;
 Vaults, with a furious bound, into the car,
 Shakes the loose reins, and rushes to the war.
 Raging he spreads the growing slaughter round:
 Some foes expire; some welter on the ground:
 Some fly—in vain! for, swifter than the wind,
 His winged lance arrests 'em from behind.
 Fierce o'er the prostrate foes the hero rolls
 His whirling wheels, and crushes out their souls.

445

450

455

As when on Hebrus' banks the god of war
 Flies to the combat on his rattling car;
 Frowns, shouts, and, clashing on his dreadful shield,
 Lashes his fiery coursers to the field;
 The steeds devour the ground, out-strip the wind,
 And leave the pinions of the storm behind:
 Thrace feels thro' all her realms their furious course,
 Shook by the prancings of the thund'ring horse;
 Fear, Fraud, and Force, and Flight, a ghastly train
 Of horrid fiends, attend him to the plain.
 So drove stern Turnus with resistless might,
 His smoking coursers o'er the field of fight;

Their

Their rapid hoofs through heaps of carnage tore; 470
 Plung'd deep into the sands, distain'd with gore;
 O'er piles of dead and dying warriors bound,
 And, as they fly, they dash the bloody dust around.

Now hapless Thamyris and Pholus fell,
 And now he sent bold Sthenelus to hell. 475
 These, hand to hand, he slew, approaching near;
 The last, at distance, with his pointed spear:
 At distance both th' Imbrasidæ expire,
 Train'd in fair Lycia, by their valiant fire:
 In closer fight, the dauntless warriors join'd; 480
 Or distanc'd with their steeds the winged wind.

There with high vaunts rush'd proud Eumedes on,
 Foredoom'd to fate, ambitious Dolon's son.
 Base as his father, with his grandfire's name,
 The recreant soldier sought the field of fame, 485
 But with the luckless fortune of his sire,
 Who claim'd Pelides' coursers for his hire,
 When sent the Grecian army to explore;
 Vain fool! he ventur'd, but return'd no more;
 Slain by Tydides' hand, resign'd his breath, 490
 And shar'd a juster recompence in death!
 Him when the Daunian hero spy'd from far,
 First a light dart he launch'd in open air, }
 Stops the fleet steeds, and, furious, quits the car;
 Stood o'er the Trojan, prostrate as he lay, 495
 Trod on his neck, and wrench'd the sword away.
 Then through his throat the deadly faulchion thrust,
 And thus insults him grov'ling in the dust:

Lie

Lie there! possess the land thy valour gains!
 And measure, at thy length, our Latian plains! 500
 Such, such deserv'd rewards I still bestow,
 When call'd to battle, on the vaunting foe;
 Thus may you build your town, and thus enjoy
 These realms, ye proud presumptuous sons of Troy!

Next, by his flying spear Asbutes bled: 505
 A second lance laid mighty Chloerus dead.
 In Dares' breast he plung'd the pointed steel,
 And sent the bold Therfilochus to hell:
 Then pierc'd Thymoetes with a fatal wound,
 Whose flound'ring steed had cast him to the ground. 510
 As o'er th' Ægean deeps when Boreas roars,
 And rolls the waves tumultuous to the shores,
 The driving clouds before the whirlwind fly,
 And break, and scatter, through the ruffled sky:
 So where bold Turnus rush'd, inflam'd with ire, 515
 Their orders scatter, and whole hosts retire.
 Whirl'd on his rapid car, the hero gains
 New rage, new vigour, as he sweeps the plains.
 High o'er his helm his crimson crest, inclin'd
 By ev'ry breath, nods dreadful in the wind. 520

No more, in proud disdain, cou'd Phegeus bear
 To see the hero rule the tide of war;
 But, rashly furious, to the car proceeds,
 Seiz'd the loose reins, and turn'd the flying steeds.
 Him, as suspended on the yoke he hung, 525
 By the swift chariot dragg'd in dust along,
 Through the bor'd corslet, the sharp jav'lin found,
 And rais'd the warrior with a slender wound.

Yet

Yet with his shield oppos'd he dares the blow,
And with his brandish'd sword assaults the foe. 530

The whirling wheels, with fiery speed impell'd,
Soon shoot him headlong on the sanguine field.
Swift Turnus follow'd; and his faulchion drew;
Between the cuirass and the head it flew:

The gushing blood distains the sands around, 535
And the pale trunk lay grov'ling on the ground.

Thus while the conqu'ring chief his progress held,
Rag'd, storm'd, and reign'd the master of the field;
Achates, Mnestheus, and the royal heir,

Attend the Trojan prince with duteous care, 540
(As propt, and leaning on the spear, he went);
And plac'd the bleeding hero in the tent.

The steel, deep-riveted, with eager hands
He tugs impatient, and their aid demands,
More wide to lay the wound, a passage bare, 545
Unroot the dart, and send him to the war.

Now came Iapis to relieve his pain,
Of old by Phœbus lov'd, nor lov'd in vain.
On whom the god had proffer'd to bestow
His lyre, his bays, his prescience, and his bow. 550

But (to prolong his drooping father's days)
The youth refus'd his arrows, lyre, and bays,
And precient skill; but chose the healing part,
A silent, useful, though inglorious art.

Unmov'd with all the sorrow and the care 555
Of friends, attendants, and the royal heir,

His mighty spear, th' impatient chief sustains, [pains.
Who grinds his teeth for rage, nor heeds the glowing

The sage now hastens to the task assign'd,
 And first dispatchful tucks his robes behind; 560
 Tries all the vegetable pow'rs around,
 To cool the smart, and mitigate the wound.

His hands solicit now with tender art;
 Now tug in vain with vigour at the dart.
 At length he pray'd; nor Phœbus heard the pray'r; 565
 And nearer every moment pour'd the war,
 Thick and more thick the growing horrors rise;
 A cloud of dust involves the golden skies.

The trampling steeds, the thund'ring foes, drew nigh,
 And 'midst the camp the show'ring jav'lines fly. 570
 The mingling cries from ev'ry part resound;
 Some shout, some groan, some gasp upon the ground.

Now, touch'd with pity for the hero's pain,
 Descends the goddess's mother on the plain.
 A branch of sov'reign dittany she bore, 575
 From Ida gather'd, on the Cretan shore.
 Luxuriant leaves the taper stalk array;
 The stalk in flow'rs; the flow'rs in purple gay.
 The goats, when pierc'd at distance by the dart,
 Apply the med'cine to the wounded part. 580

This juice, while clouds conceal her radiant face,
 The queen infuses in the golden vase!
 Tempers with scented panacee the whole,
 And with ambrosial liquors crowns the bowl.
 Nor knew the sage the succour that he found, 585
 But with the balmy mixture bathes the wound.
 At once the throbbing anguish past away;
 Stanch'd was the blood, and in the bottom lay.

The

The dart, though deeply rooted, at command
Moves up, and answers the physician's hand. 590

His former vigour now succeeds to pain,
And life burns bright in all her pow'rs again.
Iapis first perceiv'd th' immortal art,
That cool'd the raging pangs, and clos'd the part.
Raptur'd he saw the cure; and first impell'd 595

The prince, renew'd in courage, to the field.
Arms for the chief, he cries, prepare his arms;
And instant send him to the dire alarms.

This cure, great hero is no work of mine,
Not mortal art, but done by hands divine. 600

Thy life some guardian god has made his care,
Who sends thee back to fight, and conquer in the war.

The fierce, impatient prince, had cover'd o'er
His manly legs with golden greaves before.
Now, all on fire, his mighty lance he took, 605
And in his hand the pond'rous weapon shook.

High on his arm the heav'nly shield he rais'd;
And, on his breast, the radiant cuirass blaz'd.
Then, with a close embrace he strain'd his son;
And kiss'd him thro' his helm, and thus begun. 610

From me true courage, and in camps to dare,
From others learn, my son, success in war.
I go to labour in the bloody fray,
To fight, and guard thee, in the dreadful day;
To crown thee with a bright immortal name; 615
To teach thy youth the glorious paths to fame.

Thou, in thy riper years, the virtues trace,
And copy all the worthies of thy race.

Thy foul may Hector and Æneas fire,
Thy godlike uncle, and thy martial fire! 620

So spoke the hero, and, by rage impell'd,
Tow'r'd from the tent, majestic, to the field;
Shook an huge jav'lin in his vig'rous hand;
And with their chief pour'd forth the martial band.
Antheus and Mnestheus led th' embattled train, 625
And all rush'd furious to the deathful plain.
Beneath the warriors groans the trembling ground,
And clouds of dust involve the region round.

Now Turnus and his host the foe beheld
From a high mound, advancing o'er the field. 630
Th' astonish'd troops a gen'ral fear confounds;
But first his sister heard the dreadful sounds.
Too well she knew the dire alarms from far,
And trembling fled before the moving war.
Fierce, with their leaders, march the Trojan train; 635
And the black squadrons darken all the plain.
As when some tempest o'er mid ocean roars,
And, wing'd with whirlwinds, gathers to the shores;
With boding hearts the peasants hear from far
The fullen murmurs of the distant war; 640
Foresee the harvests levell'd with the ground,
And all the forests spread in ruins round;
Swift to the land the hollow grumbling wind
Flies, and proclaims the furious storm behind.
So swift, so furious, great Æneas flew, 645
And led against the foes the martial crew.
The thick'ning squadrons, wedg'd in close array,
In one black body win their desp'rate way.

By

By Mnestheus slain, in dust Archesius lies,
And by Thymbræus' sword Osiris dies. 650
Next Gyas' lance the mighty Ufens sped,
And Epulo by brave Achates bled.

Ev'n curs'd Tolumnius fell, whose fatal spear,
Launch'd at the Dardan host, renew'd the war.
A peal of shouts, tumultuous, tore the sky, 655
And o'er the field the pale Rutulians fly.
But with disdain the Trojan hero glows;
Nor wastes his vengeance on inferior foes.

He scorns to fight the few who stand their ground,
Or in their backs the flying crouds to wound: 660
Turnus, and him alone, he calls aloud
To fight, and hunts him through the dusty cloud.

On this, his anxious sister, seiz'd with fear,
Hurl'd from his lofty seat the charioteer,
Metiscus the renown'd; tost far away, 665
The wond'ring chief beneath the harness lay,
Herself assumes his armour, voice and air;
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the car,

As the black swallow, that, in quest of prey,
Round the proud palace wings her wanton way, 670
When for her children she provides the feast,
To still the clamours of the craving nest;
Now wild excursions round the cloyster takes;
Now, sportive winds, or skims along the lakes;
So flies the goddess on the rapid car, 675
From side to side, and traverses the war:

Now here, now there, she brings the chief to fight;
But still she turns him from the fatal fight.

Nor less the prince unravels all her ways,
 And hunts his foes through ev'ry various maze; 680
 Thrids all the shifting course, and breaks the croud
 With furious speed, and calls the chief aloud.
 Oft has he spy'd him, and approach'd the car;
 As oft his sister plung'd amid the war.
 Where-e'er the Trojan hero bends his course; 685
 Averse the goddess turns the flying horse.
 What should he do? a thousand thoughts divide
 His wav'ring soul, that points to ev'ry side!
 When lo! Messapus cross'd him in the field,
 And in his hand two shining jav'lines held. 690
 One, at the prince, with levell'd aim, he threw:
 Beneath his shield the cautious prince withdrew;
 Low bending on his knee, secure he lay;
 But the swift jav'lin strikes his plume away.
 Then, when the meditated fraud he view'd, 695
 That still his rival fled, as he pursu'd;
 He first invok'd the thund'rer to redress
 'The rites profan'd, and violated peace;
 Then rush'd amid the train; nor check nor bound
 His fury knew, but stretch'd the slaughter round. 700
 The faithless foe he thinks it vain to spare,
 And, fir'd with vengeance, gives a loose to war.

What god will now inspire me, to display
 The rage of death, and horrors of the day?
 What crouds of heroes perish'd on the plain, 705
 By mighty Turnus, and Æneas, slain!
 Was it thy will the nations should engage
 (Great fire of heav'n) with such unbounded rage?

So soon from war and violence to cease,
Leagu'd in a bond of everlasting peace? 710

Æneas first flew Sucro in the fight,
Whose sword had turn'd the Trojan troops to flight.
With a swift stroke, and all his force apply'd,
He plung'd the deadly faulchion in his side.
Then, with his brother, Amycus was kill'd, 715
Cast from their steed by Turnus on the field.

With the long lance, this tow'ring chief he gor'd:
Thro' that, impetuous, drove the pointed sword:
Then, on his chariot hung, in triumph bore
Their heads aloft, that dropp'd with livid gore: 720

Next, at one charge, on three bold chiefs he flew;
Talos, and Tanais, and Cethegus, flew.

With them, of Theban race, Onytes fell,
Fair Peridia's son; and sunk to hell.

Then bled two brothers, who from Lycia come; 725
Nor their own Phœbus could prevent their doom.

Next poor Menœtes by his arm was slain,
Who shunn'd so long the dreadful war in vain;
A skilful angler; once he made abode,
Bless'd with content, by Lerna's plenteous flood. 730
There dress'd his father, to the great unknown,
A stranger field, and furrows not his own.

As the fierce flames through the tall forest fly,
This way and that, and kindle all the sky;
Or rapid torrents from the mountains sweep, 735
Roar down the sides, and thunder to the deep;
With weight resistless, and destructive sway,
O'er half a ruin'd country break their way:

So through the field, in diff'rent parts engag'd,
 As swift and fierce the rival heroes rag'd. 740
 They burst with wrath; they rise to ev'ry blow;
 They send their souls with ev'ry lance they throw.

A rock's vast weight the great Æneas threw:
 Th' enormous fragment like a whirlwind flew,
 And hurl'd Murranus on the ground, who brings 745
 His vaunted lineage from the Latian kings.
 Headlong the warrior from the chariot flies
 Amidst the harness, and incumber'd lies:
 The coursers startle at the flaming sword;
 Paw down, and trample on their dying lord. 750

On Hyllus, Turnus rush'd with all his might,
 As, fir'd with rage, the chief advanc'd to fight.
 Full at his golden helmet, o'er the plain
 The jav'lin flew, and stung him to the brain:
 Nor thee, the bravest of the Grecian band, 755
 Thy valour, Creteus, sav'd from Turnus' hand!
 Next fell the priest Cupencus in the strife,
 Nor his own gods could guard his sacred life;
 Full in his breast Æneas plung'd the dart,
 That pierc'd the shield, and quiver'd in his heart. 760

Then bled great Æolus, by Turnus kill'd,
 And sunk, a bulk enormous, on the field!
 Whom not the Grecian heroes could destroy,
 Nor all their armies, in the wars of Troy,
 Nor great Achilles with his vengeful steel, 765
 Though by his arm the Phrygian empire fell.
 Here ends his life; his stately palace stood
 Beneath fair Ida's consecrated wood;

There

There liv'd the mighty man; his cold remains
At length lie bury'd in the Latian plains. 770

Now in all parts the martial squadrons wage
A gen'ral war, with undistinguish'd rage.
The Latian, 'Trojan, and Rutulian force,
The Tuscan cohorts, and Arcadian horse,
Beneath their chiefs, embattled, spread the plain; 775
Here Mnestheus, there Sereestus, fires the train;
Here great Asylas swept the field; and there
Storm'd brave Messapus, the renown'd in war.
Each fights, as in his arm the mighty day,
With all the fate of his great gen'ral, lay; 780
No stop, no check the fiery warriors knew;
With their long toils their kindling ardor grew,
And with fresh vigour to the combat flew. }

But Venus now inspires her godlike son
To leave the field, and storm th' imperial town. 785
As following Turnus through the ranks he flies,
From side to side he darts his eager eyes;
When, lo! before him, in a full survey,
Exempt from war, the fenceless city lay.
He views the promis'd prize with stern delight; 790
His soul takes fire, and kindles at the sight.
Sudden the hero calls his chiefs around,
With all his bands, and mounts a rising ground.
Then, as they rais'd their ample shields, and shook
Their pointed lances, their bold leader spoke. 795
Attend, and instant these commands obey;
Inspir'd by favouring Jove, who points the way:

All

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 As swift and fierce the rival heroes rag'd. 740
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From ſide to ſide he darts his eager eyes;
When, lo! before him, in a full ſurvey,
Exempt from war, the fenceleſs city lay.
He views the promis'd prize with ſtern delight; 790
His ſoul takes fire, and kindles at the ſight.
Sudden the hero calls his chiefs around,
With all his bands, and mounts a riſing ground.
Then, as they rais'd their ample ſhields, and ſhook
Their pointed lances, their bold leader ſpoke. 795
Attend, and inſtant theſe commands obey;
Inſpir'd by favouring Jove, who points the way:

All

All speed this noble enterprize demands,
 Claims all your care, and urges all your hands.
 This day, this hour, unless the Latians yield, 800
 And own your chief the victor of the field,
 Ev'n from the lowest stone my rage shall tear
 Yon town, the source of this destructive war.
 Yon perjur'd court my vengeance shall confound,
 And those proud tow'rs lie smoking on the ground. 805
 Twice have we vanquish'd the Rutulian train;
 Still must I wait till Turnus will be slain;
 No!—at yon walls the sure destruction aim;
 Revenge the broken league with sword and flame;
 Your arms against the guilty city bend: 810
 There the dire war began, and there shall end.

Rous'd at the word, all wedg'd in firm array,
 Strait to the town the squadrons urge their way.
 They toss the brands, the scaling engines rear,
 And round the ramparts rose the sudden war. 815
 Some to the portals fly with speed, and slay
 The guards or citizens, who cross their way.
 Some hurl the vengeful darts; the jav'lins fly
 In dusky clouds, and intercept the sky.
 Æneas rais'd his hand, amid the croud, 820
 Calls, and upbraids the Latian prince aloud,
 Obtesting heaven, that, wounded, and compell'd
 By his perfidious foes, he took the field;
 That twice the rites of peace their arms profane,
 And from their impious rage a second war began. 825

But mad confusions in the city rise:
 'Tis tumult all; for all at once advise.

These

These arm, and fly to guard the walls; and those,
More loud, demand admission for the foes.
Some, to renew the peace, with clamours bring 830
Ev'n to the gates the helpless hoary king.

So when the swain invades, with stifling smoke,
The bees close-cluster'd in a cavern'd rock,
They rise; and, trembling for th' endanger'd state,
Inflam'd with wrath, with fell revenge and hate, 835
This way, and that, in loud tumultuous swarms,
Fly o'er their waxen town with hoarse alarms.
The steams offensive roll the cells around;
Their sullen murmurs through the rock resound;
While, thick'ning, thro' the cleft the smokes arise, 840
And in a length of vapours mount the skies.

But to complete and aggravate their fears,
A new mischance involv'd the town in tears.
For, when the wretched queen beheld on high
O'er the proud domes the fiery tempest fly; 845
The ramparts storm'd; th' exulting Trojans near;
Nor Turnus' troops before the town appear;
Many a long look she cast, but cast in vain;
And in her fears concludes the hero slain;
She raves against the gods in wild despair; 850
She calls herself the auth'refs of the war:
A thousand complaints she vented o'er and o'er,
And in her rage her purple garments tore.
Then, on a lofty beam, the matron ty'd
The noose dishonest, and obscenely dy'd. 855

Soon through the court the dreadful rumour ran;
With frantic sorrow rave the female train.

Struck

Struck with superior grief, Lavinia tears
 Her blooming rosy cheeks, and golden hairs.
 To their loud shrieks the palace-walls reply; 860
 Thence through the town the fatal tidings fly.
 All feel the stroke; and all, the loss lament;
 His royal robes the rev'rend monarch rent.
 In wild despair, with furious hands he spread
 A cloud of dust o'er all his hoary head; 865
 And weeps and mourns aloud (a moving scene!)
 His ruin'd empire, and self-murder'd queen.
 Oft, but in vain, he blam'd himself alone,
 That rashly he refus'd the Trojan for his son.

But now more slow his progress Turnus held, 870
 And chas'd a few poor stragglers o'er the field.
 With heartless cheer, dejected, he proceeds;
 And with their master flag the fiery steeds.
 He hears the tumult in the walls behind,
 Shrieks, cries, and shouts, that thicken in the wind. 875
 Alas! he cries, what clamours strike my ear!
 What sounds distressful from the town I hear!
 Then to the hero, as the steeds he stay'd,
 Thus in the driver's form the sister said;
 This way, my lord, your former course pursue, 880
 And urge your conquest o'er the hostile crew.
 Your friends defend the town; th' Italians there
 Wage with the Dardan chief an equal war.
 Against his Trojans let us bend our way,
 As num'rous, valiant, and renown'd, as they. 885

Sister, the chief replies, whom well I knew
 (Though in a mortal form conceal'd from view)

When

When you dissolv'd the league, by art with-held
 The single fight, and mingled in the field,
 O say ! what pow'r dispatch'd thee from the skies, 890
 With this sad scene to shock thy mournful eyes ?
 To share the labours of the dire debate,
 A weeping witness of thy brother's fate ?
 That brother soon must perish on the plains !
 For ah ! what chance, what beam of hope remains ? 895
 I saw my dear Murranus yield his breath,
 Who call'd on Turnus in the pangs of death ;
 Ev'n yet I see the warrior bite the ground,
 And the soul rushing through the mighty wound !
 I saw, where, stretch'd in dust, brave Ufens lay, 900
 Nor liv'd, this scene of ruin to survey,
 But shut out bondage from his closing eyes ;
 His corse and arms remain the victor's prize.
 And shall I see the city wrapt in flame ?
 What else was wanting to complete my shame ? 905
 How will the Latians hoot their hero's flight !
 Gods !—how will Drances point them to the fight !
 But oh !—shall Latium see her hero fly ?—
 Is it so terrible but once to die ?—
 Hear me, oh hear me, all ye gods below ! 910
 Since ev'ry pow'r celestial is my foe ;
 Lo ! I descend to your infernal coast,
 From realms of light, a great and glorious ghost,
 White, and unfully'd with that dire disgrace,
 Nor stain the splendors of my regal race ! 915
 While yet he spoke, athwart the war with speed
 Flew bleeding Sages on his foaming steed.

Full

Full in his face a feather'd arrow stood;
 And to the Daunian chief he calls aloud.
 Turnus, on you, our last, last hope depends; 920
 Oh! haste in pity, and relieve your friends:
 For, raging, to the town Æneas pours,
 To level with the dust the Latian tow'rs.
 See! o'er the roofs the fires tempestuous rise!
 Hark!—how they roar, and thunder in the skies! 925
 All eyes are fixt on you, and you alone:
 The king himself stands doubtful which to own,
 You, or your Trojan rival, for his son. }
 Yet worse—his queen, till now your chief support,
 Self-murder'd, fills with terror all the court. 930
 Messapus only with Atinas stands,
 To guard the gates, and animate the bands;
 Whom in wedg'd ranks the hostile troops inclose,
 And round them thick an iron harvest grows;
 While you, for whom they fight, neglect the train, 935
 And idly wheel your chariot round the plain!
 A thousand various thoughts confound the chief,
 He stood; he gaz'd; his bosom swell'd with grief:
 Pride, conscious valour, fury, love, and shame,
 At once set all the hero in a flame, 940
 Soon as his soul recover'd from the stroke;
 Soon as, dispers'd, the cloud of passion broke;
 Back from his car, the ruin to behold,
 His eager eyes the mournful warrior roll'd,
 Where the fierce fires in burning torrents rise 945
 O'er the tall roofs; and, curling to the skies,

Had

Had wrapt a tow'r in flames, sublime and strong,
 Rais'd by himself, that roll'd on wheels along;
 Whence the bold soldier broke the war below,
 And rain'd an iron tempest on the foe. 950

Now, sister, fate prevails; no more delay;
 I'll go where rigorous fortune points the way,
 Prepar'd the bitterness of death to bear,
 I'll meet this Trojan hand to hand in war.
 No more those eyes shall view thy brother's shame, 955
 Pursu'd, and flying o'er the field of fame;
 Give, give me, goddess, in this martial fire,
 This high-wrought blaze of fury, to expire.

He said; and sudden, with an eager bound,
 Leap'd from the trembling chariot to the ground; 960
 Leaves his lamenting sister, in despair;
 Springs thro' a storm of darts, the prince to dare;
 And bursts impetuous through the ranks of war. }

As when, by age, or rains, or tempests, torn,
 A rock from some high precipice is borne; 965
 Trees, herds, and swains, involving in the sweep,
 The mass flies furious from th' aerial steep;
 Leaps down the mountain's side, with many a bound,
 In fiery whirls, and smokes along the ground;

So to the city, through the cleaving train, 970
 Thro' streams of blood, that drench'd the purpled plain,
 While round his head the whistling jav'ins play,
 As swift, the raging hero breaks his way.

Then from afar, he beckons with his hand,
 And loudly thus bespoke his social band: 975

To

To me, ye Latians, the whole war resign,
 All, all the fortune of the field is mine.
 'Tis just, ye warriors, that your chief alone
 Assert the compact, or its breach atone.
 I claim, I claim the right, in single fray, 980
 To meet my rival, and decide the day.
 Back at the word the squadrons are compell'd,
 And for the champions form an open field.

Now the great Trojan chief, at Turnus' name,
 Fierce from the town in all his terrors came; 985
 Leaves ev'ry second work of war behind;
 Joy, pride, and courage, raise his daring mind.
 All-flush'd with hopes, and glorying in his might,
 The godlike prince moves forward to the fight:
 He burns impatient for the dire alarms; 990
 And thunders in the bright Vulcanian arms.
 With vast gigantic strides, he tow'rs on high,
 And looks a second Athos in the sky;
 Or Eryx, that in heav'n his forehead shrouds;
 Or father Apennine involv'd in clouds, 995
 When with a depth of snows his brows are crown'd,
 And all his nodding groves, majestic, wave around.

Meantime the warriors, who defend the town,
 Or with huge engines break the bulwarks down,
 And all the nations, studious of the fight, 1000
 Their arms unbuckled, to survey the fight.
 Ev'n Death stands still; and, o'er the crouded plains,
 Through the long ranks, a solemn silence reigns.
 Nor less amaz'd, the Latian lord beheld
 Two chiefs engag'd in combat on the field, 1005
 By

By love, fate, honour, and ambition, led
To try their title to his daughter's bed.

Soon as each army from the field withdrew,
Fierce, to the fight, the mighty heroes flew.
They launch their spears; their clashing shields resound:
Beneath their fury groans the trembling ground. 1011
Then their bright swords the raging champions drew,
And with repeated blows the charge renew.
Courage, and chance, and strength, in both unite;
And the bold chiefs maintain an equal fight. 1015

As, where proud Sila's tow'ring summits rise,
Or huge Taburnus heaves into the skies,
With frowning fronts two mighty bulls engage;
A dreadful war the bellowing rivals wage:
Far from the scene the trembling keepers fly; 1020
Struck dumb with terror, stand the heifers by;
Nor know which lord the subject herds shall lead,
And reign at large the monarch of the mead.
Fierce strokes they aim, repeated o'er and o'er;
Their dewlaps, necks, and sides, are bath'd in gore;
The mountains, streams, and woods, rebellow to the
roar. 1026

So to the fight the furious heroes fly,
So clash their shields, and echo to the sky.

Now Jove suspends his scales; two diff'rent weights
He cast in both, and try'd the warriors fates. 1030
This, light with conquest, to the gods ascends;
That, charg'd with death, sinks downwards to the fiends.

With his drawn faulchion Turnus strikes the foe
On his full stretch, and rises to the blow.

Loud shouts and groans succeed ; each army bent 1035
 Their eager eyes, and wait the great event ;
 When lo ! all-shatter'd flies the traitor sword,
 And in the stroke deserts the Daunian lord.
 A stranger hilt he spies, and shakes in vain :
 All, all his hopes in flight alone remain ; 1040 }
 And, swifter than the wind, he darts along the plain. }
 For when the chief first vaulted on the car
 With headlong haste, and rush'd into the war,
 He left his father's temper'd sword, 'tis said,
 And seiz'd his charioteer Metiscus' blade ; 1045
 And, ev'n with this, the growing slaughter spread,
 While from his rage the trembling Trojans fled.
 But when the mortal steel a stroke bestow'd
 On heav'nly arms, the labour of a god !
 The faulchion, faithless to the warrior's hand, 1050
 Broke short—the fragments glitter'd on the sand.
 O'er the wide field distracted Turnus springs,
 And flies with wild affright in mazy rings :
 For here he views th' embattled Trojan pow'rs ;
 Here a vast lake ; and there the Latian tow'rs. 1055
 But still his foe, though tardy from his wound,
 Treads all his steps, unrav'ling ev'ry round.
 As the fleet stag, by the staunch hound pursu'd,
 Now bounds above the banks, now shoots along the flood ;
 Now from the meshy toils with terror springs, 1060
 Scar'd by the plumes, that dance upon the strings :
 He starts, he pants, he stares with wild amaze,
 And flies his op'ning foe a thousand ways.

Close

Close at his heels, the deep-mouth'd furious hound
 Turns, as he turns, and traces all the ground. 1065
 On his full stretch he makes his eager way,
 And holds, or thinks he holds, the trembling prey.
 Forth darts the stag—his foe cast far behind,
 Catches but empty air, and bites the wind.
 The hunters shout; the streams, the rocks reply; 1070
 And the tumultuous peals run rattling round the sky.
 Thus, flying in distress, the Daunian lord
 Calls on his friends; demands his trusty sword.
 But the great Trojan, with a lofty cry,
 Forbids the bands the weapon to supply; 1075
 Denouncing death, and threat'ning all around,
 Th' imperial town to level with the ground.
 O'er ten large circuits, with a rapid pace,
 This hero leads, and that pursues the chace.
 No light reward must crown their eager strife; 1080
 The long-contended prize is Turnus' noble life!
 To Faunus sacred had an olive stood:
 The shipwreck'd sailors, on the hallow'd wood,
 Hung their devoted vests in honour of the god.
 But late, to leave the field for combat free, 1085
 The Trojans fell'd the venerable tree.
 Full in the root, Æneas drove his spear:
 The dart, deep riveted, stood trembling there:
 The hero, struggling with incessant pain,
 Now bends to disengage the lance again; 1090
 And with his dart, at least, o'ertake the foe,
 Who, frightened, to the god preferr'd his vow.

Thy suppliant's pray'r, in pity, Faunus, hear,
 And thou, kind mother Earth, detain the spear;
 If still I honour'd with a pious hand 1095
 Your plant, by guilty Troy with steel profan'd.
 Thus he; the god attends his humble strain;
 The Trojan labours at the root in vain:
 There as he tugs the lance with all his might,
 Fierce, and impatient to renew the fight, 1100
 Once more Juturna to the chief restor'd
 (In brave Metiscus' form) his temper'd sword.
 This heav'nly Venus view'd with high disdain,
 And from the root releas'd the dart again.
 Renew'd in might, the tow'ring chiefs advance; 1105
 One shook the sword, and one the flaming lance.
 Their heaving bosoms swell with stern delight,
 Pant for the combat, and demand the fight.

Then to his consort, who the war survey'd
 Thron'd on a golden cloud, the Thund'rer said: 1110
 What schemes, my queen, are left, with vain debate,
 Ev'n yet to check the ripe events of fate?
 You know, and own, Æneas soon must rise
 From earth, already sacred to the skies.
 Long since, those glories to the chief are ow'd, 1115
 And heav'n now opens to receive the god.
 To what fond purpose then this fruitless care?
 To linger in the clouds, and urge the war?
 Say, was it just, to wake the dire alarms?
 To violate a god with mortal arms, 1120
 When the bold sister to the chief restor'd,
 By thy assistance, his paternal sword?

(For

(For what without thy succour could she dare?)
 And sent the vanquish'd Turnus to the war?
 At length, at length, the needless strife give o'er; 1125
 At my request, indulge your rage no more;
 Nor let revenge, dire enemy to rest,
 For ever prey on that immortal breast.
 Oh! let thy lord thy secret sorrow share,
 Or, more than share it, give me all thy care! 1130
 To their last sacred point the fates are come;
 Here, here they fixt th' unalterable doom.
 The Latian court in ruins could you lay,
 And drive the Trojans o'er the land and sea;
 Profane with blood the holy bridal rite, 1135
 Rekindle war, and urge them to the fight;
 This we indulg'd: now give thy efforts o'er
 At our command; and thwart the Fates no more.

So spoke th' imperial sov'reign of the skies;
 And, in submissive terms, the queen replies: 1140
 Great fire; because thy sacred will I know,
 I left my Turnus to his doom below.
 Nor had I sat, but at the will of Jove,
 Disgrac'd and pensive, in the clouds above;
 But in the front of fight my foes engag'd, 1145
 And, wrapt in flames, through all the battle rag'd;
 I bade Juturna mingle in the strife,
 Nay, venture more, to save a brother's life.
 That charge I own; but not to bend a bow,
 Or hurl a single jav'lin at the foe. 1150
 This, this, I swear, by the black Stygian floods,
 The sole dread sanction of th' immortal gods:
 Now

From hence a pious godlike race shall rise;
The first of men; the darlings of the skies.
Nor all the nations of the world shall pay
More glorious honours to thy name, than they. 1185

Then, pleas'd and reconcil'd, the queen of Jove
Flies to her palace, in the realms above.
'Twas then th' eternal fire of heav'n expell'd
The wat'ry goddesses from the fighting field:
Two hideous monsters wait obsequious by, 1190
Tremendous fiends! the furies of the sky;
Hell-born and horrible, they sprung to light,
With dire Megæra, from the womb of Night.
Huge wreaths of serpents spires their temples bound:
Their wings in whirlwinds drove the air around, 1195
When bent the minds of mortal men to scare
With the black horrors of the last despair;
When for the guilty world the god prepares
Woes, death, disease, blue pestilence, and wars;
In pomp terrific, frown the fiends abhorr'd; 1200
Before the throne of heav'n's almighty lord,
To wreak his vengeance, in his courts they stand,
Watch his imperial nod, and fly at his command.

Of these the swiftest from the skies he sent,
To fright the goddesses with the dire portent. 1205
Fir'd with her charge, the fiend, with rapid flight,
Shot in a whirlwind from Olympus' height.
As when the Parthian dips, with fatal art,
And doubly arms, with death, th' envenom'd dart;
He draws the circling bow; the quiv'ring string 1210
Twangs; and the weapon whizzes on the wing:

So

So swift to earth the baleful fury flew,
 Till Turnus and the hosts appear'd in view.
 When lo! contracted, to the bird she turns,
 'That hoots o'er desolated piles and urns, 1215
 Whose piercing strains the midnight hours invade,
 And break the solemn silence of the shade.
 Chang'd to this form obscene, the fury flies
 Round Turnus' head, and chills him with surprise;
 This way and that she flutters o'er the field, 1220
 And screams his death, and beats his sounding shield.

His inmost soul a sudden horror stung;
 Stiff rose his hair; amazement chain'd his tongue:
 But soon, too soon, the goddesses knew the sound
 Of the black Fury as she flies around: 1225
 She tore her beauteous face in wild despair,
 Beat her white breast, and rent her golden hair.
 Ah me! she cries, in this unequal strife,
 How can thy sister now defend thy life?
 What can I more to lengthen out thy date, 1230
 (Wretch that I am) and stop the course of fate?
 How can I stand that hideous fiend of night?
 Hence, hence, ye furies!—lo, I quit the fight.
 Your threats, ye baleful birds of night, forbear,
 Nor fright a trembling goddess to despair. 1235
 Too well I know your pinions clatt'ring round.—
 There was a scream!—Hell, hell is in the sound!
 You came (I know) commission'd from above,
 Sent by the high command of haughty Jove.
 This then, is this the sole reward bestow'd, 1240
 For my lost honour, by the grateful god?

Ah!

Ah! why this lengthen'd life must I endure?
 Deny'd the taste of death, its only cure!
 Curs'd with the fruitless honours of the sky!
 Condemn'd to bear impos'd eternity! 1245
 Pleas'd, with my brother wou'd I yield my breath,
 And share his fate, unprivileg'd from death.
 Joy is no more; and nothing Jove bestows
 In life immortal, but immortal woes!
 Earth! earth! thy inmost centre open throw, 1250
 And rest a goddess in the shades below!

Then in her azure robes she wrapt her head,
 Sigh'd, sobb'd, and plung'd into her wat'ry bed;
 Her last low murmurs, as the stream divides,
 Work up in air, and bubble on the tides. 1255

Now at the foe, the Trojan hero shook
 His pointed spear, and sternly thus bespoke:
 What methods, Turnus, yet remain for flight?
 'Tis strength, not swiftness, must decide the fight
 Try all thy arts and vigour to escape 1260
 Thy instant doom, and vary ev'ry shape;
 Wish for the morning's rapid wings, to fly
 Shoot down to hell; or vault into the sky.—
 Not those insulting empty vaunts I dread,
 Reply'd the mournful chief (and shook his head); 1265
 No—but the gods with fear my bosom move,
 And he, my greatest foe, almighty Jove!

The warrior said; and cast his fiery eyes
 Where an huge stone, a rocky fragment, lies;
 Black, rough, prodigious, vast!--the common bound 1270
 For ages past, and barrier of the ground.

Scarce twelve strong men the pond'rous mass could raise,
 Such as disgrace these dark degen'rate days.
 'This in his trembling hand he heav'd to throw,
 Ran with the load, and hurl'd it at the foe : 1275
 But ran all-giddy with affright, nor knew
 Which way he took, nor what a weight he threw.
 His loose knees tremble, nor support their load :
 Round his cold heart congeals the settling blood.
 Short of the mark, and guiltless of a wound, 1280
 Th' unwieldly mass came thund'ring to the ground.
 And, as when slumber seals the closing fight,
 The sick wild fancy labours in the night :
 Some dreadful visionary foe we shun
 With airy strides, but strive in vain to run; 1285
 In vain our baffled limbs their pow'rs essay ;
 We faint, we stagger, sink, and fall away ;
 Drain'd of our strength, we neither fight nor fly,
 And on the tongue the struggling accents die :
 The chief so labours, but with fruitless pain ; 1290
 The fiend still thwarts him, and he toils in vain !
 Amidst a thousand doubts, he stands oppress'd,
 A thousand terrors working in his breast.
 Now to the Latian battlements on high,
 Now to his friends, he turns his trembling eye, 1295 }
 Now to the threat'ning lance, already wing'd to fly. }
 No friendly aid, no glimm'ring hopes appear,
 No car, no steeds, nor goddess charioteer !
 With levell'd eye the Trojan mark'd the part ;
 Then whirls with all his force the whizzing dart. 1300
A stone

A stone dislodged, with less fury far,
 Flies from the brazen enginry of war:
 And wrap'd in flames, far less enrag'd and loud,
 Bursts the big thunder from the breaking cloud.
 Swift as the whirlwind sweeps along the skies, 1305
 The jav'lin, charg'd with sure destruction, flies;
 Its rapid progress through the sev'n-fold shield,
 And the thick mail, with matchless fury held;
 Thence, thro' his thigh, drove deep the griding wound,
 And bent the hapless warrior to the ground. 1310

With peals of groans the pale Rutulians rise:
 The groves and mountains ring with mournful cries.
 His eyes and hands the vanquish'd hero rear'd,
 And to the chief his moving pray'r preferr'd:

Prince, I deserve, nor deprecate my death: 1315
 Then, use thy fortune; take my forfeit breath!
 Yet, if a parent's woes thy soul incline,
 Think what thy father was; then pity mine!
 Think at thy feet the hoary monarch thrown,
 Grov'ling, and pleading for an only son! 1320
 Then save the son! in him the father save!
 Nor bow his age, with sorrow, to the grave!
 Or, oh! at least, this mercy I implore,
 My breathless relicks to my friends restore.
 Thine is the conquest; lo! the Latian bands 1325
 Behold their gen'ral stretch his suppliant hands!
 Restrain thy farther vengeance; I resign
 My former claim; the royal fair is thine.

A while, the hero, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
 Repress'd his hand, and gaz'd upon the foe. 1330
 His

His melting words to mercy now inclin'd,
Still more and more, the victor's noble mind;
When lo! by chance, the golden belt he spy'd,
The belt of Pallas, glitt'ring at his side;
Which from the dying youth the warrior tore, 1335
And the refulgent prize in triumph wore.
His eyes, fierce-flaming, o'er the trophy roll,
'That wakes the slumb'ring vengeance in his soul.
Then with loud accents, and a dreadful look,
Stern and terrific, to the prince he spoke: 1340
Thou! wretch accurs'd! canst thou to grace pretend?
Clad in the spoils of my dear murder'd friend?
Go then, a victim to his spirit, go;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas, gives the fatal blow.
Thus is his ghost aton'd.—The hero said; 1345
And bury'd in his breast the furious blade.
With a deep groan the dying warrior fell,
And the majestic soul disdainful plung'd to hell.



End of PITT'S Poems.

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